The Aorth Branch Democra

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor,

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

TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM

NEW SERIES,

TUNKHANNOCK, PA., WEDNESDAY, APR. 24, 1867.

VOL. 6 NO. 37

A weekly Democratie paper, devoted to Poli ties News, the Arts



Terms -1 copy 1 year, (in advance) \$2,00 if not paid within six menths, \$2.50 will be chaged Ne paper will be DISCONTINUFD, until all arcerages are paid; unless at the option of publisher.

ADVERTISING.

less, make one square	three	four weeks	two mo'th	three mo'th	six mo'th	one year
I Square 2 do. 3 do.	1,00 2,00 3,0t			2,50 3,50	3,0 4 5 7,00	5,00 6,00 9,00
Column.	4,00 6,00	6,50	6,50 10.00	2,00 10,00		25,00
do.	8,00 10,00		14,00	00 00	28,00	

EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS and AUDI-TOR'S NOTICES, of the usual length, \$2,50 OBITUARIES, exceeding ten lines, each; RELI QIOUS and LITERARY NOTICES, not of genera sterest, one half the regular rates.

Business Cards of one square, with paper, \$5.

JOB WORK of all kinds neatly executed, and at prices to su

All TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS and JOH WORK must be paid for, when ordered

Business Aotices.

R. & W. E LITTLE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW Office on Tioga Street Tunkhanneck Pa

WM. M. PIATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW O, See in Stark's Brick Block Tioga St., Tunk

H. S. COOPER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON Newton Centre, Luzerne County Pa.

O. L. PARRISH, ATTORNEY AT LAW Wyoming Co. Pa.

DENTISTRY.

PR. L. T. BURNS has permanently located in Tunkhannock Borough, and respectfully tenders his professional services to its citizens. Office on second floor, formerly occupied by Dr.

The Buehler Mouse, HARRISBURG, PENNA.

The undersigned having lately purchased the "BUEHLER HOUSE" property, has already communed such alterations and improvements as will ender this old and popular House equal, if not superior, to any Hotel in the City of Harrisburg. A continuance of the public patronage is respect-

WALL'S HOTEL LATE AMERICAN HOUSE, TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA.

HIS establishment has recently been refitted ar farnished in the latest style. Every attention will be given to the comfort and convenience of those whe patronize the House.

T. B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor:

Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

NORTH BRANCH HOTEL. MESHOPPEN, WYOMING COUNTY, PA. Wm. M. CORTRIGHT, Prop'r

Having resumed the proprietorship of the above
Hotel, the undersigned will spare no efforts
render the house an agreeable place of sojourn to
all who may favor it with their custom.

Wm. H. CORTRIGHT.

June, 3rd, 1863

Means Motel, TOWANDA, PA. P. B. BARTLET,

(Late of the BBRAINARD HOUSE, ELMIRA, N. Y.

The MEANS HOTEL, is one of the LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED Houses in the country—It is fitted up in the modern and improved style, end no pains are spared to make it a pleasant and head. agreeable stopping-place for all, v 3, n21, ly.

Remedial Institute

FOR SPECIAL CASES.

No. 14 Bond Street, New York. Full information, with the highest testime Full Information, with the highest testimomails: also, a Book on Special Diseases, in a sealad envelope, sent free. For Be sure and send for
them, and you will not regret it; for, as advertie up physicians are generally impostors, without
re rences no stranger should be trusted Euclose
as imp for postage, and direct to DR. LAWRENCE
No. 14 Bond Street, New York. v6n151yr,

Our Letter A Family Sewing Machit 'with all the new improvements, is the best, and espect and most beautiful Sewing Machine in the world. No other Sewing Machine has so much especity for a great range of work, including the delicate and ingenious processes of Hemming Braiding, Binding Embroidering, Felling, Tucking Cording, Gathering, &c. &c. The Branch Offices are well supplied with S.

Twist. Thread, Needles, Gil, &c., of the very best

quality,
Send for a Pamphlet,
THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

Philadelphia Office,
810 CHESTNUT STREET
HA VETSICKLEE. Agent,

NEW TAILORING SHOP

The Subscriber having had a sixteen years practicely tical experience in outting and making clothing Those wishing to get Fits will find his shop the

WILD BILL'S STORY.

It was in '61 when I guided a detachment of cavalry who were comin' in from Camp Floyd. We had nearly reached the Kansas line, and were in South Nebraska, when one afternoon I went out of camp to go to the cabin of an old friend of mine, a Mrs. Waltman. I took only one of my revolvers with me, for although the war had broken out I didn't think it necessary to carry both my pistols and in full or'nary scrimmages, one is better than a dozen, if you shoot straight. I saw some wild turkeys on the road as I was was goin' down, and popped one of 'em over, thinking he'd be just the thing for supper.

"Well, I rode up to Mrs. Waltman's,

jumped off my horse, and went into the cabin, which is like most of the cabins on the prarer, with only one room, and that had two doors, one opening in front and t'other on a yard, like.

"How are you Mrs. Walfman?" I said. feeling as jolly as you please.

The moment she saw me she turned white as a sheet and screamed: "Is that you, Bill ! Oh, my God! they will kill you! Run! run! They will kill you!
"Who's a goin' to kill me? said I.-

"There's two that can play at that game."
"It's M'Kandlas and his gang. There's
ten of them, and you've no chance.— They've just goae down the road to the corn-rack. They came up here only five minutes ago. M'Kandlas was dragin' poor Parson Shipley on the ground, with a lariat round his neck. The preacher was most dead with cheaking, and the horses stamping on him. M'Kandlas knows yer bringin in that party of Yankee Cavalry, and he swears he'll cut yer heart out .-Run, Bill, run! But it's too late; they're

coming up the lane." While she was talkin, I remembered I had but one revolver, and a load gone out of that. On the table there was a horn of powder and some little bars of lead. I poured some powder into the empty chamber and ramed the lead after it by hammering the barrel on the table, and had just capped the pistol when I heard M'Kandlas shout :

"There's that d-d Yank, Wild Bill's horse; he's here, and we'll skin him alive

If I had thought of running before, it was too late now, and the house was my best off, and held a consultation. holt-a sort of fortress, like, I never tho't I should leave that room alive.

The scout stopped in his story, rose from his seat, and strode back and forward in a state of great excitement.

"I tell you what it is Kernel," he resumed.after awhile, "I don't mind a scrimmage with these fellers round here. Shoot one or two of them and the rest run away .-But all of M'Kandlas's gang were reckless, bloodthirsty devils, who would fight as gloomy view of things, and were just golong as they had strength to pull a trigger. I have been in tight places, but that's one of the few times I said my prayers." a very wise raindrop came floating by, and to him they carried their difficulty.

"Surround the house and give him no quarter! yelled M'Kandlas. When I heard that I felt as quiet and cool as if I were goin' to church. I looked round the room

"Is that loaded !" said I to Mrs. Walt-

though my eye did not leave the door, yet so said the rye, and potatoes, and cabbage, I could see she nodded "Yes" again. I put and everything else. the revolver on the bed, and just then M'-Kandlas poked his nose inside the doorway, but jumped back when he saw me with the rifle in my hand.

"Come in here you cowardly dog!" 1 shouted. "Come in here and fight me!" M'Kandlas was no coward, if he was a prised him so agreeably. bully. He jumped inside the room with his gun levelled to shoot; but he was not quick enough. My rifle ball went through his heart. He fell back outside the house, where he was found afterward holding tight to his rifle, which had fallen over his

His disappearance was followed by a yell from his gang, and then there was a dead silence. I put down the rifle and took the revolver, and I said to myself .-"Only six shots and nine men to kill .-Save your powder, Bill for the death-hug's

comin !' "I don't know why it was, Kernal; continued Bill, looking at me inquiringly, "but at that moment things seemed clear and

sharp, I could think strong. There was a few seconds of that awful ing in at both doors. How wild they looked, with their red, drupken faces and inflamed eyes, shouting and cussing !-But I never aimed more deliberately in

One-two-three-four, and four men

fell dead. That didn't stop the rest. Two of them fired their bird-guns at me. And then I felt a sting run all over me. The room was full of smoke. Two got in close to me, their eyes glaring out of the clouds. One I knocked down with my fist. "You are out of the way for awhile," I thought. The second I shot dead. The other three clutched me and crowded me into the bed. I fought hard. I broke with my hand one man's arm. He had his fingers round my throat. Before I could get to my feet I was struck across the breast with the stock ers," of a rifle, and I telt the blood gushing out of my nose and mouth. Then I got ugly and I remember that I got hold of a knife and then it was all cloudy like, and I was

the devils up from one side of the room to the other striking and slashing until I knew every one was dead.

All of a sudden it seemed as if my heart was on fire. I was bleeding everywhere, I rushed out to the well and drank from the bucket, and then tumbled down in a faint.

Breathless with the intense interest with which I had followed this strange story, all the more thrilling and when its hero, seeming to live over again the bloody events of that day, gave way to its terrible spirit with wild, savage gestures. I saw thenwhat my scrutiny of the morning had failed to discover-the tiger which lay beneath the gentle exterior.

"You must have been hurt almost to death," I said,

"There were eleven buckshot in me. I carry some of them now. I was cut in thirteen places. All of them bad enough to have let out the life of a man. But that blessed old Dr. Mills pulled me safe thro'

it, after a bad siege of many a long week."
"That prayer of yours, Bill, may have been more potent for your safety than you think. You should thank God for your deliverance."

To tell you the truth. Kernel, responded the scout, with a certain solemnity in his grave face, "I don't like to talk about sich things ter the people round here, but alers feel sort of thankful when I get out of a bad scrape."

A TALE FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS .- Once apon a time there was a farmer who had a very large farm. He had plowed and planted and enriched his ground very carefully, and for a time all went on well-But by and by his corn began to say, "I want water;" and so said the rye, and potatoes, and cabbage, and everything else. The poor farmer did not know what to do. He looked down at the ground, and it was thoroughly baked and eracked. He looked up at the sky, and there stood the sun, burning and burning. It looked just as though it meant to burn until all his

grain and things were spoiled. The poor farmer, I say, didn't know what to do. Well, somehow or other--I don't exactly know how-some of the little drops up in the sky found it out-found out the trouble, and they went right

One said, "I feel so sorry for that poor man, he wants rain; says he doesn't know what to do."

Another said, "I should like to help

him." "Yes," said another, "I should too; but you see I'm very little, and I do not intend the least offense when I say, I think we are all very little."

Indeed the whole company took a very ing to give up, when, most opportunely, to him they carried their difficulty.

"Well," said he "I know I am little, and ye are little; but my advice is, that we join together, and go and get others to help us, and then to night-this very and saw a Hawkins rifle hangin' over the night-we go and give that man a surprise party.'

The proposition was received with much applause, and that very night, when the "Yes," the poor thing whispered. She farmer was fast asleep, millions of rain-was so frightened she couldn't speak out drops left their cloud home, and came pouring down on those thirsty fields, till "Are you sure," said I, as I jumped to the corn said, "Enough, thank you;" and the bed and caught it from its hooks. Al- the wheat said, "Enough, thank you;" and

> When the farmer rose in the morning and looked over his broad farm, now so fresh and green, he said he didn't know how to be glad enough for the help of those little raindrops, and that he was sure even his kindest neighbor could not have sur-

Now, it seems to me that the words and actions of little folks are somewhat like the raindrops. They all go to make up your They all go to make others happy or unhappy, to do good or do evil. And this, too, although they may not be a single thing that the world calls great, As to of fare. your thoughts, the Bible says, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

So be sure, my dear children, to take care of each little word, and each little action. And let us ask God to help us.

A tall western girl, named Short, long loved a certain big Mr. Little, while Little, little thinking of Short, loved a little lass named Long. To make a long story short, Little proposed to long, and Short longed to be even with Little's shortcoming; so stillness, and then the ruffians came rush- Short meeting Long, threatened to marry Little before Long. Query—did tall Short love big Little less, because Little loved Long? Dubious, but one thing is certain. Short "wanted but Little here below," and Little "wanted that little Long."

> A young lady recently gave a lecture, in which she said:

"Get married, young men, and be quick about it too. Don't wait for the milennium, hoping the girls may turn to angels before you trust yourself with one of them. A pretty thing you'd be alongside an angel, wouldn't you-you brute? Don't wait another day, but right now-this very night ask some nice, industrious girl to go into partnership with you, to clear your pathway of thorns, and plant it with flow-

How does the hair dresser end his days? He curls up and dyes.

Woman wants something to do.

She don't seek a husband for selfish mo-

She knows that a man is a helpless animal and she wants to take care of him. And bless her, she does take better care of us than we often do of ourselves. She

What shoutd we do without her? Mrs. O'Lanus is now making me half a dozen shirts, which suggested the reflec-

tion that without woman what shiftless creatures we should be.

is our first, last and best solace.

Woman wants employment. Taking care of us is her natural vocation. When she hasn't a family to look after she wants to look after the affairs of the nation. to vote and run for Congress.

She must have excitement and if she hasn't house cleaning she wants to set the country to rights.

It wants setting to rights, and I don't know but what a convention of sensible old ladies might be able to do it. I believe in giving our white sister a

chance as well as our colored brother. We might as well take all our relations into political partnership while we are about it, and make it a family affair.

Mr. Stanton and I agree on this. Woman notwithsianding her weakness

or waterfall, is to be trusted. But I notice that storekeepers who trust her generally send their bills in to her hus-

This ought to be an insult to the sex, and when women vote I hope they will have spirit enough to resent it and make it a misdemeanor punishable with the confiscation of the debt.

A Cool FARMER .- We have seen and heard of cool proceedings ere this, but the conduct of the Vermont agriculturist was positively "iced." He once sold a load of hay to his neighbor, who, contrary to his expectations, after seeing it weighed, stay-ed to see it unloaded. But a few fork-fulls were off, when a bouncing rock rolled from off the load; then another, and then a third, came bang upon the floor.

"What's this?" queried the buyer in a lond voice. "Most all herd-grass this year," replied the deaf man.

"But, see here," continued the other, pointing to the boulders which lay arrayed in judgment against the dishonest hayman, "what does all this mean?"

"Shan't cut nigh so much hay this year as I did last," replied the dealer in herdgrass.

Just as he had finished the last sentence down thundered a rousing chunk of granite, making a deep indentation in the barn floor with one of its sharp angles.

"I say, neighbor chaser of granite, "I want to know what these are?" pointing to the boulders, and the big lump of granite.

Old N. took up a mighty forkful of herd grass, gave it a toss into the hay-loft, then leaning upon his fork, ejecting his huge quid of tobacco and re-placing it with a fresh one, he took a view of the fragment of a stone wall that lay before him, and with one of the blandest smiles he replied -Them's Rocks?"

A Paris correspondent guarantees the following:

A Frenchman,"a prisoner in Edingburg having managed to escape, took refuge in the powder magazine. When the author-ities wished to seize him, they found him sitting on a barrel of powder with a lighted match, and threatening to blow up the town. The authorities reflected prudently and the result of their deliberation was that it would be better to starve Frenchman out. But they reckoned without their prisoner, who loved good cheer, and was determined to live well. In consequence he called out that he would blow the town to pieces if he did not get three meals a day; he would write out the bill

Swaney sucumbed, and the demands of the prisoner went on increasing. Some-times he had a seranade under the window; then a review of the garrison, afterwards a sham fight in which the troops representing the French army beat the Highlanders. At last he exacted that every Sabbath morning, before breakfast, the Lord Provost, in full uniform, should make his appearance and read an address. This lasted until the allies entered Paris.

A Lady was told by a traveling gentleman, that every lady who had a small mouth was provided with a husband by the government. "Ith it pothibul?" said the lady, making her mouth a little as she could. The gentleman added, "That if she had a large mouth, she was provided with two husbands." "My gracious!" exclaimed the lady, at the same time throwing her mouth open to its full extent, The gentleman became alarmed, made his escape, and has not been heard from since.

The most dangerous of flatteries is the inferiority of what is around us.

Perfect integrity and a properly cooked beefsteak are rare.

Neither felse curls, false teeth, false mitted a very grave offense?" "Why, calves, ner even false eyes, are as bad as counterfeit bill, knowing it to be such," false tongues.

wild, and I struck savage blows, following | CORY O'LANUS' OPINION OF WOMEN | THE MIND DEPENDENT on the BODY,

Great men have, as a rule, had strong, handsome, fine-fibred, enduring bodies.— Napoleon was very strongly and handsomly built, and had immense powers of working and enduring fatigue. So had Wellington Humboldt all his long life needed only four hours a day sleep. Agisiz is a man of prodigious physical strength. Cæsar was of uncommon endurance and athletic vigor. Charlemagne was of colossal stature and vast physical strength -Washington was an exceedingly strong man, Henry Ward Beecher is remarka bly powerful in his make, strong limbed, deep chested, heavy, and at the same time quick and active. Daniel Webster was of massive physical proportions. Henry Clay had immense endurance, So had S. S. Prentiss, probably the most wonderful orator the United States ever produced, and who could travel, speak, talk, plead in court and gamble over a faro table for three or four days without sleeping at all and look all fresh and bright when he got and Grant and Thomas have it, Scott had it. Of Wellington and Napoleon and to forgive you!"

Casar I have spoken, Frederick the The soldier was struck dumb with aston-Cæsar I have spoken, Frederick the Great had it; and Marshal Saxe, the strongest man of his day; and Charles XII of Sweeden, and Gustavus Adolphus .-Great philosophers and great poets and artists have not been so remarkable for vast strength as for fineness of texture and (in the case of the poets at least) for personal beauty. Goethe was wonderfully hand-ome and stately in persen. Shak speare was a handsome man. Milton was singularly attractive in person. Byron, though lame, had otherwise an extremely fine face and person. Tennyson is a man of great strength and commanding and handsome physique. Southey and Wads-worth were men of fine person. Keats was handsome. Raphael, Albert Durer, Michael Angelo, Titian, Leonardo da Vin-ci, Rubens, Nandoke were all men of very beautiful or of very stately personal appearance.—Herald of Health.

Never Give Up.

Many a premature death has occurred in consequence of giving up. The sick person becomes discouraged, thinks he is going to die, and dies. Friends think they have done all they could, death is inevitable, and let disase take its course. There can be no doubt but that in many such cases hope still cherished; and the persevering use of means, might have saved useful life.

So also is the struggles of active life .-The first speech of Disraeli in the House of Commons was a complete failure, his speech it is said, being stifled in the derisive laughter of the House .-- He thus closed: "I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me."-Numbers have sunk into insignificance under a less rebuff. Disraeli was made of sterner stuff. Though it took him seven years to recover from his disaster, he redeemed his promise, aud on becoming chancellor of the exchequer, clad in the same garments he had worn at the time of his renowned failure, delivered to a closely assemblage the most brilliant and the ablest budget that had been heard

since the days of William Pitt." Everybody should feel that he is immortal, until his work is done. "Try again," is as good for the adult as for the child. If convinced that our cause is wrong, the sooner it is ronounced the bet-

ter. Cease to do evil; but when contending for the right, admit no defeat as final. We learn at times more from a failure than a success and turn it to better account .--Such should ever be our aim. Use all honorable means, rely on the ultimate triumph of right, persevere in the effort to deserve success, and failure will never be inscribed on your life-work. The irresolute and half-hearted have no good to expect, for that would only be a premium on

FORTUNE TELLING .- One of our exchanges is responsible for the following story relative to this popular and pernicious vice: Not many evening since, it is recorded that a sinner who has escaped hanging for, lo! these many years, was in company with several ladies. The subject of fortune-telling was introduced. Several of the "angels" pleaded guilty to the soft impeachment of having written to Madame This and Madame That to furnish them leaves in their future history. Instances were mentioned of some very remarkable developements in a certain case hereabouts. Old R- was asked for his opinion. He repled, "So far as I am personally concerned, I know more about myself than I wish to. I don't think any good comes of these things I had a friend who dressed himself in lady's clothes and called upon a celebrated prophetess. He did not believe she would discover the disguise, but he heard what made him exceedingly unhappy," Here the old repo-bate ceased. A lady who was much interested asked, "What did she tell him?" "She told him he was to marry soon, and become the mother of ten children."

Sliggins saw a note lying on the ground but knew that it was counterfeit, and walk, ed on without picking it up. He told Smithers the story, when the latter said, "Do you know, Sliggins, you have com-

LET THE FORGIVING FEAR.-A soldier. whose regiment lay is a garrison town in England, was brought before his commanding officer for some offense. He was an old offender, and had been often punished. "Here he is again," said the officer, on his name being mentioned; "everythingflogging, disgrace, imprisonment—has been tried with him."

Whereupon the sergeant stepped for-ward, and apologizing for the liberty he took, said :

"There is one thing which has never been done with him yet, sir." "What is that, sir?" was the answer.

"Well, sir," said the sergeaut, "he has never been forgiven." "Forgiven!" exclaimed the Colonel, surprised at the suggestion. He reflected for

a few moments, ordered the culdrit to be brought in, and asked him what he had to

say to the charge.
"Nothing, sir," was the reply; "only I am sorry for what I have done."

Turning a kind and pitiful look on the man, who expected nothing else than his through, All great soldiers have had punishment would be increased with the great strength and endurance : Sherman repetition of his offense, the Colonel address-

ishment; the tears started in his eyes, and he wept like a child. He was humbled to the dust; he thanked his officer and retired; to be the old refractory, incorrigible man? No; he was another man from that day forward. He who tells the story had him for years under his eye, and a better conducted man never wore the Queen's colors. In him kindness bent one whom

harshness could not break; he was conquered by mercy, and, forgiven, ever afterwards feared to offend.

NO MOTHER.

"She has no mother." What a volume of sorrowful truth is comorised in that single utterance-no moth-

We must go down the hard, rough path of life, and be inured to care and sorrow in their stoniest forms, before we can take home to our own experience the dreadful reality-no mother-without a struggle

and a tear. But when it is said of a frail young girl just passing from childhood toward the life of a woman, how sad is the story sum-

med up in that one short sentence? Who now shall administer the needed counsel ?-who now shall check the wayward fancies?-who shall bear with the errors and failings of the motherless daugh-

flowed by the harshness of your bearing, or your unsympathizing coldness. Is she heedless of her doing? Is she forgetful of her duty? Is she careless in

Deal gently with the child.

her movement? Remember, oh, remember, she has no

Let not the cup of her sorrow be over-

A WOMAN'S MASK.

What a mask the unhappy wife is foreed for prudence and self-respect to wear over that poor tearbedewed face of hers! If she does not wear it, and if she lets the tears fall down in the sight of all, burning ploughshares will not be too hot for her feet to walk upon, and she must carry live coals from the world's altar, though they scorch her trembling fingers to the bone.— Full of sympathy as the world is for her sorrows if only delicately indicated—lifting a corner of the veil daintily—it has neither sympathy nor respect if broadly shown and rang into its ears through a six-foot.

speaking trumpet.

The mask of the ill-mated spouse, male or temale, must be of peculiar manufacture and most careful manipulation; the kind most usually adopted, because most generrally approved of being one embodying a gentle patience, a plaintive manner of martyrdom-Saint Cecilia exhaling her soul in mournful music, Saint Sebastian lying speechless under the cruel arrows piercing his heart.

Some one says to young men, don't rely upon the name of your ancestors,-Thousands have spent the prime of life in the vain hope of receiving help from these whom they call friends; and thousands have starved to death because they had a rich father. Rely upon the good name which is made by your own exertions; and know that better than the best friend you have, is an unquestionable reputation united with decision of character.

How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good, whilst we neglect the openings of Providence in little things! Dr. Johnson used to say, "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do any. Good is done by degrees.—
However small in proportion the benefit which follows individual attempts to do good, a great deal may thus be accomplished by perseverance, even in the midst of discouragements and disappointments.—

Rochester American.

Sublimity in humanity—the soul goes highest when the body kneels lowest.

The lady whose peace of mind was broken, intends to have it repaired.