

# The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor,

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

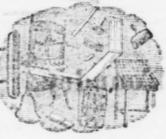
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NEW SERIES,

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DR. L. T. BURNS has permanently located in Tunkhannock Borough, and respectfully tenders his professional services to his citizens.  
Office on second floor, formerly occupied by Dr. Williams.  
v63020f.

The undersigned having lately purchased the "BUEHLER HOUSE" property, has already commenced such alterations and improvements as will render this old and popular House equal, if not superior, to any Hotel in the City of Harrisburg.  
A continuance of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.  
GEO. J. BOLTON.

## The Buehler House,

HARRISBURG, PENNA.  
The undersigned having lately purchased the "BUEHLER HOUSE" property, has already commenced such alterations and improvements as will render this old and popular House equal, if not superior, to any Hotel in the City of Harrisburg.  
A continuance of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.  
GEO. J. BOLTON.

## WALL'S HOTEL,

LATE AMERICAN HOUSE,  
TUNKHANNOCK, WYOMING CO., PA.  
THIS establishment has recently been refitted and furnished in the latest style. Every attention will be given to the comfort and convenience of those who patronize the House.  
T. B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor.  
Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

## NORTH BRANCH HOTEL,

MESHOPEEN, WYOMING COUNTY, PA.  
Wm. M. CORRIGHT, Prop'r  
HAVING resumed the proprietorship of the above Hotel, the undersigned will spare no efforts to render the house an agreeable place of sojourn to all who may favor it with their patronage.  
Wm. M. CORRIGHT.

## Means Hotel,

TOWANDA, PA.  
D. B. BARTLET,  
(Late of the BRATNARD HOUSE, ELMIRA, N. Y.) PROPRIETOR.

The MEANS HOTEL, is one of the LARGEST and BEST ARRANGED Houses in the country—it is fitted up in the most modern and improved style, and no pains are spared to make it a pleasant and agreeable stopping-place for all.  
v2, n21, ly.

## Remedial Institute

FOR SPECIAL CASES.  
No. 14 Bond Street, New York.  
Full information, with the highest testimonials; also, a Book on Special Diseases, in a sealed envelope, sent free. Be sure and send for them, and you will not regret it; for, as advertising physicians are generally impostors, without references no stranger should be trusted. Enclose a stamp for postage, and direct to DR. LAWRENCE No. 14 Bond Street, New York. v6n151yr.

## NEW TAILORING SHOP

The Subscriber having had a sixteen years practical experience in cutting and making clothing now offers his services in this line to the citizens of TUNKHANNOCK and vicinity.  
Those wishing to get Fits will find his shop the place to get them.  
v6-n50-6moes  
JOEL R. SMITH

HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU gives health and vigor to the frame and bloom to the pallid cheek. It is a powerful and reliable remedy for many ailments, and if not treated is attended to, consumption, insanity, or epileptic fits occur.

## Select Story.

### UNCLE'S RETURN.

An elderly man, shabbily attired, was seen walking through one of the fashionable streets in a large city one cold December morning, supported by a large staff which he grasped firmly in one hand, while from his other swung a bundle wrapped in a coarse cotton handkerchief. His coat was of coarse gray, and he had evidently seen hard service, though still perfectly whole and neat. The traveler walked slowly along, as I have said; examining carefully as he passed, the names on the door plates. He finally paused before a dwelling of showy exterior, which if we may credit the testimony of the plate upon the door, was occupied by Alexander Beaumont.

"Alexander Beaumont! yes that's the house," murmured the traveler to himself, as he ascended the steps and rang the door-bell.

His summons were answered by a servant, who after a moment's scrutiny, which apparently was not of a very favorable character, said roughly:

"Well, sir, what do you want?"

"Is Mr. Beaumont at home?" said the old man, without heeding the intentional rudeness.

"No, sir he is not."

"Then perhaps I can see his wife."

"I think it very doubtful, but I will see," and the servant withdrew without inviting the old man to enter, though the day was cold and his clothing seemed hardly sufficient to protect him from its inclemency.

Mrs. Beaumont was reclining on a fauteuil in a room handsomely furnished. The last new magazine was in her hand, and her eye was listlessly glancing over its pages. She was interrupted in her reading by the entrance of the servant.

"Well, what now, Betty?" she inquired.

"There's a man down stairs wants to see you, ma'am."

"A man! a gentleman, you mean?"

"No, ma'am," said Betty, stoutly, for she well understood what made up a gentleman in the conventional sense of the term; "it isn't a gentleman at all, for he doesn't wear any gloves."

"What can he want of me?"

"I don't know, I'm sure; he inquired after Mr. Beaumont first."

"You didn't bring him in the parlor did you?"

The girl shook her head.

"You did right, and you had better tell him I'm not at home."

"Mrs. Beaumont is not at home," said Betty, re-appearing at the door.

"I suppose that means that she is engaged," said the old man; "but I think she will see me when she learns who I am.—Tell her that I am her husband's uncle, and my name is Henry Beaumont."

"That old rag-tag master's uncle!" said Betty, wondering, as she ascended the stairs.

"Ma'am, he says he is Mr. Beaumont's uncle, and he wants to see you."

"Good heavens!" said mistress; "if it isn't that old vagrant, that strayed off years ago nobody knows where. I did hope he would never come back again. And now I suppose he is as poor as a rat, and wants help. Well, he won't get it if I can prevent it. I suppose I must see him."

The lady descended, fully prepared to give the visitor a frigid reception.

"I am not mistaken," said the old man, with feeling, "this is my nephew Alexander's wife."

"You are right, sir. I am the wife of Mr. Alexander's Beaumont; and I suppose from your language, you are—"

"His Uncle Henry. Ah me; I have been gone many years, and it does me good to return once more among my kindred."

The old man leaned upon his staff, and his features worked convulsively as tho'ts of the past came over his mind. Mrs. Beaumont stood holding the door as if waiting for him to depart. She did not give him any invitation to enter.

"Is your husband well?" inquired the visitor, looking wistfully in, as if he expected an invitation to enter, and refresh himself after his walk by an interval of rest.

"He is not, if you have any message for him you can leave it with me, and I will deliver it," said Mrs. Beaumont, desirous of ridding herself of the intruder as speedily as possible.

"You may tell him I have called," said the visitor, in a disappointed tone, "and that I would like to have seen him."

"I will tell him," and Mrs. Beaumont was about to close the door.

"Hold! there is one question more.—What became of Alexander's sister Anna?"

"She! I don't know much about her," was the rather disdainful reply; "but I believe she married a clerk, mechanic, or some such person. His name is Lowe, and he lives in Norton street. Is that all?"

"That is all!" and the old man turned his steps towards the street, indicated, with many forebodings lest his second visit might be as unwelcome as the first appeared to be.

"Betty," said Mrs. Beaumont, as she closed the door, "if that fool comes again be sure and tell him I am not at home."

Norton street was not a fashionable street, nor was the two story dwelling occupied by William Lowe either handsome or costly. It was marked however, by an air of neatness which indicated that its

tenants were not regardless of outward appearances.

We will take the liberty to introduce you into the little sitting room where Mrs. Lowe and her three children are even now seated. A plain serviceable carpet covered the floor, and the remainder of the furniture, though of a kind which would hardly be selected for a drawing-room had a comfortable, home-like appearance, which amply satisfied the desires of those who derived their happiness from a higher and less mutable source than outside show.

Mrs. Lowe was seated in a rocking chair, engaged in an employment which I am aware is tabooed in all fashionable society—I mean darning stockings.

Emma, a girl of ten, was brushing up the hearth, which the ashes from the grate, in which a blazing fire was now burning, had somewhat disordered; while Mary, who was two years younger, was reading. Charlie, a little rogue of five, with a smiling face which could not help looking roguish, was stroking the cat the wrong way, much to the disturbance of poor Tabby, who had quietly settled herself down to pleasant dreams upon the hearth rug.

All at once a knock was heard at the door.

"Emma," said her mother, "you may go to the door and see who it is, and invite them in, for it is a cold day."

Emma obeyed her mother's direction.

"Is Mrs. Lowe at home?" inquired Henry Beaumont—for it was he.

"Yes, sir," said Emma; please come in and you shall see her."

So she ushered the old man into the comfortable sitting room.

Mrs. Lowe rose to receive him.

"I believe," said he, "I am not mistaken in thinking that your name before marriage was Emma Beaumont."

"You are right sir, that was my name."

"And you have no recollection of an uncle who wandered away from home and friends, and from whom no tidings have come for many a long year?"

"Yes, sir, I remember him well—my uncle Henry; and I have many times wished I could learn something of him.—Can you give me any information?"

"I can, for I am he."

"You my uncle!" said Mrs. Lowe, in surprise; "then you are indeed welcome, Emma bring your uncle the arm chair, and place it close to the fire, and Mary, bring your father's slippers, for I am sure your uncle must long to get off those heavy boots. And now, uncle, when you are quite rested, I must demand a recital of your adventures."

"But your brother Alexander," interrupted Mrs. Beaumont; let me first inquire about him. He lives in this city, does he not?"

A slight cloud came over Mrs. Lowe's face.

"Yes," says she, "he does live in the city; yet strange as it may appear, I seldom or never see him. He has succeeded well, and is wealthy; but ever since he married with a wife of small property and greater pride, he has kept aloof from us. I do not so much blame him as his wife, who is said to have great influence over him. I have called once, but she treated me so coldly that I have not felt the disposition to renew my visit."

"I can easily believe it," was the reply, "for I too have been repulsed."

"You repulsed! did you give your name and inform her of your relation to her husband?"

"I did; but she did not even invite me to enter; and as she was evidently impatient for me to be gone, I took the hint, and here I am."

"At least uncle," said Mrs. Lowe, smiling, "you fear no repulse here."

"Of that I am quite sure," said the old gentleman, looking affectionately in the face of his niece. "But you have not told me of your husband. Let me hear now whether you have made a good match," he added playfully.

"That depends upon what is meant by the term. If it implies a rich husband, then I have failed most certainly, for William's salary is only eight hundred dollars a year and that is what we have to depend upon. But for all that I care not, for a kind and affectionate husband is of far more worth than a magnificent dwelling and costly furniture."

"You are right," said her uncle, warmly; "and I infer that your husband is of such a character."

"He is, in truth."

"Still," continued her uncle, "there must be some things which your limited income will not permit you to obtain, but which would be desirable, are there not?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Lowe. "I am anxious to give Emma and Mary a musical education; but William's means will not allow of such a piece of extravagance as the purchase of a piano, so that is one of the things which we must be content to deny ourselves."

Mr. Lowe had entered; and being in formed of the character of his visitor, extended to him a warm welcome. A comfortable repast was soon spread, of which Mr. Beaumont partook heartily. His spirits rose and he seemed to grow younger, as he saw the cheerful faces around him, and felt himself more at home. Soon after the evening meal, he rose to depart.

"Surely you are not going," said his niece.

"You must henceforth take up your abode with us."

"We will see about that, and if you don't think you will get tired of me, perhaps I will come. But I have hired a

lodging and must undoubtedly remain in it for a few days."

"But you must call in every day and make yourself perfectly at home, even before you come here to stay," persisted the wife.

"Be assured of that."

In accordance with his promise, Mr. Beaumont made his appearance the next day at about eleven o'clock, and was received as cordially as before. He had scarcely been in the house a quarter of an hour when a loud rap was heard at the door. Mrs. Lowe answered it. She beheld two men who had driven up in a wagon.

"Where is this piano to be put ma'am?" they inquired.

"Piano! you have made a mistake.—We have not purchased a piano."

"Isn't your name Mrs. Lowe?"

"Yes."

"Then it's all right. Jim bear a hand, for it is confounded heavy."

"But I am sure there must be some mistake," persisted the perplexed Mrs. Lowe.

"Not at all," said a voice behind her.

She turned around in amazement.

"You know," continued her uncle, "that I am going to live with you, and I thought I would pay my board in advance, that is all. As you expressed a wish yesterday for a piano, I thought that it would be as acceptable a way of doing it as any."

"You, uncle! Why—excuse me—but I thought from—from—"

"You mean," said he, smiling, "that you thought from my appearance that I could not afford it. And I confess," said he, casting a glance at himself in the glass "that my dress is not the extreme of fashion, and in fact I was obliged to look some time when I called at the second-hand clothing house the other day before I could find these. However, as I have got all the service that I wished out of them, I shall throw them aside to-morrow, and appear rather more respectably clad."

"What! are you wealthy, uncle?"

"Depend upon it Anna, I didn't spend ten years in the East Indies, for nothing," was the reply. "I had a mind, however, to put on the appearance of a poor man, and so test the affection and disinterestedness of my relations. One of them, however," he added, significantly, "I found not at home; I am happy to find myself at home with the other."

Let us return to the aristocratic Mrs. Beaumont, who in a few mornings succeeded in the events here recorded, was in her drawing-room receiving morning calls.

"By the way," said a fashionable visitor, "I am to have your relatives, the Lowes, for next door neighbors."

"Next door neighbors!" exclaimed Mrs. Beaumont, in amazement. "What do you mean?"

"Is it possible that you have not heard of their good fortune? Mrs. Lowe's uncle has just returned from the East Indies with an immense fortune. He has taken for her a house in the same block with ours, and when they have moved into it, will take up his residence with them. Meanwhile he is stopping at the R—House."

"What! Henry Beaumont?"

"The same; but I thought you knew it."

"When the visitor withdrew, Mrs. Beaumont ordered a carriage, and immediately drove to the hotel where her husband's uncle was stopping. She sent up her card, and requested an audience.

The servant soon returned with another card, on which were traced those significant words "NOT AT HOME."

## YOUTHFUL PATRIOTISM.

Everybody has heard of the Irish urchin who was thrashed by his father for attending a Native American meeting and afterwards informed a companion that "he didn't so much care about being whipped if it had been done by a foreigner." The Rev. Dr. Thomas tells the following story of his experience with a little shaver of his own.

I had a little son of about four years old, a very bright and promising fellow.—During my temporary absence from home his mother read to him the story of the Revolutionary War. The little fellow treasured up the narratives of the battlefield until his youthful patriotism was kindled to a flame. I returned home late in the evening, and while at breakfast the morning he came and seated himself in silence. He withheld the familiar welcome—the customary kiss. Evidently his mind was engrossed with something. He sat brooding over his topic for a few moments, and then turning to me, he said, "Father, are you British?" "My son," said I, "I had the good or bad fortune to be born in England, but like the Irishman, I was brought over here so early I became a native."

"Well sir," said he, his childish face all aglow, and shaking his little fist at me, "we whipped you once, and we can do it again!"

"Where are you going so fast, Mr. Smith?" demanded Mr. Jones. "Home, sir, home, don't detain me; I have just bought my wife a new bonnet, and I must deliver it before the fashion changes."

Never purchase love or friendship by gifts, for when thus obtained they are lost as soon as you stop payment.

## SHUT THE DOOR.

Many of the highest as well as the lowest traits of the human character are often made known by very simple means. And very important principles in ethics, natural philosophy and mechanics have been discovered by accidents, incidents and details which are common in domestic life; but who would have thought, in olden times, of consulting with a four-pannelled door, as a philosophic and metaphysical friend, to obtain a knowledge of the hidden mysteries and the general effects of a human mind?

During the last ten years in the winter season, according to our daily record, we have noticed the manner, in which 1,000 persons who called for work have opened, shut, or not shut, our store door; this you may say, is a futile and a useless undertaking; but we entertain a very different opinion. What the facts, and what the deduction?

First, of the 1,000 persons recorded, 355 opened the door and shut it after them carefully when they came in, and when they went out with much noise.

Secondly, 226 opened it in a hurry and made an attempt to shut it after them carefully when they came in, and when they went out with much noise.

Thirdly, 202 did not attempt to shut it at all, either in coming in or going out.

Fourthly, 98 left it open when they came in, but when reminded of the fact made ample apology, and shut it when they went out.

Fifthly, 102 opened it in a great hurry and then slammed it too violently, but left it open when they went out.

Sixthly, 20 came in with "how do you do, sir," or "good morning," or "good evening sir," and all these went through the operation of wiping their feet on the mat, but did not shut the door when they came in nor when they went out.

REMARKS.—We have employed men out of all the above classes, and during that time have had an opportunity of judging of their merits, etc.

The first class of 355 were those who knew their trade, and commenced and finished their work in a methodical manner, were quiet, had but little to say in their working hours, and were approved of by those for whom we did the work.—They were punctual to time, and left nothing undone which they had been ordered to do. They did not complain about trifles, and in all respect, they were reliable men, and were kind and obliging in their general conduct.

Class the second, 226. These were not methodical in their work, had much to talk about, were generally late but were willing to quit work early. They were always in a hurry when we overlooked them, but they did not do so much work in the same time as class the first, and often left little things unfinished, and if they were told of it, would make trifling excuses, but highly extol their own abilities.

Class the third, 202. These were negligent in personal appearance and in their work. They talked much about their own good qualities, and were better acquainted with the business and domestic habits of their neighbors than with their own.—They also belonged to the temperance society when first set to work, but in a few days afterward their breath would smell more like an old rum cask than that of human beings. These men were not steady at their work, were always short of money, and could not be relied on with regard to truth and honesty.

Class the fourth, 98. These were careless in their manner of work, committed many errors, but when they were pointed out to them, would apologize most willingly; soon forgot particular small items; were tenacious of their own rights, but not very nice about the rights of others; still there was something pleasant in their manners at first sight, but they did not improve on further acquaintance. They required much watching, and what they had been, and what they could do, and what they intended to do, but they seldom did anything properly.

Class the fifth, 102. They were of a strong, nervous temperament—always in a hurry—little order and method in their work, often met with accidents, and often got themselves into difficulties by their hasty proceedings; otherwise they were kind and willing to oblige, but the promises they so hastily made were soon forgotten.

Class the sixth, 20. These were better dressed than the others, but were not good workmen, as they had tried many things, but had not mastered any one in particular. Their politeness was artificial, and one day was often sufficient to expose their deception. Innocent and small impositions seemed to be their legitimate business. They were too ignorant to blush at their own folly, and too proud to acknowledge their own faults. They were in vain in the extreme, and unreliable.—Correspondent of Scientific American.

A Farmer's boy was told to give the cows some cabbage, and to give the cow that yielded the most milk the largest share. He literally obeyed the order, and deposited the largest share on the pump.

A woman faints in a New York theater a few nights since, and water being thrown into her face, she revived, exclaiming, "Oh, my new bonnet!"

## A CONSCIENTIOUS LAWYER.

The Danville (N. Y.) Express tells a capital story connected with a prominent lawyer of that village, who has distinguished himself in the defense of criminals, as well as in connection with other trials. Having frequently, through his skill, aided the most hardened criminals to escape from justice. Some time ago, while he was attending court in an adjoining county, he was applied to by a singular specimen of humanity charged with grand larceny, to defend him. The lawyer very naturally inquired what crime he was accused of.—The party accused replied that somebody had been mean enough to charge him with stealing \$150 in bank notes, and had got him indicted. "Are you guilty?" asked the lawyer.

"That's none of your business," replied the accused. "They say it makes no difference with you, whether a man is guilty or not, you will contrive to dig him out some way. So don't talk any more about the guilty till you hear what the jury says."

"Well, what about the pay?" said the lawyer.

"You just hold on till the trial is over, give L—(the complainant) half on the cross-examination, and the other fellow he has got to back him up, and you'll have no trouble about the pay."

The trial commenced and proved to be a somewhat exciting and protracted one.—The district attorney proved that the money in question was composed of two \$50 bills on a certain bank, and the remainder all in \$10 bills, all of which were wrapped up in a piece of oil silk. The jury, after listening to the counsel in the case, and receiving the charge of the Judge, retired, and soon returned with a verdict of not guilty. The accused, who was greatly elated with the result of the trial and the effort of his counsel, invited the latter into one of the vacant jury rooms. As soon as they were alone he slapped his counsel on the shoulder, and exclaimed:

"Free as water ain't it? What's the use of trying a man for stealin' when you are around? Now I suppose you want your pay?"

"Yes, have you got any thing to pay with?" said the lawyer.

"Lead me your knife and we'll see about that."

The lawyer, slightly startled at such a proposition, rather reluctantly complied.—The accused immediately commenced ripping and cutting away at the waistband of his pantaloons, and soon produced the roll of bills for the stealing of which he had just been tried, wrapped up in the identical piece of silk, described by the witnesses for the prosecution, and throwing it down on the table before the astonished lawyer, exclaimed: "There take your pay out of that, I guess there is enough to pay you tolerably well."

"Why, you villain! you stole that money after all," said the lawyer. "Do you expect I can take any of that money?"

"Stole that money! Didn't them twelve men up stairs there just say I didn't steal it? What's the use of trying to raise a question of conscience after twelve respectable men have