

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor,

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

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BY HARVEY SICKLER
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The undersigned having lately purchased the BEUHLER 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.

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Wm. H. CORTRIGHT.

June, 3rd, 1863

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v. 3, n. 21, 1863.

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No. 14 Bond Street, New York.

Full information with the highest testimonials; also, a Book on Special Diseases in a seal-envelope, sent free. Be sure and send for these, as you will regret it; for, as advised, references no stronger should be trusted. Enclose stamp for postage, and direct to DR. LAWRENCE, No. 14 Bond Street, New York. Yours truly,

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Those wishing to get fits will find his shop the place to get them.

JOEL, R. SMITH

65-650-Gimos

THE GLORY OF MAN IS STRENGTH.—Therefore HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHW.

Select Story.

"CAPITAL FUN."

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLET.

It was a little past twelve o'clock, and a merry group of boys were seated on the young grass under the trees that shaded the academy playgrounds. A little later and they would be scattered in every direction at their play: but first they must attend to the contents of the well filled pails and baskets, where their dinners are stowed away.

"I should like to know," said Howard Colby, "why Joe Green never comes out here to eat his dinner with the rest of us, but always sneaks off somewhere till we all get through."

"Well," said Will Brown, throwing himself back on the grass, "more likely he doesn't bring anything at all. I heard my father say the family must be badly pinched since Mr. Green was killed; and mother said she didn't pity them, for folks had no business to be poor and proud."

"Well," said Sam Merrill, "I know Mary Green asked my mother to let her have plain sewing to do, but then folks do that sometimes when they aren't very poor."

"And Joe is wearing his winter clothes all this warm weather, and his pants were patched behind; I saw them," said Howard Colby, with a very complacent look at his new spring suit of light gray.

"I tell you what said Will Brown, "let's look to morrow and see what the old fellow does bring, any way. You know he is always in his seat by the time the first bell rings, and we can get a peep in his basket and then be in for the roll call."

The boys agreed to this, all but Ned Collins, who had sat quietly eating his dinner and had taken no part in the conversation.

Now he simply remarked, as he brushed the crumbs from his lap, "I can't see what fun there will be in that, and it looks mean he thought of every one else before him-self."

"I tell you what, boys," said good natured Tom Granger, "I move and second that we are ashamed of ourselves, all in favor of this motion will signify it by giving three cheers for Ned Collins—there he comes this minute, brim full of chicken pie."

The boys sprang to their feet, and swinging their caps in the air, gave three hearty cheers for Ned Collins, and even Will Brown joined in the chorus with as loud a "hurr" as any of them. Sam Merrill explained the whole matter to Ned Collins and he only said in reply, "I've often heard aunt Sally say that it was a poor kind of fun that must be earned by hunting somebody's feelings, and what aunt Sally says is most always so."

SPICY.—There was a knot of sea captains in a store at Honolulu, the keeper of which had just brought a barrel of black pepper. Old Captain _____, of Salem, came in, and seeing the pepper, took up a

"Peas!" replied the storekeeper; "there isn't a pea in it."

Taking up a handful as he spoke, he appealed to the company. They all looked at it, and plunged their hands into the barrel, and bit a kernel or so, and then gave it as their universal opinion, that there wasn't a pea in it.

"I tell you there is," said the old captain, again scooping up a handful; "and I'll bet a dollar on it."

The old Boston argument all over the world. They took him up.

"Well," said he, "spell that," pointing to the word "P-e-p-p-e-r," painted on the side of the barrel. "If it isn't half ps, then I'm Judge, that's all."

The bet was paid.

JOSH BILLINGS ON ROBIN REDBREAST.—The red breasted robin is a bird muchly doted onto by seminary girls and poits.

Gentlemen farwises incurridg the robbing becos he swallereth insex when he can't get any sno or anything else to eat.

But practice farwists and fruit growists don't see it.

I was onest a gentleman farwist.

I am not so gentle as I was.

I go for real farming, making my pile of manior and raising things to eat.

I used to listen for the robbing's matting lay and his evening carol, but I found out that he singeth only to seduce femal Robbins; and that where he ait five insex he ait quarts of cherries, strawberries, currants, raspberries, and then pitch into the mellerest Bartlett pairs.

I found that my fruit crop agreed too well with Mr. Robbing's crop.

His wobbling to his femail friends at evening didn't pay for his gobbling fruit all day.

And so, my friends, when the sweet red breast gets fat on the eggspensive produce of northern gardens, and flocks southward to fill unsentimental pot-pies, I bid adoo without regret.

"Home," said Ned, laughing, "I saw aunt Sally making a chicken pie this morning, and they can't cheat me out of my share."

"Ask me to go, too," shouted Howard Colby. But just at that moment they spied Joe Green carrying his basket into the school room.

"I should think he would suspect something," whispered Will Brown, "that coal must be awful heavy."

Joe disappeared into the school room and the curious eyes peeped through the crack in the door were soon rewarded by seeing him open his basket. "Hope his dinner won't be hard on his stomach," whispered Howard Colby. But apparently he only wished to get his paper to read for he took it by the corner and pulled, but it was fast. He looked at it in surprise, and then in a sort of bewildered way took out a couple of aunt Sally's great crisp dough-nuts, then one of the delicious round pies he

had so often seen in Ned's hands—bread and butter, and such honey as nobady's been but hers ever made, and the plump white breast of a chicken. It was a dinner fit for a king, so thought poor Joe as they peeped wonderfully from their hiding places. But Joe did not offer to taste it; he only sat there and looked at it with a very pale face, over which the tears began presently to flow very fast. Then he laid his head on his desk, and Freddy Wilson, one of the smallest of the boys whispered, "I guess he's praying;" so they all stole away to the playground without speaking another word.

"That's some of Ned Collins' work," said Will Brown, after a while, "it's just like him."

"I'm glad of it, any way," said Sam Merrill. "I've felt as mean all the forenoon as if I had been robbing a hen roost. The Greens are not to blame for having only cold potatoes to eat, and I don't wonder that Joe didn't want all of us fellows to get through."

"Guess he brings so many goodies he is afraid we shall rob him," said another.

"Pooh!" said Will Brown, throwing himself back on the grass, "more likely he doesn't bring anything at all. I heard my father say the family must be badly pinched since Mr. Green was killed; and mother said she didn't pity them, for folks had no business to be poor and proud."

"Well," said Sam Merrill, "I know Mary Green asked my mother to let her have plain sewing to do, but then folks do that sometimes when they aren't very poor."

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