

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor

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

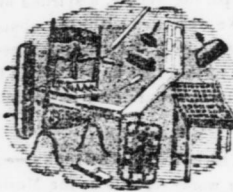
TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM

NEW SERIES,

TUNKHANNOCK, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEB. 27, 1867

VOL. 6 NO. 29.

A weekly Democratic paper, devoted to Political News, the Arts and Sciences &c. Published every Wednesday, at Tunkhannock Wyoming County, Pa. BY HARVY SICKLER



Terms—1 copy 1 month, (in advance) \$1 not paid within six months, \$2.50 will be charged. No paper will be DISCONTINUED, until all arrearages are paid; unless at the option of publisher.

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June, 3rd, 1863

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Poet's Corner.

YOUNG GRIMES.

Old Grimes is dead—that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more;
But he has left a son who bears
The name that old Grimes bore.

He wears a coat of latest cut,
His hat is new and gay;
He cannot bear to view distress,
So from it turns away.

His pants are gaiters—fitting snug,
Or patent-leather shoes;
His hair is by a barber curled—
He smokes cigars and chews.

A chain of massive gold is bore
Above his flashy vest;
His clothes are better every day
Than were old Grimes' best.

In Fashion's court he constant walks,
Where he delight doth shed;
His hands are white and very soft,
But softer is his bed.

He's six feet tall—no post more straight—
His teeth are pearly white;
In habits he is sometimes loose,
And sometimes very tight.

His manner are of sweetest grace,
His voice of softest tone;
His diamond pin is the very one
That Old Grimes used to own.

His moustachio adorns his face,
His neck a scarf of blue;
He sometimes goes to church for change,
And sleeps in Grimes' pew.

He sports the fastest "cab" in town,
Is always quick to bet;
He never knows whose President,
But thinks "Old Abe" is yet.

He has drank wines of every kind,
And liquor cold and hot;
Young Grimes, in short, is just that sort
Of man Old Grimes was not.

Select Story.

OLD HUMDRUM.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

"I wonder what old Humdrum will give us for New Year's present?" said Nellie Hastings, as she twisted her curls before the sitting room mirror, and admitted her pretty face, as therein displayed. "Don't Nellie," said her sister Agnes, looking up from her sewing, "nicknames are intensely vulgar, and it pains me to hear our kind friend so spoken of."
"Kind friend, indeed," said the beauty, saucily; "what has he given us but a few prosy sermons!"

"Oh, Nellie, what should we have done without his care? Think how cheap the rent of this little cottage is made for us and how many scholars he has procured for you, and how well he pays me for the sewing. He is a kind friend," and tears stood in the eyes of Agnes Hastings, as she spoke.
"Well then; don't cry about it, sis," and Nellie gave her sister a hasty kiss. "And I won't call him nicknames any more if it displeases you, and I shall soon be independent of his kindness," with a scornful emphasis upon the last words.

"There is one of my tiresome brats at the gate now," and she sauntered into the parlor to meet the music scholar coming up the garden walk to take his lesson.

You would scarcely have supposed the sisters twin—had you seen them on a dull December day that opens my story. Nellie tall, graceful, brilliant and beautiful, in the full glow of her youthful beauty; Agnes, pale and thin, with a somewhat slow skin, hair brushed smoothly back from her face and gathered in a heavy coil at the back of her head, looked at least five years older than her gay sister. Both wore mourning dresses but while that of Agnes was a heavy unbroken black, her sister's was modified by white ruffles, and trimmed profusely with glittering bugles. Another difference more pitiful than all—Agnes was deformed.

Five years before this dull December night Helen and Agnes Hastings, then just seventeen years old, made their debut into fashionable society as belles and heiresses. Beautiful, accomplished and graceful, daughters of a reputed millionaire, they became at once the center of the gay circle in which they moved. They were motherless from infancy but their father's sister had filled their mother's place during their whole existence, and still directed all household affairs.

Two years after their debut, the grave Agnes was betrothed to a young lawyer, poor, but talented, with a heart full of devotion to his beautiful betrothed, and a head that promised in time to win him distinction in his chosen profession. The engagement was satisfactory to relative, on both sides, and preparations for the wedding were commenced, when Agnes met with an accident that crippled her for life. She was driving out with her lover, when the horse became frightened, and making a sudden plunge forward, threw her from her seat into the road. Her injuries at first appeared to be slight, but as time went on, the physicians found that the injury to the spine, was twisting the figure to one side and making a limping gait and a curved back unavoidable. In the agony and horror of discovering this, Agnes dismissed her lover, spite of his prayers and protestations, and then months of bitter repining provided even that her Christian spirit could sink under her heavy burden. It was a still greater affliction that roused instead of crushing her, and restored in full her faith, patience and hope. Her father committed suicide after perilling his own and his sister's fortune, and the brother she idolized in one short month, followed him to the grave.

Friends came forward to offer counsel and assistance, and from the wreck of the once noble fortune, a small sum was secured—barely sufficient to clothe the orphans in an humble style, graciously at variance with their once splendid wardrobe. By the advice of their father's lawyer, the girls left the city and went to a small country town, where by their needle-work they earned their support.

They had been but a little time in their new home, when a stranger, a gentle man past middle age, came to reside at G—. It was not long before he became acquainted with the young seamstress, and in a short time so won their confidence that he became a fast friend. His means appeared large, as he bought a cottage for himself, and two others which he rented to the sisters, and a large handsome stone mansion, in process of erection, was soon to be his future home. Having letters that made him at once influential in G—, he used that influence to procure music scholars for Helen, who bore the drudgery of sewing but badly, and himself kept Agnes busy on the most exquisite of shirts, collars and cuffs, at large prices but of the most elegant finish.

The music lesson over, Helen came again to her sister's side.
"Still at that handkerchief," she said, touching the dainty embroidery growing under her sister's busy fingers. "What a dandy old—Mr. Lawrence is."
"I think, Nell, dear, it is more the desire to aid me, by giving employment, that he has such wonderful shirts and so many handkerchiefs with his initials embroidered in the corners."
"Aggie," A long pause—then again— "Aggie, is he in love with you?"

"Nell how can you?"
"Well, but Agnes, see how odd it is.—He-ro we are perfect strangers, with no earthly claim upon him, and he takes as much interest in our concerns as if he was our own father."
"Oh, Nellie no, no, a thousand times no to your question. He, so good and noble,—and I—what am I?" and she touched the shoulder that rose some inches above its natural place.

"But dear me Agnes, he's as old as the hills, and as stupid as possible. Of course he cannot expect youth and beauty too, in a wife. I think he will propose to you, and so does Harold."
"Harold!"
"There, don't look astonished. Of course you know what Harold came here for."
"But Nellie—"

"Here he out He came to make love to me, and propose; well, he has proposed, and I said yes, and in January next I shall be his wife."
"Nellie!"
"Why not?" and the young girl's head rose with a haughty look of defiance.
"He—he—you know, Nell, they say is not very constant."

"Fudge! a parcel of old maids who want to win him and cannot, tattle for revenge. I tell you, Agnes, I am sick of this life, and she sprang from her seat, paced the floor with quick steps, to and fro, like some bewitched maid, caged but untamed.—"I'm sick of drudging over stupid who won't learn; sick of hearing glorious melody tortured into hideous sounds; sick of being chained to hours; sick of poverty, obscurity and toil! Harold Granville is rich. He loves me; he will take away from this wretched village to a circle such as I once reigned."

"Do you love him, Helen?"
"Well enough to get along. He adores me, and that is much more to the point."
"But, Nellie—his—his—intellect."
"Oh, he's a fool, I know. So much the better—I will rule him. You may tell old Humdrum to night, Agnes, and he can send my bridal present at New Year's." And she left the room, singing as she went a gay air from Traviata.

Agnes sank into a deep reverie. Her sister's questions had touched upon bitter memories and a painful present. Back, over intervening years, her thoughts traveled to recall the lover of her girlhood.—she pictured again the frank, handsome face heard the tender, loving voice, felt the tender caress of long ago, and then came the agony of parting. She heard the pleading words to which she would give no ray of hope. Loving him utterly, she had resolved never to burden his brilliant career by giving him an ailing crippled wife, never to hear a reproach for loving his self better than him. He had left her, left the city, and she knew nothing more. Was she to have another trial now?

Probing her heart with firm, unshrinking touch, she found there a respectable affection for her kind friend; a sense of dependence upon his advice and friendship that it would cost her much pain to wound him, be a sore trial to see him no more, yet she did not love him.

Yet, if Helen was right! If he loved her and was seeking to win her love, what had she done? In her gratitude for his kindness heretofore frankly expressed pleasure, in his society, had she not encouraged him to think he might win a dearer place still? Her tears were coursing down her pallid cheeks, when her hands were taken in a firm clasp, and a grave, gentle voice spoke her name, "Agnes, are you in trouble?"
She knew the voice, and the hot blood rushed for a moment to her face; yet she said hesitatingly—
"I was—thinking—of the past."
"You must not think too sadly," said her friend, seating himself beside her; "perhaps the future may have bright days too. I have an offering to lay at your feet, my little friend, that you may not altogether despise. I have long—"
"Good afternoon?"

Nellie's gay voice interrupted them. She was followed soon by her lover, and the latter's tale was not resumed. It was late before all the visitors had departed and Nellie threw herself at her sister's feet.
"Well, old Humdrum must see how Harold and I stand, and if he don't send me something nice to-morrow, he's too mean to live."
"Oh, Nellie, don't talk so."
"Was he proposing, Aggie, as I came in? I did not see him till it was too late to get away, or I should have kept Harold in the parlor a while longer."
"Please, Nellie—"

"Well, I won't tease you. You are the dearest of all sisters after all, and may be sure of the best room in my future home and all the love your madcap sister can give to you."
"Thanks, dear; but I never can consent to be dependent upon Mr. Granville."
"Stuff and nonsense! You may sew your dear fingers off if that will ease your conscience. I'm sure it will be as well for me and Harold as for old Mr. Lawrence."
"But—"

"There, don't say a word. To-morrow I will convince you by all the rules of logic that it would be barbarous cruelty to desert me, but now I'm too sleepy. Good night. But by the way, won't the maid's tongues run? Harold and I will be served up all over the village with pepper sauce—Good night. Pleasant dreams to you."
And of what was Mr. Lawrence thinking in these same long hours, when he tossed upon a sleepless couch? He was recalling hours spent with his own world-

hardened heart, now grow stiff and tender in the light of Agnes' smile and the music of her voice. He was thinking of her pure Christian patience, her resignation to suffering, her quiet industry, her unwavering cheerfulness. Then he thought of his new home, whose large rooms were furnished ready for occupants, and he fancied his presence making the house a home, her taste adorning the rooms, and her smile, welcoming the master when he entered; and less selfishly he looked forward to the life of ease and rest he meant to offer her restoring the light to her eyes and the bloom to her cheeks.

New Years day dawned bright and clear. The sisters were seated in their little sitting room after breakfast when Mr. Lawrence's servant handed in a small package. Upon being opened it was found to contain a set of diamonds of exquisite purity, beautifully set, a note for Helen, and a letter for Agnes.

"Oh, Aggie! are they not superb? And for me; see, my name is on the card inside. "But—" and, as she read, her cheeks grew crimson, "is not this spiteful?" and read aloud:
"Will Miss Helen accept the accompanying jewels, if they are handsome enough to save old Humdrum from the charge of meanness!"

"Read your letters, Agnes. Of course, as he sends you nothing, he offers you himself as a New Year's gift."
There was a long pause, then a cry from Agnes—
"God is very good to me."
"What is it Aggie?"
"Sit here, Nellie. Do you remember how often father and aunt Lizzie used to speak of our uncle—"
"The one who sometimes sent us presents from Europe, Asia, or Africa as the case might be?"
"Yes—look!" and she pointed to the signature at the foot of the letter.

"Lawrence Hastings, read Nellie."
"You don't mean—"
"Yes, Nellie, yes. Our own dear uncle, wanted to win your love before he made himself known. And Nellie, the house on the hill, the new house, he has settled it upon me, with an income of two thousand a year for life, only asking me to let him be my guest there."
"And you consent?"
"He was there in the doorway asking the question."
Nell looked up with a comical look half terror, half patience.
"I am sorry," she said advancing to meet him.

He kissed her tenderly. "Never mind perhaps I am a little prosy. You will stay with us till you marry, and I promise you as handsome a trousseau as New York can furnish; but here, and he turned to Agnes, "I look for some comfort after a lonely, wandering life."
She gave him a tearful but happy smile.
"You love me, Agnes!" he said gently. "As fondly as you can desire."
"Then you will accept my offer. Come, the carriage is at the door, your home is now ready for you. I invited Harold to dine at the new house to-day, so you will come at once, to make a home and the beginning of a new life for "Old Humdrum."

What a Squirrel Did.

The following was taken from the Newburyport Herald.—A gentleman from Newbury treated us the other day to some walnuts, which we should perhaps, have refused, on the principle that the receiver is as bad as the thief, had we known where they were obtained before it was too late. They were part of the store of a striped squirrel, which he had laid up in a hollow tree. There were in all, five quarts, which he had carried up one by one, from a tree an eighth of a mile distant. The hole run into the tree in a horizontal direction, so that its capacity would have been very small, as the nuts would have rolled out without some modification in its arrangement, which Mr. Bunny proceeded to make with a good deal of architectural skill, his movements being daily watched by our informant. He first built up a breast-work of clay, sticks, nutshells and other rubbish at the mouth of his magazine, an inch or two high, and then filled it up with his provisions, till it would hold no more. He then added another course of mason work and another deposit of nuts, and so on till at the time of the vandal's raid on the little fellow's commissary, the wall was about a foot high. The pulation was considered justifiable on the ground that man was created lord over all the beasts of the field, and that it was no worse to make a squirrel work for him than to make a horse or an ox do it. Besides, our friend kindly gave the four-legged slave his time for the rest of the season, and in a week or two he had laid in a new supply for himself and family.

Soon after the surrender of Lee and Johnson, a North Carolina soldier, who had been living at the expense of the Federal Government in one of its prisons, was reached, on his weary tramp homeward, the borders of his State, wearing the ragged of his Confederate grey. He met an old acquaintance, and this conversation ensued:
"Hello, old fellow, whar ar you from?"
"Johnson's land."
"Gettin home agin?"
"Tryin' to."
"Better not go over thar with them clothes on. They don't let anybody wear gray any more. They'll take you up sure."
"Jerusalem!—haven't they got over their scare yet?"

A Slight Difference.

"In France, a man who spoke disrespectfully of the Emperor in a stage-coach, was fined \$100."—Exchange.

It's well that chap didn't live in this country during the reign of the "saint" from Sangamon—the "lamented Lincoln," or his indiscretion in speaking disrespectful of the "government" would have cost him his life or months upon months of imprisonment in a lousy, filthy bastille, in place of the paltry sum of \$100. It cost us four times that much and a week's imprisonment in one of the filthiest dungeons of the country, for speaking disrespectfully of one of his pups—a poor, mean, drunken, scurvy spy. And because we didn't believe or would not say that Abraham Lincoln was the best, the wisest, the prettiest, most dignified, patriotic, honest, attractive, brilliant creature that the Good Lord ever put breath into, we were placed under arrest no less than five times, and threatened with annihilation by his toadies about every other day. Such is the difference between the monarchy of France, and the Republic of America.—Bellevue, (Pa.) Watchman, J. Gray Meeks, Editor.

Success.—The successful man is not necessarily the man to be envied—not always the happiest man. Human nature cannot have its own will long without becoming deteriorated by it. We are appointed to struggle, and in struggling our highest life is developed. The time will come when the laws of our present condition will cease, and when we shall be able to bask in the sunshine of success without danger to our vitality, or servation to our virtues. Till then, it is our wisdom to accept our lot, and make the best of it—to seek for our enjoyment in our work, rather than in what the work produces, to till the soil and dismiss all needless anxiety about the harvest, to be more concerned that we should be right than that we succeed; in a word, to bear ourselves like well-disciplined soldiers, with whom strict obedience is the most sacred obligation, and who are therefore absolved from responsibility as to results. Then, so far as success is vouchsafed to us, it will be grateful; so far as it is denied, it will not disconcert us. Thus, living, our life will be its own success.

That modest and blushing specimen of newspaper nicety, the Madison Union is responsible for the following "chamber" story:

"A newly married couple visited that city, and stopping at a first class hotel, the bridegroom, in a manner showing his newly acquired importance in life, called for a room—the best the house afforded. He didn't want any common fare, but the best they had, and he had the money to foot the bill. The landlord very pleasantly inquired if he was not from the country and just married? Yes he was from the country, and just married. And he wanted the best room in the house, and he didn't care a darn for the expenses. "Then" said the landlord, "you want the bridal chamber?" "Why, yes," says the countryman, not exactly comprehending the matter, "I guess so—at any rate send it up; if I don't want it, Sal will."

Do it with thy might.—Fortune, success, fame, position, are never gained but by piously, determinedly, bravely sticking growing, living to a thing till it is fairly accomplished. In short, you must carry the thing through, if you want to be anybody or anything. No matter if it does cost you the pleasure of society, the thousand early gratifications of life. No matter for these. Stick to the thing and carry it through. Believe you were made for the matter, and that no one else can do it. Put forth your whole energies.—Stir, wake, electrify yourself, and go forth to the task. Only once learn to carry a thing through in all its completeness and proportions and you will become a hero. You will think better of yourself, others will think better of you. Of course they will. The world is in their admirers' stern, determined doer. Drive right along then, in whatever you undertake. You'll be successful; never fear.

BEAUTIFUL.—At the late State Convention held in Ohio, Hon. George H. Pendleton, in a speech he delivered before the Convention, and in reference to the present gloomy state of affairs of our nation, he used the following beautiful language:
This frenzy of passion cannot last forever. Reason must, sooner or later, resume its sway. Those who think otherwise, it has been beautifully said, forget that the angry rapids of Niagara, lead to the expansion of Ontario. It was an Eastern sage who urged his master to have engraven on his signet ring, that it might be ever before his eyes, in every vicissitude of prosperity or adversity. "And this, too, shall pass away." This year, or next year or in a few years, or ten years reason will be heard and our party will triumph. But if it should not come in our time, and if we of this generation must die with our harness on in the midst of this struggle, we shall at least have the assurance of a good hope, for we know that great parties, struggling for great principles, like good men, have behind them "footsteps in the sands of time."

An orphan remarked that the chief branch of education in his school was the practical third bevel.