The Anrth Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor

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

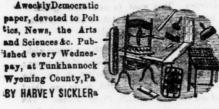
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Those wishing to get Fits will find his shop the place to get them.

Belect Story.

HIS WITS ABOUTHIM.

I certainly thought he was "out of his head." He had such peculiar ways, and said such peculiar things; and he went about as if he was in a somnambulic state almost; that is, I don't quite mean that; but he never seemed to take the same notice of what happened about him that other men do. And as to his ever being surprised at any thing, I never knew him to show surprise on but one occasion in his life.-What that occasion was, I shall naturally mention before I am done.

His name was Joseph Harrison, and he was a student at the Academy in Sandford -one of the style of academies that seem to have nearly gone out of date now, where both sexes were taught under the same roof. I attended the Sandford School. The Principal's house was on the corner across the way from the academy, and he boarded a dozen or so of the students. I was one of these boarders.

I shall never forget the day Mr. Harrison came to the house to board. I was sitting on the second-floor piazza, studying. It on the second-floor piazza, studying. As he entered the gate I leaned over to look at my mind off him an hour at a time. him, and when he was just underneath, 1 was not long in learning someth chanced to drop my book. It struck him his history. It seems that a love of adven-on the shoulder, and fell thence to the ture had sent him on a cruise around the ground. He turned and looked at it quietly, and then poked it aside with his

big cane.
What does he carry that big cane for ?—
thought I; and why don't he pick up my book, or look up at me, or do any other thing that a rational being would !

He rung the bell, and I saw no more of him till tea time. He sat directly opposite me at the table. Would you believe it, he never looked at me once-nor, indeed, at any one else, it seemed - which was the reason, perhaps, why I looked at him more than ever I did at any other young man in my life-in the same length of time.

After tea, we gathered in the parlor, as we were in the habit of doing, and he was introduced to me. He bowed, and then, for the first time, looked at me -or rather, he looked through me-as if he saw something behind me, and I were as transparent as glass. Then he smited, and turned away.

I confess I was provoked at the manner of the young man. What amused him, I should like to know. When Belle Harrison asked me, afterward, how I liked her cousin. I said I didn't like him at all. She only laughed, and said she believed nobody ever gid like him at first.

Somebody asked me to sing. I seated myself at the piano, and gave a song in my best manner—which I had been taught to THIS establishment has recently been refitted an furnished in the latest style. Every attention will be given to the comfort and convenience of those believe was not an inferior manner, by any means. My voice is good, and I had re-I did not know; for, if ever I disliked a person in my life, I certainly disliked this Mr. Harrison ; but, it is true, not withstanding, that I suna for him; and when I turned away from the piano, it was with some special curiosity I anticipated his comments. if he chose to make any, or his manner tonque.

If you will believe it, the man was looking at a painting on the wall-looking at it standing up, with his hands clasped behind him, and his back to the company. Was there ever such a clown?

"What is the name of that beautiful song?" asked Orville Redway, a young man from the village, who had been invited to tea, and now sat with us in the parlor. I told it him.

"I must have it," said he : it is exquiwrite on a card the name of the piecee. He broke his pencil-lead. "Will some one

Mr. Harrison heard the question, though produced a large pocket knife, which he handed to Mr. Redway.

"It's very sharp," said he; "be careful-"
The first thing Bedway did was to cut his hand. The blood spirted out in jets. He turned pretty white, but just gathered his hand in his handkerchief, and said it was

"a mere scratch, of no consequence." "Beg your pardon, sir," Mr. Harrison spoke; "its of some consequence. You'll lose your life, if you don't look out. I'll

fix vou. He took his own handkerchief and tied it loosely around Redway's arm. Then he took his knife, shut it carefully, put it un. der the handkerchief next to the arm, and began to twist it about. As the handkerchief tightened on the arm, the blood ceas-

ed to flow." "Send for a doctor," said Mr. Harrison "A doctor !" uttered Redway. this a good deal of fuss over a little cut?" "A little cut," said Mr. Harrison, "when

you cut an artery, it is a big cut." Dr. Miner was three doors off, and he came in a few minutes. He expressed great approbation of young Harrison's conduct.

Young Harrison, as unconcerned as post, had returned to his inspection of the

painting he seemed to admire so much. Mr. Redway soon went off with the doctor. The knife lay on the table. Out of pure impudedce, or some similar feeling, I took up this terrible knife, and accidently cut the end of one of my fingers nearly off. I screamed loudly, for it was a horrid wound, and the blood flowed copiously.

"Well, upon my word !" remarked Mr. Harrison. "Here's another!"

Auother! How contemptuous the word sounded to me! I, Margaret Baily Monroe, confessedly a belle, a beauty, and a lady of rare accomplishments, besides being heir- rison, and I with my sister and mother. ess to a hundred thousand dollars-I was just "another !" Why didn't he call me a

"Mix a little flour and salt and put on it," said he; "that will stop the bleeding. It is a mere trifle."

swooned out of downright vexation at the

When I recovered, he was gone. Byand-by, when Belle and I were alone-we roomed together-I asked her what Mr.

Harrison said when I fainted. "He said," Bell answered, "'lay her or her back, and leave her alone?""

"Is that all he said?" "No; not quite. Some one brought the flour and salt, and he put it on your finger, and said, 'there, tie a rag around it.'"

A rag!
I should certainly hate this young man. * After that he became such an object of interest to me that I could scarcely keep

I was not long in learning something of world, when he was a boy, of about sixteen, both his parents being dead. He had been absent from his native country four year without interruption, and on his return had decided to go to the academy a short time to correct certain lacks in his education .-This explained why a man of his advanced age should be attending school -for he was twenty one if he was a day, Belle assured I myself was about seventeen, I was the only female student of German at the academy, and it was on that account that Mr. Harrison manifested some degree of interest in me, I suppose, for he was almost enthusiastic in his admiration of that scholastic tongue. So I saw a good deal of him after all.

The following winter, at a party at Mrs. Sand's, in Sandford, one bitter cold night, I chanced to be alone with Nellie Wells one moment in an upper chamber which was used as a cloak-room for the lady guests. There was a furious fire in the stove, and its sides were red hot. Nellie was a very pretty girl, but rather dull. She wore a dress of some ganzy fabric, and going too the room, screaming at the top of my

"Mr. Harrison! Mr. Harrison! Oh, Mr. Harrison !"

He came quickly to the hall; saw me; was up the stairway in a bound; and as I ceived the best musical culture. What past me, pushing me aside rather rudely, mysterious influence was at work upon me and took in all with a cool glance. Nellie had hauled a quilt from a bed that was in the room, and was trying to stifle the flames He threw her on the floor, rolled her over and over in the quilt. like a mummy. and extinguished the flames at once-hugged her, too. She was not very badly burned, after all : and her face was not touched by and its meaning, if he chose to hold his the flames; so that she remained as pretty as ever.

"Remarkably sensible girl," said Mr Harrison afterward, to a group that c'ustered about him in the parlor. "Most girls would have rushed headlong into the hall, screaming like"-he looked at me-"like mad," he added, with a quiet smile, "If I ever marry," said he, "which I probab'y never shall, I shall marry a sensible woman—a woman who would not set up a scream if our youngest should fall into a tub of hot water, but would pull site." And he took out his lead-pencil to the child out as quickly as possible, and send for a doctor.'

'Somehow, I was vain enough to think lend me a knife ?" he asked. "I have left this sarcastic speech was intended solely to rebuke me. I knew I should certainly scream in such a case. It was my nature he was still looking at the painting, and to scream, and how could I help my nature?

As for that poor little Nellie Wells, I hated her, and almost wished it had been my own dress that had caught fire-only I should certainly have burned to death before Mr. Harrison would have come and wrapped me in a quilt and hugged me.

From that day forward, some powerful influence was at work upon me. I struggled hard after that cool manner in danger which Mr. Harrison possessed in so eminent a degree. I even ventured, in the pursuit of perfection, to ask him how he

could do it. "I suppose," said he, "it is because I naturally have such an extreme terror of danger in every shape—such a lively sym-pathy with those in peril - that I feel very strongly the necessity for being calm when others are excited. I think that whatever excuse a lady may have for losing her wits -and that is, at the best, very little-a MAN has no excuse whatever. I always

try to keep my wits about me." "To be calm, then," said I, with the withering irony common to girls of from fourteen to eighteen, "one only needs to have his wits about him."

"Exactly," said he; "or, to change the the sex, her wits about her." "Just as," I added, "the secret of wealth is to get money."

"And to keep it," said he.
On one thing I was fully determined he never should hear me scream again. However, he left the school soon after; and I did likewise in about six months.

before I met him again.

It was in the summer of the year which

walk on Goat Island, when mother dropped her parasol, and it slid down the bank that we were not "engaged." However, being present at their bridal. Judging person, and done with it?" * * * her parasol, and it slid down the bank that we were not "engaged." However, being present at their bridal. Judging Well, what would he do with my frightful some fifteen or twenty feet, and out of I neglected to do this, just one day too from the appearance of the unmarried he threw out his right hand-still holding the parasol in his left-and seized the upover the chasm. The tree shook violently ing. We had not been riding many min

> "Tell we what to do." wide, strong strips; tie them firmly to-

gether and make a rope." I obeyed as calmly as I knew he would have done, but none the less expeditiously on that account, be very sure. He conliberately as if he stood in safety by my

"Your calmness is quite charming, Miss Monroe," said he. "Be sure and make the knot tight. I judge that this tree may be take that venture till it was imperatively relied on with perfect confidence for ten or fifteen minutes yet. Your rope is long ger at hand. So long as there was a posenough now, I think. Tie a stone to the end, and let that end down to me. That's it. All right now. Do nothing but hold fast and stand still, ladies, and I will come smooth road, there is no choice between

up to you."
He drew himself up, hand over hand. with extreme caution, and was saved. My a courtly bow; and he brushed the dust erence to the peril just passed.

"We are alone now, Miss Monroe, and

I can thank you for saving my life, without offence to the other ladies." It was too dark, out there, for him to

see the blush of delight that went over my face at these works. How much they meant, to me! "I know I was as good as saved," said

he, "when I saw you standing with tightly clasped hands and your under-lip pressed by your shining teeth, while Belle and the other ladies were trying to drown the roar of old Niagara with their shrieks. I never saw one of your sex before who had the control over herself which you manifested to-day. If I had seen such an exhibition anywhere it would naturally have awakened my admiration; but when it happened to be an exhibition in which my own life or death was concerned, you may imagine my feelings"

The tone in which he uttered these words was se tender and true !-- it said so plainly that he would gladly devote all his future life to me! But, though tone and manner said this, his words did not say it; and I knew the reason. He believed me already betrothed.

William Willis was the son of a New York merchant who had been a schoolmate with my father. It was my father's wish that we should be married. I loved my father, and was anxious to be pleased with his friend's son. Young Willis had been a frequent guest with us, and many considered us already bethrothed. He was an agreeable companion in the parlor, a good dancer, and all that; but I cared more for one look of Joseph Harrison's earnest, honest grey eyes than I did for William Willis's whole composition.

According to a previous appointment, Mr. Willis came to the Falls during our stay. He arrived on the evening of the day that witnessed Mr. Harrison's narrow escape from death. He came out upon tho piazza where we sat, that evening; It was a queer place for a proposal. was it not? But my husband is not like other and we shook hands. The gentlemen were slightly acquainted, but it was plain Mr. men. He always has his wits about him. Harrison did not like Mr. Willis much; and with a playful "Ich muss weggehem, to me, he rose and went into the ball-room politely offering his seat to Mr. Willis.

Several days passed. While actually in the position of a rival toward Mr. Willis, Mr. Harrison by no means permitted himself to act as if he were such. He was very courteous to Mr. Willis, and quietly yielded all preference relating to me and my society. He seemed, however, to be studying us-weighing the evidence of regard between ns—trying to form a conclusion as to the probable extent of our relations matrimoty-ward. Oh, it did seem to me as if he might, so brave a man as he I had effected a great change in myself was—plainly put a few questions to me on passes the sasser and the other sasses the passer.

sured him how little Mr. Willis was to me. we met at Niagara Falls. He was there than to seek the intercession of his cousin, with his cousin, my dear friend Belle Har- my friend Belle. I would tell her how

reach. Mr. Harrison descended the bank long.

after it, but though he used proper caution, It was a Monday—the last day of our his foot slipped on the treacherous soil, as intended stay at the Falls. Mr. Willis in- at least, true love really ran smooth. They he was returning, and he slid rapidly down vited me to ride. I had no courteous re- at once proceeded to the justice's office It may have been a trifle, but it was to the very verge of the precipice. I ex-enough to make me swoon. Or perhaps I pected nothing else than to see him go him. Indeed, I had half promised him, over, and be dashed to pieces on the rocks some days before. There was a New York a hundred feet below; but though the three other ladies screamed loudly, I did not. You see, I was pretty thoroughly some animal—and Mr. Willis had repeatdrilled by this time. However, as Mr. edly invited me to ride behind him. I Harrison neared the edge of the precipice, could put off the ride no longer, of course. knot, when the woman declared she would

which the horse, at starting, laid back his 1,000 miles, at the same time tapping the turned roots of a tree which leaned out ears and bounded away; but I said nothunder the sudden shock, and the roots be- utes, ere the animal chose to take fright at several fruitless attempts to procure the gan to tear themselves out of the thin soil the flapping of a line full of newly washed services of some proper individual they slowly and steadily, under the influence of clothing in the door-yard of a house near left, saying something about this being a this superadded weight. In a few minutes the river bank; and, taking the bit in his copperhead town, more it would give way, and then Mr. Harrison would be killed. I know my the bank—safe enough, certainly, for a face was pale, and I was terribly frighten-ride with a horse under control; but deed; but I leaned forward and spoke to cidedly not the best place for a runaway, because there was a spot, not over half a mile distant, where the chances were "Take all the ladies' shawls, skirts, and frightfully great that we should be thrown any other articles of dress that you car over the precipice and killed. At the rate spare, and which are strong; cut them in we were now going, we should reach that wide, strong strips; tie them firmly to-dangerous place very soon. William Willis looking ahead, comprehended the danger, and his face blanched.

"Good God !" he crien, "it's death!" With that he threw up the reins, and

tinued speaking to me at intervals while I jumped out of the buggy, striking a rock, was doing his bidding, and he spoke as de- and breaking his collar-bone-as I found afterward.

As for me, I kept my scat. If it should become neceesary for me to jump, then I would jump, but I was determined not to demanded, by the imminency of the danwhen a horse is running furiously down a

jumping spots, till the crisis is at hand.
While I sat, clinging firmly to the seat, and looking out sharply ahead, for the danmother's parasol was restored to her with gerous place must now be drawing near. a man-it was Mr. Harrison-sprung with near the stove, it took fire. I ran out of from his clothes and walked away with us. astonishing agility at the horse,s head, I walked by his side; but he made no ref. from among some trees at the roadside, caught the bit, jerked it back, and actually That evening, however, as we sat on the tore the animal's lips, so that blood flowed, piazza of of our hotel, where it overlooks so energetic was the action. There was the river—how well I remember the rushing sound of the waters down below!—
The runaway came to a stop.

The runaway came to a stop. Mr. Harrison drew him to the side of the road, and examined the harness and bug-

gy carefully. "Nothing broken," said he. "A very narrow escape, Miss Monroe. I saw you coming, and had just time to get my wits in order There, don't thank me; I didn't know it was you, and should have done just the same for any one else."

"But you are hurt?" said I, noticing that he limped. "Yes, the horse trod on my foot." "Oh. how unfortunate! Shall I get

"No." said he; "that is, it is unnecessary that you should. Sit still and get rested. He will run no more to day, I promise you." He came around, and placed his lamed foot carelessly on a wheel of the buggy and spoke in his usual calm tone.-"When a horse has had a fine, lively run studying over. We found it in an old like that, he is inclined to be quiet for the paper. If any of our patrons can solve it rest of the day. You can drive him back and "see the point," they are at perfect libin perfect safety. But,I did not know you erty to do so : were fond of taking drives alone by your-

self, Miss Monroe?" "I was not riding alone," said I, "my driver jumped out."
"And left you?" said he, astonished.

"Yes."

"He ought to be horsewhipped! May ! sk the coward's name ?" "His name," said I. "is William Willis.

Mr. Harrison stared, amazed. "Willis! I beg your pardon, Miss Monroe." This very coldly. "I should not have spoken in those terms, if I had known that your companion was your-" He

stopped, and bit his lip.

"My fiance, you would say," I made quick response. "But he is not my fince Mr. Harrison. I would sooner marry a woman than such a coward." I spoke with some heat, and he looked

up at my excited face with his dry smile. "Will you marry me, Miss Monroe?" "Yes," said I. And I did.

Here I had finished; but my husband, reading what I had written, made this comment: "Which few men do when they pop the question, my dear, nicht whar !"

A poor Irishman, who applied for a license to sell ardent spirits, being questioned as to his moral fitness for the trust, replied: "Ah shure, it's not much of a character that a man needs to sell rum."

What is the difference between a church descon and a ragamaffin? One night, and expressed his willingness to in-

MISCEGENATION .- The Watertown At last, I had nearly made up my mind (Wis.) Republican says, that last Friday saw me pass my twentieth birthday. that to a desperate thing; nothing less indeed, the usual quietness of our main street was suddenly disturbed by the arrival of two colored gentlemen from Lake Mills, with much I loved Mr. Harrison, and beg her to a white woman hanging on the arm of On a certain day we were all taking a inform him in some sly feminine way, that each. One couple was married, and accouple, as they marched up through the streets, we should think on this occasion followed by a crowd anxious to witness the ceremony, at which the woman seemed surprised, and inquired the reason of it saying that when she married her first husband there were not so many present. Squire Ducasse gave them a few words of advice and declined the honor of tying the I did not much like the vicious manner not marry a white man if she had to travel ebony cheek of her betrothed, and he approvingly uncovered his ivories. After

DATES OF SACRED EVENTS.

We give the following dates of events so sacred to Christians on the authority of the late Rev. Samuel Farmer Jarvis, D. D. L. L. D., an eminent scholar and divine of the Episcopal Church, whose profound learning and diligent researches into antiquities would have distinguished him in

Our Savior was born on Wednesday, December 28, 4707, Julian perioo; 193d Olympiad (second yaar, sixth month:) A. U. C. 737 (ninth month, fifth day;) Julian

He was baptized by St. John in the river Jordan on Sabbath (Saturday,) January His public entry into Jerusalem was on Palm Sunday, March 21, 4731, Julian period; 20th Olympiad (sixty-fourth year,

sociate reign of the Emperor Tiberius; fifteenth year of his sole reign,

He was betrayed by Judas Iscariot on
the following Wednesday evening, March

ninth month;) nineteenth year of the as-

He celebrated the Passover and instiuted the Eucharist en Thursday evening,

March 24. On Friday morning, March 16, at the third hour, or nine o'clock, he was nailed to the cross-the hovr when the lamb of the daily morning sacrifice was offered in the Temple. At the seventh hour, or three P. M., when the lamb of the daily evening Arimathes,

On the first Easter Sunday, March 28, about the beginning of the morning watch, or three o'clock A. M., he rose from the dead. It was the morrow after the last Jewish Sabbath, when according to the law, the first sheaf of the earliest ripe grain waved in the temple, by which the whole harvest was sacrificed, that Christ "the first fruits," rose from the dead, as a type and pledge of the future resurrection of his faithful followers.

On Thurday, May 6, he ascended into Heaven. On Sunday, May 16, the days of penitence, the Holy Ghost descended upon the apostles and disciples.

A Puzzue.-Here is something worth



de nemera

Parson Brownlow says: "I am not afraid to endorse Sumner and Stephens on my own dunghill." Of course not; and that is a very happy instance of "the right man in the right place," says an exchange,

"Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" asked the master of an infant school. "I have," shouted a six year old at the foot of the class. "Where ?" inquired the teacher, amused by his earnestness. 'On the eliphant,' was the reply

MEN ENTITLED TO SEATS IN RAILROAD CARS.-In Buffalo a railroad conductor has just been fined \$500 for ejecting a man from a car because he refused to give up his seat to a woman. In the decision the Court. held that women are entitled legally to no more privileges in public conveyances than men, and that when the latter pay for seats they have a perfect right to occupy them. so long as they conduct themselves proper-

An editor in California, lately received a long document which he was requested to insert gratis under his editorial head. He placed it under his pillow that sert similar communications in the same