

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor

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

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will be given to the comfort and convenience of those
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June 3rd, 1863

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tical 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.

JOS. R. SMITH.

Select Story.

(From the Saturday Evening Post.)

THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME.

BY LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

(In a recent visit to Washington a friend of mine related to me an experience of her own, which struck me as being so amusing that I have thought it worth recording. I will give it as nearly as possible in her own words, though I cannot reproduce her light laughter and her pretty sparkling manner, nor give any idea of how very pretty Lulu Vaughn looked as she told it.)

The funniest adventure I ever had in my life occurred during my last winter here, and as you have asked me to give you some idea of my history since we parted, I can scarcely do it better than by telling you a part of my flirtation with the Man Without a Name.

You know what a perpetual round of new faces Washington society is, how we never meet the same set twice in the season, but how night after night one sees a bewildering host of strangers, and is introduced to a fresh crowd, half of whom you never see again, and the other half you don't know if you do.

Well, one night soon after we arrived at Willard's, I was at a reception at Senator Castleman's. They had a beautiful house, and their large parlors were crowded to overflowing. I had already some gentleman acquaintances, and was talking to two or three, when suddenly up came my cousin, Dick Ferguson—I don't think you ever saw Dick, but he is a splendid fellow, and was determined, he told me before I came to the party, to introduce crowds of people to me, as it would be his last chance for me, as he was going to California the next morning. I perceived now that he was dragging forward a tall and handsome man, and comprehended my fate.

"Such a nice fellow, Lulu!" he whispered, and then aloud: "My cousin Miss Vaughn, Mr. —"

I did not catch the name in the least, but I did not think of that at the time, as I did not know the names of but one of the three men already near me. Two of these now moved away and my new acquaintance occupied a position at my side. He was very bright and pleasant; we were soon talking together on the footing of old acquaintances, and when we parted I promised to go to supper with him.

Before a great while he came to claim me again, and leaning on his arm I made my way out into the hall. Just as we came towards the door of the supper room our cousin Foster. Do you remember him?

"The fellow who was so in love with you?—and that you flirted with so badly?"

Well, yes, if you call it so. He was there had come on from New York principally to see me. I suppose. I had snubbed him intensely, for I could not bear him. Well, there he was, outrageously tipsy, and he staggered directly up to me.

"Miss Lulu," he said, in a hurried, thick voice, "Miss Lulu, you ought not to go with anybody but me: it's too bad, upon my soul it's too bad!"

"I was very angry, and said coldly, 'Will you allow me to pass, Mr. Foster?' for he stood directly before me.

My companion had been watching me earnestly I knew, and perceiving now by my manner that I did not approve of the fellow's proceedings, he tried to pass on, pressing my arm closer and endeavoring to go round Foster, but he threw himself in our way again.

"It's too bad I say!" he repeated, thickly: "it's too bad to snub a fellow so! You know how I love you; I've told you so again and again—and once you seemed to like me, but that was only a flirtation I suppose. Miss Lulu, you're such a flirt—but I do love you!" and he leered at me tipsily.

I glauced about in despair during this tirade; there was no one to be seen whom I knew at all.

"O, Mr. —," (I supplied the name with an inarticulate murmur,) please get me away from this!" I cried, appealing to my companion.

"Certainly, Miss Vaughn," he replied, promptly; then to Foster—"Now, sir, you must let this young lady and myself pass you."

"No; I had no pencil."

There was a clue. When I reached home that night I began to search through the card basket. Mother wondered why I stayed out of bed, tired as I was; but I thought I should find a key to the mystery at last, but no, the names were all well known, the card must have been lost, and I went to bed as much in the dark as ever, though now deeply interested in the man without a name.

Walter's visits were mostly paid by his lounging at Willard's while I was in the parlor, so that he had no occasion to send another card for some time. Once I came very near finding out. Young Creel arrived from New York. You know he knows every one, and I saw him talking earnestly with Walter. Soon after he came to speak to me. You remember how dreadfully he lisps. Well, he drawled out how glad he was "to thice me," and so on, and then as soon as I could, I asked him:

"Mr. Creel, who is that gentleman you were just talking with?"

"Which one, the thmall man or the th'ont one?"

"Neither; that tall one, talking to the large woman in red."

"That! Oh, that it's Mither Cothwoth, of the firm of Cothwoth and thon. You ought to know him. Hith father it's vewy wick."

"Oh, thank you, I do know him; but what did you say the name was?"

"Cothwoth. Ah, Mith Thith, how do do!" and Creel went off to talk with Angeli-que Smith.

I was as much in the dark as ever. Cothwoth, he called it; that would be Coswos, perhaps, as he lisped so dreadfully, or even Cosso, for Creel was apt to confuse the sounds of r and w. Evidently I could not call him by any of these names. I could only console myself by the reflection that I had at least something satisfactory to tell mamma who was beginning to be very inquisitive about my admirer.

I suppose it was my habit of now always calling him Walter to myself that led to the final catastrophe and the solution of the mystery. One afternoon I was walking down a cross street, when Walter joined me. We went on together chatting pleasantly, when all of a sudden there was a rush and a clatter, and a runaway horse came plunging and tearing down the street; he was on the sidewalk, and seemed to be coming directly towards us. I was terribly frightened, as you may imagine, and clung to my companion's arm.

"Oh, Walter! Walter!" I cried, "we shall be killed!"

"No, no, Lulu, my darling!" and suddenly seizing me in his arms, he sprang with me up the steps of the house near which we were. There was a deep porch, and there he put me down, though still keeping his arm round me.

The horse had swept by a second after we reached the shelter, but Walter held me close, looking earnestly into my eyes.

"Lulu, dearest, do you love me?" he said.

"Oh, Mr. —," I began, then I faltered and stammered, "I ought not to have called you Walter."

"Yes, you ought, that and nothing else, Lulu. I love you, dearest! Tell me, can I hope you love me a little?"

I blushed desperately and half whispered "Yes, I do," and then, when I thought he would kiss me then and there, I hurried on, "but I had another reason for calling you Walter. I don't know what your other name is."

He stared at me. "Are you teasing me, Lulu?"

"No, indeed. I do like you ever so much; you know I do, Walter."

"My darling!"

"But I don't really know what your name is."

And then we walked away, and I told him all about it. He was very much amused; but his name is hard to remember; it is Cothwoth, and I don't wonder I could not catch it at once. I think papa and mamma were rather horrified when they first heard of my engagement, but the un-exceptionable position of Mr. Cothwoth satisfied them, and now you understand that I am going to marry my Walter, who was so long the man without a name.

A WESTERN OBITUARY.—J. Bangs, we are sorry to say, has deceased. He departed this life last Monday. Jem was generally considered a good feller. He went forth without a struggle, and such is life. To-day we are as pepper-grass—mighty smart, to-morrow we are cut down like a cucumber of the ground. Jem kept a nice store which his wife now waits on.—His verchews was numerous to behold.—Many is the things we bot at this grocery, and we are happy to state to the admiring world that he never cheated, especially in the wait of mackerel, which was nice, and smelled sweet, and his surviving wife was thsame wa. We never knowed him to put sand in his sugar, nor water in his liquors, though the Ohio river run past his dore.—Peace to his remains. He leaves one wife, 7 children, 1 cow, a grocery store and other quadrupeds to mourn his loss, but in the landwidge of the poit, his loss was their eternal gane.

Josh Billings says he has got a good recollection, but not a good memory. He recollects having lost ten dollars the other night, but don't remember where he lost it.

SHAKING HANDS.

There is a philosophy in hand-shaking. It is an indication of character. It gives expression to the degree in which you are appreciated or esteemed by another. There are a variety of methods of shaking hands, according to temperament, disposition, or occasion.

Some seize your hand with a fervent grasp—one foot extended—and holding your eye with their own. Such is the salutation of the jolly tar, ready to share "the last shot in the locker" with the stranger of the hour. Others, again, seize your hand with as much fervency, and may mean as well toward you? but they do not look directly at you, but past your cheek, with eyes steadily set, as if looking for some undefined ghostliness beyond, and seeming to converse with the same.

Others give too great a show of fervency to the salutation, causing your fingers to tingle with pain; you involuntarily glance at the injured hand, expecting it to have been compressed into one horrid bruised, extended dexter finger. Others, again add to this exhibition of muscular power, by swinging your hand up and down, a sort of intimation that they are about to "pump" you.

A few come so close to you that you can feel their breath upon your face; others seem to be experimenting on the greatest distance at which the salutation can be exchanged. Some daintily offer you the tips of their fingers; it means either that they consider themselves your superior or that they are not disposed to be especially gracious. Others, again take your whole hand, even endangering the immaculate whiteness of your wrists.

The most agreeable shake of the hand is that meaning, welcoming grasp, warm but not painful in pressure, which stands guarantee to the sympathetic look and kindly spoken word. The most abominable hand-shaking is that lazy, listless offering, giving no pressure, and averse to receiving any. We have shaken hands with such persons, and the memory of it has annoyed us for an hour afterward. It was like touching a wet dishcloth, or a cold, quivering frog. An embarrassing shake of the hand is, when the party greets you hastily, yet silently, as if he felt guilty of boldness, or was not quite sure that he had not been misled by a resemblance. It is as awkward as a pause in conversation.

Perhaps, to young lovers, the quiet, half-intentional contact of hands is most pleasant; that soft, lingering restlessness—th delicious remaining at love's dictation—that faint attempt at withdrawal, at propriety's suggestion; that electrical thrill of contact which fires the veins, modulates the voice, colors the cheek, adds a brightness to the eye, and tremulousness to the lips.

How many men, profound in philosophy brilliant in a scholarship, high in position, have sat for hours in the still moonlight, holding in their hand the soft white hand of a woman? their thoughts idly borne off by a fitting leaf or the trill of a bob-o'-link! Who can say they were not all the for it? Cannot the lion be in love?

DAVID CROCKETT AT A LEVEE.—A Washington correspondent of the Evening Post, noting the change of costumes and manners which have occurred at the capital within the last half century, says:

The practice, for example, of announcing in a loud voice the name and rank of each person entering the room at an entertainment, was discontinued in many elegant social circles elsewhere long before a levee at the Executive Mansion was thought to admit of a breach which might be more honored than this observance, of which the last instance, as the story goes, was during the first term of General Jackson's Presidency. "Room for the Honorable Mr. and Mrs. George Michael Spinks, of the Senate of the United States," etc., was the ponderous formula of the usher, selected for that mixture of assurance and obsequiousness so rare in this country and so requisite for the grace of such an office and for a loud, clear voice. Crockett, with cool-skin cap and linsey woolsey hunting skirt, fringed leggings and buckskin moccasins—not unconsciously, but studiously in character, advanced to the great door to enter. "Room for the Hon. David Crockett, of the House of Representatives of the United States," cried the officious usher.—"David Crockett will make room for himself," exclaimed the eccentric genius, in a tone of tremendous volume and gravity, as he marched into the company.

"Sir," said a fierce lawyer, "do you, on your solemn oath, declare that this is not your handwriting?"

"I recon not," was the cool reply.

"Does it resemble your handwriting?"

"Yes, sir, I think it don't."

"Do you swear it don't resemble your writing?"

"Well I do, old head."

"You take your solemn oath that this writing does not resemble yours in a single letter?"

"Y-e-a-s, sir."

PARLOR JUGGLING.

THE SPITTOONS.—Take two half-gallon spittoons—white ones are the best—then select a strong red cord—a worsted one if it can be procured—pass the two cords through the two holes of the spittoons and give the ends to a lady and gentleman, selected from the company, to hold. Now let a lady seize the spittoons, and sliding each to the opposite end of the cord, bring them together smartly, when they will break in pieces and fall to the floor. This trick is easily performed, and excites considerable applause.

THE MAGIC STICK.—To do this trick properly you will need a pearl handled knife and a stout hard stick, some two inches in length. Sharpen the two ends of the stick and then try to crush it endways, either between your two hands or by sitting on it. This, to your astonishment, you will find it impossible to do.

THE FLYING HEN.—Select a large well-fed hen—the color is immaterial, only so it's black—and place her in a sitting position on some smooth surface. Then over her, place a pasteboard box eighteen by thirty inches. Pound smartly upon the top of the box with a bone-handled table knife for three minutes, and then suddenly raise it, when the hen will immediately fly away. This trick can be done by any person of average intelligence, who gives his whole mind to it.

THE NAIL TRICK.—Take two large wrought-iron nails, and wire them together in the form of a cross. It will then be found impossible to swallow them. There is no deception about this.

THE CABLE.—Take a piece of tarred cable about fifteen inches in length, cut it carefully in two with a sharp knife, and then try to chew the ends together. "You can try it as long as you like."

THE MAGIC EGGS.—Put two fresh eggs carefully in a green worsted bag. Swing the bag rapidly about your head, hitting it each time against the door post. Then ask the company if they will have them boiled, scrambled or fried. It will make no difference which they choose.

THE FOUR JACKS.—Select a pack of cards with plain white backs. Take out the four jacks and burn them before the company, letting them see the ashes. Now shuffle the cards quickly, and holding them in the left hand give them a sharp rap with the knuckles of the right. Then place them on the table with the face down, and defy the company to find the jacks. They can't do it.

GOOD RULES FOR PARENTS.

1. From your children's earliest infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.

2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean exactly what you say.

3. Never promise them any thing unless you are sure you can give them what you promise.

4. If you tell a child to do anything, show him how to do it; and see that it is done.

5. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish in anger.

6. Never let them perceive that they can vex you, or make you lose your self-command.

7. If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.

9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.

10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.

11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.

12. Never allow of tale bearing.

Mrs. PARTINGTON ON FASHION.—"There is one thing sure," said Mrs. Partington, "the female of the present regeneration are a heap more independent than they used to be. Why, I saw a gal go by to-day that I know belongs to the historical class of society, with her dress all tucked up to her knees, her hair all buzzed up like as if she hadn't had time to comb it for a week, and one of her grandmother's caps in an awful crumpled condition, on her head. Why, laws, honey, when I was a gal, if any of the fellows came along when I had my clothes tucked up that that way, and my head kivered with an old white rag, I would run for dear life and hide out of sight. Well, well, the gals then were innocent, unconfeated creatures; now they are what the French call 'blazes.'"

A kiss on the forehead signifies admiration of intellect. On the cheek, for beauty. On the nose, that the kisser is an awkward fool. On the chin, that he appreciates "Paradise Lost." On the hand, that he has slighted the lady. On the lips, love. A short kiss, though he is scared or don't like the article. A long kiss, "Paradise regained!"

No one to care where you go is to go to no.

"Weep no more for me,"—said the billed onion to the work maid.—J. Billings.

The largest room in the world
Ans.—The "room for improvement."