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HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor

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## Select Story.

### LOVE WITHOUT NONSENSE.

Not a Bit Like a Novel—A Capital Take-Off on the Modern High Pressure Style of Doing It.

Once upon a time there was a fair young maiden, whose name was Mary, although they called her Moll for short. She wasn't a tall, dark-eyed maiden, with clear, transparent skin, and lips like cherries, and cheeks suffused with blushes. She didn't have glossy black hair, sweeping back in wavy tresses from her quonally brows, and her form wasn't a bit like Hebe's. No, there was none of these things; on the contrary, she was short and thin, and had red hair and freckles, and she also sported snaggle teeth and wore puds, but still she was a right nice girl, and there was a young man who fell in love with her, and his name was Bill, although his friends called him William, when they wanted to hurt his feelings, for he didn't like it much. He wasn't fine looking, and had neither curly brown hair nor a moustache. Not much. Bill had himself out on soap suds, and wore a gaiter that he had dyed twice a week.

Now this Bill, he was in love with Mary, but did he go and make a deliberate fool of himself? Did he, I say, go into a grove with her, and in the soft moon-light, by the streamlet that murmured sweetly by, and with the tender zephyr sighing through the foliage, fall down on his knees, with his jeweled hand, and breathe his deep affection in the tender accents of fond attachment, and swear by you bright orb above us, always to be true? Did he, I say? You can just bet he didn't. You can just bet he didn't. You can lay out your whole revenue safely on that. William knew too much about the price of pants to go flopping around the wet grass with his best clothes on; besides, he never cared anything about streamlets or any kind of cold water, except to mix with his gin. No, sir; it was exceedingly strange; but this infatuated William met her at the alley gate, and he stood right up on his old legs, and says: "Say, Moll, old gal, s'posed we get hitched?"

But how did Mary behave? Did she go drooping to sleep over on the bricks in a dead faint, or did she hide her gentle head on his shirt bosom to conceal her blushes? No, she didn't and she didn't say "I am ever thine, my own love, dear William." Oh, my, no. She looked right in his yellow eyes and says, "I'm in, Billy. I'm in the gal for these sort of things. Go in." And instead of referring him to her father, she only said, "won't the old man bust right out when you tell him—Ha! ha!" and she laughed. But she didn't let William to mollify her fond father. No, no. She very wisely advised him to "take the old man in the nose if he gave him any of his lip." She was a funny girl, this Mary.

Now the old man wasn't wealthy, for he sold soap-fat for a living, and so he didn't think Bill was moving around after his stumps; so, when Bill asked him, he neither ordered him forcibly away, nor did the lowly moisture gather in his eagle eye as he passed his hemstitched up there and said: "Bless you, my children, children, bless you." Oh, my, nothing of the sort. He just blew his old nose on his handkerchief and told Bill to take her along, for he was glad to get rid of her, he was, and William would be the same way soon, for she was awful rough on victual, and always broke plates, when she got mad.

So, you see, there really was no necessity for William to come at midnight's midnight hour, in a cab, and draw a rope-ladder up to her window, and whistle three times on his fingers, and then go up, hand over hand, and bring her down in one hand and her trunk in the other, and a handkerchief and umbrella under each arm, and a whole lot of bundles, and then get into the cab, and say "some distant shore." That's the way it would have been in a novel; but Bill said he wasn't on that line, so he just went out in the yard, and out of pure joy, he skinned the cat three or four times, and then the grapevine about, and then went and got his hot-water pail, and drew Mary right down to the magistrate, to get the job done for a quarter, for he said he was one of the low price, he was.

But the queerest thing of all was, that Bill had never met that authority with a smiling face and black whiskers, who flew about with a crown on his head, and a horse pistol in each hand, and a quonally curve upon his lips, and said mildly for "Reverend. Ha! ha," and said "Sdeath!" and "Villain, thou dost!" Notions. There was another fellow in love with Mollie, to be sure, but he was a weak-eyed young man, who had sandy hair and wore spectacles and a checkered collar, and always looked scared when you hollered at him. So, when he saw that Bill had the best of the girl's affections, he looked all serene, and said, "Go in, Billy, it goes banker for her," and as Billy was a trifle on the hanker he said right in.

So William, you see, had so trouble at all—and you couldn't get up an agreeing novel about him, if you tried. He didn't have any urgent business that called him to a foreign land, so he had to bid her a fond good-bye, and swear always to be true, and then go away and forget her and fall in love with a dark-eyed lesbian girl, picking grapes in a vineyard, and his legs were folded on her head, while his forgotten and forsaken Mary gradually faded and pined away, and baffled the physician's skill, and grew paler, and at last when June roses were in bloom, lying gently down to die, while through the open window floated in the balmy odor of jessamine and honey suckle. And William didn't come home at last, and filled with deathless remorse, go daily to the sweet cemetery and strew flowers on her grave, and teach his children to love her name. Not at all. That was the way Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth would have done it, but she wasn't around. Billy was a butcher who wore a white shirt and a shiny hat, and he stayed at home and killed beef and sold it at a big price, and he stuck to Mary, and she kept healthy and wasn't much on the pine.

And then, at last when all was over, Mary didn't sit in the room while they dressed her in white, and mixed orange blossoms in her water, and then gently went down stairs with six bridesmaids at her heels, and stand up with her and William, and weep greatly while she was being married by the minister, and then get lots of presents, and then go to her new house, and live through all the happy years with Billy, nor never knows sorrow, or trouble any more. Why, of course, she didn't for it wasn't her style, you see.

So it just rushed up stairs and put on her pink muslin and her old sun bonnet, and had her breakfast and went to the magistrate's and never wept a particle, and got no presents except fifteen cents from the old man to pay her car fare home, and when she got to the magistrate's she just rose up off the bench and told Bill she didn't see much use in splicing and she didn't like him anyway; and so she went home, and Bill he went with her, and told her he wasn't sorry, as he didn't want her, and he guessed she was hard on her clothes, say how, and so they never got married, and the whole thing turned out wrong—but I couldn't help it, for I ain't going to put facts on record that ain't so. But it ain't a bit like a novel that I ever read, so there must have been something strange about this fellow and Mollie that I never could find out, so I'll have to let it slide as it is.

### THE YOUNG WIDOW ON A SLEIGH-RIDE.

Some writer has said that a young and beautiful widow "is the most loving and lovable creature in existence." There is much truth in the remark, and, as Sumner Weller intimates, they are at the same time the most dangerous to the liberties of a bachelor, when they once take a notion that way. It is not a singular fact that most of the greatest men the world has produced have been brought to the test of the widow's love.

Dr. Meadows was one of a delightful party, which he describes, so far as he and the widow Lambkin were concerned, in the words following:  
The lively widow Lambkin sat in the sleigh, under the same buffalo robe with me.

"Oh! don't," she exclaimed, as we came to the first bridge, at the same time catching hold of my arm, and turning her wild face towards me while her eyes twinkled through the moonlight.

"Don't what?" I asked. "I am not doing anything."  
"Well, but I thought you were going to take me," replied Mrs. Lambkin.  
"Well, what's that?" I inquired.  
"Well! I declare!" cried the widow, her clear voice singing out above the music-bells, "you pretend you don't know what you're doing!"

"Indeed I don't then," I said, laughing. "You never heard then," said the widow, most provokingly, "you never heard that when we are on a sleigh ride the gentleman always, that is sometimes, when they cross a bridge claim a kiss and call it toll. But I never pay it."

I said that I never heard of it before, but when we came to the next bridge I claimed the toll, and the widow's struggle to hold the toll over her face was not enough to bear it. At last the toll was removed, and she turned directly towards me, and in the clear light of a frosty moon, the toll was taken, for the first time in his life, by Dr. Meadows. Soon we came to a long bridge with several arches; the widow said it was no use to resist, a man that would have his own way, so she paid the toll without a murmur.

"But you won't take toll for every arch, will you, doctor?" the widow said so sweetly that I did not fail to exact my toll, and that was the beginning. But never mind the rest. The Lambkin had the Meadows all to herself in the spring.

The "gay doctor" who runs the local department of the New Albany (Ind.) Ledger, tells of a new invention of which he has a patent, gotten up for the purpose of determining whether or no a lady were potent-cakes. It was a cone with a fine needle in the end of it. As a lady passes, with her beautiful turned pedic extremities exposed to view by the "rider," the cones are slightly punctured with the cone. If the lady kisses the cones are genuine, if she does not they are false.

If parents would render their children happy and wealthy, they should early inculcate in them a desire for and a knowledge of labor, both manual and mental.

### THE TENNESSEE VENDETTA.

A FEAT OF TWENTY YEARS ENDED—FOURTEEN MEN KILLED DURING THE TIME—A CHAPTER OF DRAMATICS.

(From the Louisville Journal.)

A correspondent at Elizabethtown, Carter county, Tennessee, gives us the particulars of a terrible feud that has been raging for twenty years between two families of that county, and which was brought to an end by the bloody death of the sole surviving males of the warring tribes, in the streets of Elizabethtown, on the evening of the 5th instant. The history of the affair, as detailed by our correspondent is as follows:

In the fall of 1848 a family named Johnson removed from the neighboring county of Washington, North Carolina, into Carter county, East Tennessee, and settled down in the neighborhood of another family named Rogers. Johnson, who appeared to be an energetic, industrious man, immediately went to work at clearing up a little farm. He filled trees, grubbed up undergrowth, burned stumps, and split rails to fence in the ground he reclaimed from the wilderness. In this he was assisted by his two sons—both were lads. While the three were engaged in erecting fences about their patch of land, Rogers took up to where they were at work, one day, and laid claim to a pile of rails, about a dozen in number. This claim Johnson disputed, and finally, on Rogers applying to him the epithets of "thief" and "chick," the North Carolinian pulled him from his horse, and administering to him a severe chastisement with his fists, Rogers went off roaring vengeance, and in the course of an hour returned to the spot armed with a rifle the contents of which he discharged into the body of Johnson, producing fatal consequences. Rogers, who was a man of some wealth for those primitive times, and was possessed of considerable influence among his rough, unlettered neighbors, was acquitted of the charge of murder by an examining justice. This was the beginning of the terrible vendetta that has run through the years that followed, coming down the males of the two families in the pride of their strength and manhood.

The two Johnsons laid a violent vengeance upon the murderer of their parent and one of them, James, worked night and day, with but one object in view—to accumulate the means to purchase a rifle. As length he became the owner of one, and one Sabbath morning, with his gun upon his shoulder, he approached the house of Rogers. The latter was sitting on the porch, and, as he saw young Johnson approaching, probably during his intention, arose hastily and started toward the rock where his own gun was deposited. But the stronger of blood was upon his path, and ere he could reach his weapon he fell upon the floor a corpse, his heart pierced by a bullet from his foe. Rogers left behind him a young wife and three children—two of whom was a boy. Among the rough backwoodsmen of Carter county, young Johnson's crime was looked upon with satisfaction, if not favor—the British law of retaliation being looked upon by them as the very cream of justice. Johnson married, and as the years passed, he became surrounded by an interesting and numerous progeny.

The boy William Rogers, in the meantime, had almost reached manhood's estate when one morning, without divulging attention to his mother or sisters, he left the house with his father's rifle upon his shoulder as if he were going out to hunt, and in less than an hour a great-stricken mother and children were weeping over the corpse of a slain husband and father.

Young Rogers is no more, but he was an avenger, and Thomas Johnson, full of wrath, is dead.

In time the memories of these three murders died away, and those who were children then grew up to man and woman. William Rogers had taken to himself a wife, and became the head of a growing family. The morning he took into Elizabethtown, and as he did not return that night—a circumstance that had never occurred before—his wife became very uneasy, and with the morning called her husband to start upon a search of her missing husband.

About three miles from the house he came upon the body of his brother-in-law, lying on the road, stiff and cold in death. His brain had been pierced by a rifle ball. Although his murderer was never discovered, the community readily accepted the belief that Henry Johnson, a son of Thomas, who was slain by Rogers, was the perpetrator of the deed. Some years afterwards, in a drunken moment in Elizabethtown, this young man acknowledged he had slain Rogers, and he has since then the latter had killed the father. Johnson was a young man, and only a few months before the war or had married a young girl in the neighborhood.

Again the drama of time was unrolled, and at least ten years had been added to the past when a young lad, a son of the murdered Rogers, engaged in an altercation in the yard of the court house at Elizabethtown, with Johnson, who was then a middle aged man and inflicted such wounds upon him with a knife that he died on the following morning.

Thus it was in the year, now a Johnsons falling by the hands of a Rogers, and then a Rogers falling by the hands of a Johnson, until the war intervened, and for a time at least, the terrible feud appeared to have ceased. The cessation of hostilities brought the survivors of the warring families back to Carter county.

These survivors consisted of Randall Rogers and Robert Johnson, both battle-scarred veterans, and both unmarried men. On the evening of the 5th instant these two men met in a grocery at Elizabethtown, and soon became engaged in altercation. Egadness interceded, and for an hour of two a collision was averted. They were separated by friends and taken off in opposite directions. This occurred about noon. About three o'clock, as Rogers was going up the Street he saw Johnson coming down. As the year of each other they drew their revolvers and commenced simultaneously firing upon each other, continuing to advance as they fired. Finally, and when about four feet distance from Johnson, Rogers sank to the pavement, and he lay, the best part of his life was to fire the last charge in his pistol into the abdomen of Johnson, whose last bullet, fired at the same instant, penetrated his antagonist's brain, causing instant death. Johnson's pistol as he fell across the body of his foe, and when his comrades rushed to where they lay, he was dead, his head having struck a mortal ail. Almost at the same instant of time, the two blood-guilty souls had gone to join the pure ghosts of their ancestors. Thus ended a feud that had existed for twenty years, in the course of which fourteen men had died violent death.

It is fearful to think how many persons rush into matrimony totally unprepared for the awful change that awaits them. A man may take a wife at twenty-one, before he knows the difference between a chip and a log. We would not recommend a license to anybody simply because he is of age, than a license on that ground only to practice as an apothecary. This should be further extended. We would like the following question put to young inexperienced persons about to marry:—  
Are you aware, sir, of the price of coal and candles?  
How far will a leg of mutton go in a small family?  
How much lumber, now, is silver than Britanna?  
Declare if you can, with youth, the same per annum that chemists, politicians, or capitalists, business, wars, crops, ribbons, flowers, gloves, cuffs and collars would come to in a lump.  
If unable to answer these inquiries, we would not advise you to "go back to school." He that would be a husband should also undergo training physical and mental. He should be further instructed thus:  
Can you read or understand the noise of a saw-mill?  
Can you wait any given time for breakfast?  
Can you maintain your serenity during a wedding day?  
Can you get your old friends?  
Can you stand being contradicted in the face of all reason?  
Can you keep your temper when you are not believed to?  
Can you do what you are told without being told why?  
In one word, young man, have you the patience of Job?  
If you can lay your hand upon your heart and answer "yes," take your license and marry—not die.

### AN ELEMENTARY CATECHISM.

Q. How many persons are there in the world?  
A. There are as many as there are grains of sand on the beach, and as many as there are stars in the sky.

Q. How many persons are there in your family?  
A. There are as many as there are hairs on my head, and as many as there are leaves on the tree.

Q. How many persons are there in the world?  
A. There are as many as there are grains of sand on the beach, and as many as there are stars in the sky.

Q. How many persons are there in your family?  
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Q. How many persons are there in the world?  
A. There are as many as there are grains of sand on the beach, and as many as there are stars in the sky.

It was a quiet day. Evening was falling. The streets were almost deserted. Suddenly a voice at my elbow said, "I am not in the street and have been waiting for you."  
I looked at the speaker. He was an able-bodied man, but had lost both arms by amputation; he was evidently a discharged soldier. He was pale, too, as if from recent sickness, or from scanty food. He had on an old, thread-bare coat.

My first impulse was to give him something. But my coat was buttoned tight, I could not easily unbuckle it, and continue to hold my umbrella, and look, and to crown all, the street was for which I had been waiting, at that instant came up.

"I have nothing to give," I said, turning from the man and looking to the driver. "I heard a sign, as I turned, and was on the point of re-considering my decision, but I reflected that if I gave him this, or I should have to wait for minutes in the street. Besides," I said to myself, "somebody else will be sure to give him something."

But my heart smote me, when, on looking after the man, I saw him go sadly down the street with bent head. "Once I thought of giving the coat, overhauling the man, and giving him half a dollar. But while I hesitated, the man passed the corner and he was out of sight. It was too late. I did not see my dinner, that day, with the usual appetite. I could not get that was the best of my mind. At times the demons seemed to choke me. What if he really was starving and no one would help him?"

All through the evening the man's look haunted me. It was my little daughter, - something abstracted, - she had so much to think of. I saw up with some "I'll give you the coat," I said to myself, "I'll find a way to find him. I would have given the coat, to-day, to-day myself that he had received assistance."

But the impression gradually wore off. There is so much suffering now in great cities, that almost every one becomes hardened to it. I persuaded myself finally that the man had been helped by others. "There are so many charities to aid soldiers," I said. It was unreasonable to think otherwise.

One morning about four days after the interview, my wife was reading the paper, when she suddenly laid it down, and cried "How shocking!"

I went to see how it was, but I felt a sudden chill. I thought instantly of the man's own face. But I said, "necessity, as I think my eye."

"What is it my dear?"  
"Oh! such a terrible story. A discharged soldier, his wife and two children, dying of starvation. At least the wife is dead, and one of the children not expected to live. None have had anything to eat for four days. They were found in an old coal-house. The husband is said to have lost both arms at 'Gettysburg.'"

My heart trembled so much that, long before my wife finished, I had been compelled to lay down my eyes unopened. She was looking at the paper and did not see me.

I had no appetite after that. I rose immediately, and hastened down town, for I was sure this was the man whose picture I had seen.

I went straight to the man. I had the paper in my pocket, and it proved to be the man's old coal-house, where the soldiers had been found.