Anrth Branch Democrat.

TARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor

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

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Select Story.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

"Four o'clock and no Ellen yet? What can detain her so? She is usually more punctual than the clock itself"

It was scarcely a room in which Laura Avery was sitting -- rather a mignificent bay window with draperies of embroidered

"Poor Ellen," she murmured, "how differently our lots have been ordered in this Her parents dead-their wealth irretrievably lost, and she too proud to accept a cent that she has not laboriously earned. Oh dear!" and Laura sighed of it." again, just as the clock's liquid voice chimeu the half hour.

"She doesn't come," soliloquized the puzzled little damsel. There's something the matter, Perhaps she is sick—oh, dear, she must be sick, I'll send James to iuquire- no, I'll go myself"

B fore the words were out of her lips she was up in her own room adjusting a soft grey shawl over her black silk dress. and tying the string of a quiet little brown velvet bonnet, whose own crimson rose among its thimmings of enameled moss was not unlike the bloom of her own cheek.

"I don't think it is going to snow," she pondered, looking out at the grey, threatening sky, as she drew on her perfectly fitting gloves. "At any rate, I shall walk very fast."

As she came through the softly carpeted vestibule a servant approached her. "A note, Miss Laura, it came five min

utes ago."
Ah! The rose was several shades in the back ground now, as she broke the scented scal, and glanced over the delicate. cream colored sheet, with a bright suppressed smile dimpling the corners of her mouth. Yet the note was a very simple one after

MY DEAR MISS AVERY :- May I promise myself the pleasure of accompanying you to hear the new opera to night? Unless I receive a message to forbid me, I will call for you at half past seven. Your most

devoted slave and subject.
FLORIAN RICHLEY. Laura instinctively slipped the note into her bosom, as if fearful lest the very picture on the wall should catch a sight of the elegant chiography, and pursued her way down the gloomy s'reet, with eyes that saw the murky atmosphere through the radi ant glow of conlear de rose. Meantime the gray light of October was fading away from the dreary room on one of those streets where decent respectability strives hand to hand with the grim assailant, want.

Singular out of keeping with the shabby and poverty-stricken aspect of the apartment, was a newly finished dress of lustrous purple silk, bright as the dyes of Tyre, that lay folded on the table beside the window in such a manner that you could see the costly trimming—a wide border of purple velvet, edged on either side with fluting of white point lace. For poor Ellen Waynall was nothing more important than a hard-working and poorly paid dress-

She lay on the little white bed in the corner, with her flushed face pressed close against the pillow, and her slender figure partially covered by a coarse plaided scarlet shawl, while the involuntary contraction of her forehead bore witness to the

pain she was meekly suffering. As one or two silent tears escaped from her closed evelids, and crept softly down her check, a light step sounded on the landing outside, and a knock came gently to the panels of the door.

" Come in," said Ellen, hurriedly dash ing away the tears. "Laura is it possible that this is you, dear?"

Yes, it is myself and none other. Nell. I could not imagine why you did not come and fit that dress as you appointed; but I know the reason now. Nelly, you are sick. Why did you not send for me?" Ellen tried to smile faintly.

"I am not very sick, Laura; at least, I have not suffered much pain until to night, and the doctor says that if I had only a little wine-no Laura, do not draw your purse," she added, with a slight perceptible sparkle in her eyes and a proud quiver on her lips; "I am not quite so low yet as to accept charity. Don't look so hurt and grieved, dearest. You know how sensitive cannot help being on some points. It is only for a little while. When I am well enough to take that dress home and receive the money for it, I shall then be enabled to purchase whatever I may require."

Laura Avery knelt down at her triend's bedside with soft. pleading eyes.

"Dear Ellen, you will not refuse to ac cept a temporary loan from me?" Ellen shook her head with a grave

smile. "I can wait, Laura." Laura looked from the dress to Ellen with a face painted with perplexity. Suddenly a bright inspiration seemed to strike

"Let me take the dress home, Ellen?" she asked. "The walk will be just what I need, and I can stop at Dubour's on the way back and order the wine for you.-You will never be strong unless you cosset yourself up a little. You will let me,

Nell?" Ellen hesitated a moment. "But, Laura-

"No but in the matter, if you please, Nell," laughed Laura, gleefully, beginning to fold the rich dress into a little basket that stood on the table beside it. "Where is it to go ?"

Why Laura, what is the matter?"

"Nothing, only I am folding this dress scarlet blush that rose to her friends love-ly cheek as she stood with her back to the Mrs. Richley with astonishment.

"What a selfish little creature I am," self, and it isn't at all likely that I shall see Florian. I will go-there is an end

"Thank you, dear Laura, it is so kind of you," said Ellen fervently, as Miss Avery came to the bed-side with the bask t on her arm, and black veil drawn closely over the brown velvet bonnet. "She owes me three dollars for this dress, and there are seven dollars on the old account that she has never paid me."

"Ten dollars! I'll collect it, never fear," said Laura gaily, as she disappeared, while to poor Ellen it seemed as if the sunshine had all died out with the presence of her friend.

It was near dusk when Miss Avery, summoning up all her resolution, ascended the brown stone steps of the Richley mansion and rang the bell.

"Is Mrs. Richly at home?" "What's your business with Mrs. Richley?" asked the servant, suspiciously scrutinizing the basket that she carried. Lauin bit her lips. This manner from servants was an entirely new experience to her, yet how often must poor Ellen have endured it.

"I have called to bring home a dress that was finished for her," she said, in a tone of quiet dignity.
"O-ah-yes; well, I s'pose you'd best

walk in."

The servant conducted her op stairs to sort of sitting room or boudoir, where Mrs. Richley, a portly dame of about fifty, gorgeously dressed in a crimson silk, was sitting in her easy chair in front of a glowing coal fire. Laura was inwardly grateful that the gas had not been lighted, particularly when she observed that Mr. Florian Richley was founging on a velvet sofa in one of the window recesses. Mrs. Richly looked up as the servant ushered in the new comer.

"Well, young woman, what do you want ?"

Laura's cheek tinged at the tone of coarse insolence in which she was addressed, but she commanded herself to reply meekly:

'I have brought home your dress, Mrs. "Where is Miss Waynall?"

"Very well; lay down the dress; it is all right." But Laura stood her ground valiently.

"Miss Waynall would like the money o-night, madame-seven dollars on the old account and three for this dress." "It is not convenient to-night."

But, Mrs. Richley, Miss Waynall is ill and needs the money," persisted Laura.
"There, Florian," said Mrs. Richley, petulantly, addressing the young man in the Turkish dressing gown and elaborately arranged hair, "I told you just how it

"What the deuce is the matter now?" snappishly asked Florian, for the first time condescending to evince any interest in what was going on.

"Why, these impertinent dress-making people are always clamoring for money, just when you have drained me of my

last cent " "Let 'em clamor, then, that's my advice,' said Florian, without taking the trouble to

move his head. "Just give me back that ten dollar bill, Florian," urged his mother. "You can't

want it to night." "But I do want it, it happens," said Florian, coolly.

"You are going to fritter it away in some of those gambling houses, to drink yourself stupid again," frette ! Mrs. Richley. It's too bad, getting my money away from me

just to indulge in those horrible habits.-Why don't you earn money for yourself?" "Easy, ma, easy," said the dutiful son, lazily dragging himself to a sitting posture. Don't loose your temper, for it isn't worth while. This ten dollar bill is going to help make my fortune. It shall take the lovely

Laura to the opera to-night."
"Nonsense; this fine scheme will flash in the pan just like all the rest of your castles in the air. She won't have you.

"Oh, yes she will, my incredulous mamma, wait and see. I shall bring her to the point pretty soon. Then I'll pay you back the money with interest out of my lady's bag of . hiners."

"And will you leave off your gambling habits ! Oh, Florian, they will be the ruin of you. yet." "Perhaps, perhaps not," returned the

young man insolently. "That will be very much as I please." Both the mother and her son had entire ly forgotten the presence of the young girl who was standing in the dusky shadows

near the door, until this moment, when Mrs. Richly, turning sharply around, saw her. "What are you waiting for," she asked irritably. "I have already told you that it was not convenient to pay the money to

night-why don't you go about your busi-

he the Senator.

"To Mrs. Richley's in River street .- | their artificial bloom of rouge, and her chill | piness of the future. grey eyes sparkled with rising anger, as Laura Avery composedly advanced forward wrong," returned Laura, in a low voice .- She took one of the wax tapers from the It was well that Ellen did not see the china shell and lighted the gas with a

bed, smoothing the luscious breadths of "I am sorry that you cannot pay your purple silk. Mrs. Richley's! Lanra was just debts, madam," said Laura, quietly utmost sorry that she had volunteered to looking the amazed mother and son in the go, but it was too late to retract her offer face; "but I am not sorry for any occurrence that has had the effect of opening my eyes to the true character of Florian she mused. "Poor Neliy needs the mon- Richley. I will take the ten dollars, sir, to ey so very much, and cannot go for it her- my sick friend, as you will find it entirely unnecessary to go to the expense of taking Miss Laura Avery to the opera to-night.

Florian's handsome cheek had grown pale-his knees quivered beneath him as he mechanically took the bill from his pocket book and placed it in the hand of the imperative beauty, while Mrs. Richley sank back aghast into the cushioned arm chair

Florian made one desperate effort to retrieve his lost fortune, even in the moment of sure defeat and discomfiture. "I am very sorry -awkward mistake-

hope you will afford me an explanation,' he stammered. "I require no explanation, sir." was Lau-

a's cold reply, as she withdrew from the apartment, haughtily and unapproachable as a statue of ice.

She burried homeward through the twiight streets, with a burning cheek and beating heart, and it was nearly dark when once more she entered Miss Waynall's room lighted only by the faint glow of a low

"Back so soon, Laura?" asked Ellen, somewhat surprised.

"Here is the money, Nelly, and the wine," she said, thankful that the dim light could not betray her tell-tale features, "And now you must get well as fast as you can.' "Oh, Laura, I am so much obliged to you," said Ellen, earnestly.

Laura stooped to kiss her friend's pale cheek, inwardly reflecting how much she had to thank for Ellen's indisposition.

But she never told E'len of the discovery she had unwillingly made, while fulfilling the gentle mission of friendship, and no one ever knew the precise manner in which the contemplated match between Florian Richley and Laura Avery was broken off. There are some things that bring their

own reward in this world-and the one act of kindness had saved Laura from unconsciously taking the step that would have precipitated her into a lifetime of misery.

ADVICE FOR THE YOUNG.

Seldom have I seen any advice for the young t'at gave me so much satisfaction as the following. I cannot tell my young readers who wrote it, but as it is good, I hope they will read it carefully and try to sink us under them. I am for a commerce remember all it says to them.

if you wish to be true scholars. You ment. And I am not for linking ourselves must not spend your leisure time in idle by new treaties with the quarrels of Europe; conduct. You must not waste the long and fruitful evening in noisy, vulgar plays to the streets, with the profune, the dissolute, the reckless, calling to strangers, and annoying peaceful citizens.

You must not be ashamed to be polite. A coarse, gross, rude address never expresses a delicate, thoughtful, well regulaed mind. You must not be afraid to do right. Boys are often tempted to show their courage by ridiculing merit. They, sometimes think it mean to be afraid of offending their parents, or their teacher or God himself. Remember that the true spirit consists in following the dictates of noble nature; and he is the real coward who can be shamed out of his principles. Never make light of a serious subject, nor trifle with the misfortunes of a fellow creature. Never take pleasure in inflict-

ing pain. You must not find your best pleasures away from your own homes. I am always afraid of a boy who begins to be uneasy at home. When the presence of sure that all is not right.

An uncorrupted and unperverted child is no where so happy as at home. Never I have seen them brought up as careful as suffer yourself to lose, never allow any- a tap dog, and then go to the devil as soon body to taint in your bosom the fond and k indly affections, that grow up and shed I have seen them taken out of gutters, and

their odors around the family fireside. You must not imagine that you and your teacher have different interests labors for you, he lives for you. His in that is a fast one, you are doing first rate, terest is for your welfare. His honor is in your progress his happiness is in your highest good. If you could disturb his plans and hinder his success, you would riumph in your own defeat.

You must not tempt others to do wrong. It is enough to lose advantage for one's self; to fail of the great ends of education. To be the occasion of misleading and injuring another-to set about corrupting an innocent mind-to lure a guileless, confiding child from the path of purity-to estrange an affectionate nature from the love of truth and the sacred endearments of home, is a deep, deep guilt, and a malignant influence.

To all of you let me say, be punctual. If a scholar is late the whole school is disturbed; his own progress is interrupted; the order of the day is interfered with; and what is worst of all, a habit of punctuality is not formed-a habit essential to the success and happiness of life.

Her cheeks were flushed even beneath and of more than half who fail of the hap-t brains,"

they halfs and his days a chutten treneam that the time to convey a right to first together unlooked for, Mr. Cameron will

Was a same from Missa announce

Take pains to comply exactly with the regulations of the school. Confide in the teacher, respect the opinion he has deliberately formed; suffer him to rule within the sphere of his duty. Be not in haste to advance. Cultivate carefully the ground you go over; be sure you obtain distinct, clear ideas, and dwell upon a thing until you master it. Then, and not till then. you may safely advance.

Don't whisper. One thoughtless boy, one careless girl, by this one mischievous habit, disturbs the whole school. Learn to study without buzzing; think without moving the lips. It is easy after a little practice, Indeed, to be able to be still, is almost a virtne, it is so necessary to order. Certainly it is one of the graces. - Forrester.

Jefferson's Profession of Political Faith.

Mr. Jefferson's political principles have ever been the standard of faith with the Democracy of the United States. No where are they more concisely embodied than in his letter of January 26th, 1799, to Elbridge Gerry. At a time when leaders propose to throw principle overboard for expediency, it is well to go back to the instructions of our old chiefs. He writes:

"I do, then, with sincere zeal, wish an inviolable preservation of our present Federal Constitution, according to the true sense in which it was adopted by the States, that, in which it was advocated by his friends, and not that which its enemies apprehended, who therefore became its enemies; and I am opposed to the monarchizing its features by the forms of its administration, with a view to conciliate a first transition to a President and Senate for life. and from that to a hereditary tenure of these offices, and thus to worm out the elective principle. I am for preserving to the States the powers not yielded by them to the Union, and to the Legislature of the Union its Constitutional share in the division of power; and I am not for transferring all the powers of the States to the General Government, and making all those of that government frugal and simple, aplying all the possible savings of the public revenue to the discharge of the National debt; and not for a multiplication of offices and salaries merely to make partisans, and for increasing by every device, the public debt, on the principle of its being a public blessing.

I am for relying, for internal defense, or our militia solely till actual invasion, and for such a naval force only as may protect our coasts and harbors from such depredations as we have experienced; and not for a standing army in time of peace which may overawe the public sentiment : not for a navy, which, by its own expenses, and the eternal wars in which it will implicate us, will grind us with public burthens, and with all nations, political connection with none; and little or no diplomatic establishentering that field of slaughter to preserve their balance, or joining in the confederacy of kings to war against the principles of liberty. I am for freedom of religion, and against all manœuvers to bring about a legal ascendency of one sect over another; for freedom of the press, and against all violations of the Constitution to silence by force and not by reason, the complaints or criticisms, just or unjust, of our citizens aginst the conduct of their agents. I am for encouraging the progress of science in all its branches; and not for raising a bue and cry against the sacred name of philoso; phy, for awing the human mind by stories of raw head and bloody bones, to distrust its own vision, and to repose implicitly on that of others -to go backwards instead of forwards to look for improvement."

Josh Billings replies to some parent "I can't tell you the best way to bring up a boy; but if I had one that did'nt lie well enough to suit me, I think I would set him your parents and sisters put a restraint in a dry goods store. Probably the best upon you, and you feel shy of them, be way to bring up a boy in the way he should go, is to travel that way ourselves, once in a while. Still there is much uncertainty. as they could strike back. And then, again, they would wash up like diamonds. Raising boys is a good deal like raising colts,-He If you don't get more than one out of ten

> IRISH WIT .- A gentleman of the bar in Ireland walking one day with a friend who was extremely precise in pronunciation, the latter hearing a person near him say "curosty," exclaimed ; "How that fellow murders the English language !" "It isn't murder; it's maiming," said the other; "he has only knocked an 'i' out."

What are you setting that child on that quarto dictionary for?" said Mrs. D. as her partner arranged his little boy at the breakfast table.

"I am," replied he, "fixing the basis of a sound English education. "Yes," said she, "but you are beginning at the wrong end,"

The question why printers do not succeed as well as brewers, was thus an-"A little too lare," is a motto to be in-scribed upon the tombstone of half of the head and brewers for the stomach, and where a nfortunate in the business of this world, twenty men have stomachs but one has it plural."

KINDNESS REWARDED

It is a dreadful thing to be old and poor, and have no home; but there is a deeper depth of human calamity than this. It is to have, in addition, an old age of wasting, wearing sickness; which is often superinduced by that constant depression of mind which attends the consciousness of being alone and friendless and in want, One of the very best means of avoiding an old age of destitution and bodily suffering is to cultivate while young, all the benevolent and generous feelings of our nature, never by any possibility allowing any opportuni-ty pass of befriending a fellow traveler as we are passing along life's journey, for sooner or later the reward will come—the reward of a happy heart and oftentimes a

comfortable provision for declining years. In 1812, a wounded soldier was lying helpless on the plains of Chalmette, a few miles below New Orleans. A youth passing that way kuelt by his side, inquired as to his wants, conveyed him to a shelter. and remained with bim until he was able to leave for his home in the city. Nearly half a century later, the wounded soldier died but old Judah Touro never forgot the youth who helped on the battle-field, and left him \$50,000 in money, besides some duties to perform which eventually yielded Mr.

Shepherd \$100,000 more. While living in New Orleans, about the year 1850, a poor young doctor, with a large family and a small practice, often came into my office. He was always cour teons, always kind, and always sad; and who could be otherwise when anxiety for to-morrow's bread for wife and children is always pressing on the heart? But there came a letter one day, with the English post mark, making inquiries for a certain young American doctor, who had befriended an English gentleman during a long and dangerous attack of sickness in New Orleans a number of years before. This grateful gentleman had died and left our poor young doctor a large e tate.

Ten years ago and less, there lived in he city of New York a clergyman whose name and memory are sacred to thousands of grateful, loving revering hearts. He has not been dead long; he will never die out of the holy affections of the people before whom he came in and went out so many years. Among his people there was one man, and he was of large wealth, who eemed to make it special business, as it was his highest happiness, to see that his revered pastor wanted nothing. It did not spring up in May, and die long before December came, but through weeks and months and long years it was always the same; incessant, perenial, gushing up always like a never failing spring. The pastor died: his loving watcher, by no fault of his own, failed for almost millions; any recovery was absolutely hopeless. The grief that pressed him was the loss of abili-ty to help the helpless. Men looked on and wondered, and began to question if Providence would let such a man come to want in his gray hairs. A man of very oreat wealth said; "He must not suffer who cared so well and so faithfully and long for my minister. He is just the man I want to attend to my estates, and shall have all he asks for as compensation for his services."—Hall's Journal of Health.

A good many years ago it was moved in the Legislature of a Western State to bestow the name of Cass on a new county. A whig, meaning to be sarcastic, rose and moved as an amendment that the first let-

ter of the proposed name be struck out! The laugh was on his side hugely, until Democrat retorted that he might not have any objection, but that it was very utusual for a member to rise and propose that a county in the State should be named after himself!

And then the other side had the laugh.

Coleridge was acknowledged to be a bad ider. One day, riding through the street ne was accosted by a would be wit; "I say, do you know what happened to

Baalam ?" Came the answer quick and sharp: "The same as did to me -- an ass spoke to

A lady was walking in the streets of Par-, recently, when a girl of about thirteen effectionately embraced her, saying-

"O, my dear aunt!" The lady told the girl she was mistaken, when the latter disappeared in confusion along with the lady's porte-monie, as she afterwards discovered.

I think I have seen you before, sir;

are you not Owen Smith ?" "Oh, yes; I'm owin' Smith, and owin' Jones, and owin' Brown, and owin' every

A quack doctor advertises to this "Consumptives, cough while you can, for

after having taken one bottle of my tincture

you can't." The crew of the whale ship Antelope brings home a gold watch and silver spoons belonging to Sir John Franklin. and word as to where the remains of the explorer are

"That's very singular, sir," said a young lady to a gentleman who had kissed her. "Oh, well, my dear Miss, I will soon make

his executor, this most emply visalication

dissibled and to the tent to assurance

buried. believ and synday