

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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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 14, 1861.

NORTH BRANCH HOTEL,

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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 custom.

Wm. H. CORTRIGHT. June, 3rd, 1863

Means Hotel,

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(Late of the BRAINARD 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 most modern and improved style, and no pains are spared to make it a pleasant and agreeable stopping-place for all, v 3, n21, 1y.

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 MESHOPPEN and vicinity.

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

THE UNION STRAW CUTTER

Manufactured by W. M. FLICKNER, At TUNKHANNOCK, Pa.

who has the exclusive right for Wyoming County, is one of the very few Machines that will cut Hay, Straw, Stalks, &c., better than the old fashioned Cutting boxes, used by our grand fathers.

Those who value time and labor; and would avoid a needless loss of both, in feeding their stock, should get one of these improved Cutters.

No man ever found any thing better; or ever went back to the old machine after a trial of it. A SUPPLY CONSTANTLY ON HAND, and v6n39ff.

BUNNELL & BANNATYNE'S COLUMN

A LARGE

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WISHING TO BE MARRIED.

The latest innovation in the usage and custom of the Established Church of Scotland is the celebration of marriage at the church, instead of privately at the residence of the parties, the former mode, it is alleged, being in conformity with the directory of public worship and the ancient practice of the Presbyterian Church. Apropos of this innovation may be related the following incident.

The afternoon services had ended, and the congregation were arranging themselves for the benediction, when, to the manifest interest of the worshippers, the good parson descended from the pulpit to the desk below, and said in a clear, calm voice:

"Those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony will now please come forward."

A deep stillness instantly fell over the congregation, broken only by the rustling of silk, as some pretty girl or excited matron changed her position to catch the first view of the couple to be married. No one, however, arose, or seemed in the least inclined to rise. Whereupon the worthy clergyman, deeming the first notice unheard or misunderstood, he repeated:

"Let those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony, now come forward."

Still no one stirred. The silence became almost audible, and a painful sense of awkwardness among those present was felt, when a young gentleman who occupied a vacant seat in the broad-aisle during the service, slowly arose, and deliberately walked to the foot of the altar. He was good looking and well dressed, but no female accompanied his travels. When he arrived within a respectable distance of the clergyman, he paused, with a reverent bow, stepped to one side of the aisle, but neither said anything nor seemed at all disconcerted at the idea of being married alone.

The clergyman looked anxiously around for the bride, who he supposed was yet to arrive, and at length remarked to the young gentleman in an under tone:

"The lady, sir, is dilatory."

"Yes, sir."

"Had you not better defer the ceremony?"

"I think not."

"Do you suppose she will be here soon?"

"Me, sir," said the young gentleman, "how should I know of the lady's movements?"

A few moments more were suffered to elapse in this unpleasant state of expectancy, when the clergyman renewed his interrogatories.

"Did the lady promise to attend at the present hour, sir?"

"What lady?"

"Why the lady to be sure, that you are waiting here for."

"I did not hear her say anything about it," was the unsatisfactory response.

"Then, sir, may I ask why you are here, and for what purpose you thus trifle in the sanctuary of the Most High?" said the somewhat enraged cleric.

"I came, sir, simply because you invited all those wishing to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony to step forward; and I happened to entertain such a wish. I am very sorry to have misunderstood you, sir, and wish you a very good day."

The benediction was uttered with a solemnity of tone very little in accordance with the twitching of the facial nerves, and when, after the church was closed, the story got among the congregation, more than one girl regretted that the young gentleman who really wished to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony, had been obliged to depart without a wife.—*London-derry Standard.*

AN ITEM WHICH EVERY MAN SHOULD READ.

We have probably all of us met with instances in which a word heedlessly spoken against the reputation of a female has been magnified by malicious minds until the cloud has been dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed, not necessarily from bad motives, but from thoughtlessness, to speak lightly of ladies, we recommend these "hints" as worthy of consideration: Never use a lady's name in an improper place, at an improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think untrue, or allusions that you think she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined, and she heart-broken, by a lie manufactured by some villain, and repeated, where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates, until its monstrous weight crushes the poor, unconscious victim. Respect the name of woman; your mother and sisters are women, and as you would have their fair name untarnished, and their lives unembittered by the slanderer's tongue, heed the ill that your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister or the wife of some fellow creature.

THE BEAR'S TAIL.

Did you ever see a bear? If you have you know that it has a short tail. One would think to look at it, that it had been broken off. The Norfolk have a legend which claims to tell how the bear's tail came to look like that. I'll tell you the story.

The bear one day met the fox. It was carrying a string of fish that it had stolen.

"Where did you get those fish?" asked the bear.

"I've been fishing," said the lying fox, "and I caught them."

"Caught them, did you?" asked the bear "why, I'd like to learn how to catch such fish."

"Would you, really?" asked the fox. "Why it's easy enough."

"Tell me how," rejoined the bear.

"Why," said the fox, "it's as easy as lying. You can soon learn. Just you go on the ice, and cut a hole in it, and then stick your tail through, right into the water."

"Ain't it cold?" asked the bear.

"Well, yes," said the fox, "it isn't over and above hot; but never you mind that. Let it stay just as long as you can. By-and-by your tail will begin to smart. Never mind that either."

"But why should I not mind it?" asked the bear, "I don't quite understand."

"Why, because when it smarts, that shows the fish are biting it," said the fox.

"Bless my soul," growled the bear, "and how does that help the matter? I don't see the propriety of allowing the fish to bite my tail. Do you know?"

"But, bear alive," said the fox, "the longer you let 'em bite the more you will catch."

"Oh! ho!" answered the bear, "circumstances alter cases."

"Yes, truly," answered the fox; "and mind you, when you can't keep it in the water any longer, pull it out quickly—pull it sideways—and pull it with all your strength."

"Thank you, fox," said the bear, "I'll go do it at once."

The fox laughed when the bear's back turned, and ran off with its string of fish as fast as he could go.

The bear went down to the ice and did as the fox told it to do. He kept his tail in the water so long, that it froze in hard and fast. Then he tried to pull it out, as the fox had told it.

You can guess the end of the story. The poor bear's tail snapped off quite short, and that's the reason—if you choose to believe the legend—why the bear has had a stump tail ever since.—*Little Corporal.*

JOSH BILLINGS ON LINCIN-PINS.

I want to bet three dollars that no man ever matched himself against the deer, but what he got beat.

Aim hi, if you strike low. The man who undertakes to jump three hundred and seventy-five feet abed will certainly make a good try.

I never knew a man who was always anxious to repent of his sins before he had committed them who didn't want the sharpest kind of watching.

I never bet on any stamps on the man who is always telling what he would have done if he had been there. I have noticed that this kind never got there.

Faith don't appear to me to be anything more than tip-top good sense; and the faith there is in this world now won't keep a man from falling to the bottom of a well if he lets go of the curb to spit on his hands.

When I get to not having any good luck, it does not seem to me that I can have more of it than any man I ever knew, and not half try; I suppose it seems just so to you, my friend, don't it?

I can't think of any talent now that is so apt to descend from father to son untarnished as the gift of exaggeration.

A man may have a peck right to be born single, but I doubt whether he has a right to continue on so.

An old Dutch farmer had a handsome daughter, named Minnie, who recently joined the Methodist Church, against which the old farmer was somewhat prejudiced. The young minister under whose instrumentality Miss Minnie was converted visiting her frequently, excited his suspicion that all was not right. Accordingly, he visited the church one Sunday night, and seated himself, unobserved, among the congregation.

Soon after taking his seat the minister who was preaching from Daniel, 5th chapter, 25th verse, repeated in a loud voice the words of his text, "Mene mene, tekel upharson," upon which the old farmer sprang to his feet, seized the affrighted girl by the arm, and hurried her out of the meeting house. Having reached the church yard, he gave vent to his feelings in the words:

"I knows dere was somethings wrong, und now I schwares to 'em."

"Why, father what do you mean," replied the bewildered and innocent girl.

"Didn't I?" shouted the old man, striking his fists together, and stamping with his foot "didn't I hear deparson call out to you?" "Minnie, Minnie, tickle the parson."

"I believe that mine will be the fate of Abel," said a wife to her husband one day, "Why so?" inquired the husband. "Because Abel was killed by a club, and your club will kill me, if you continue to go to it every night."

CALIFORNIA WHEAT.

The importance of California as a source of supply for a superior quality of wheat is just beginning to be felt. This season for the first time New York is a market for the San Francisco grain merchants. From a letter from the latter city we learn that the crop this year is not far from 7,500,000 bushels, and up to this time, since July 1, there have been exported 2,021,594 sacks of 100 lbs. each. The stock now in store in San Francisco is 1,500,000 sacks, and estimate 1,000,000 sacks in the interior, making 2,500,000 sacks, or 7,500,000 bushels. The season is very propitious, and the crops to be harvested this July will reach fully 12,000,000 bushels, not including some 2,000,000 bushels of Oregon wheat. California wheat, it is to be understood, is, owing to the peculiarity of climate the best in the world, and is produced at relatively less expense than elsewhere.

The soil is very prolific, and thisty to forty bushels per acre is not a large yield. It is the climate, however, which facilitates the work of the farmer. The rains usually commence in October, lightly; in November they are generally heavy, which soaks the ground completely and prepares it for the plow.

The grain is then got in and the rains continue through January and February very freely; they then are less frequent and heavy, generally ceasing altogether in April. From that time to the first of July the grain gets no water. It results that the grain ripening in the midst of drouth, becomes very hard and free from moisture.

It is then cut and left in the field with out danger of any rain until October. It is gradually harvested and sent in sacks. Owing to its dry nature it never heats, never requires rebanding, nor does it require to be sheltered, thus saving a great expense to the farmer. The same qualities of wheat make the flour fit for any voyage and for any climate without the least danger of spoiling. Where the wheat is first introduced it is supposed to be hard, flinty and very dry. When used alone many millers damp it to make it more easily milled, but mixed with other wheats no difficulty is encountered in treating it.

Rev. Samuel Clawson; a Methodist preacher of eccentric manners, sometimes called the "wild man," was very popular in Western Virginia some twenty years ago. He was cross-eyed, and wiry made, and very dark skinned for a white man. At times he was surprisingly always excitable and once in a while extravagant. He once accompanied a brother minister, Rev. Mr. R., a prominent city pastor, in a visit to a colored church. Mr. R. gave the colored preacher the hint, and of course Clawson invited to preach. He did so, and during the sermon set the impulsive Africans so shouting all over the house. This in turn set Clawson to extravagant words and actions and he leaped out of the pulpit like a deer, and began to take the hands of the colored brethren and mix in quite happily. He wept for joy. Then pressing through the crowd he found brother R. and sitting down beside him, he threw his arms around his neck, and with the tears streaming down his face, he said; "Brother R., I almost wish I had been born a nigger. These folks have more religion than we have."

"Well, well," said brother R., "you came so near it that you needn't cry about it."

CONVERSATION.—Fuseli, the painter, had great dislike to that species of conversation familiarly known as tattle. Once, while sitting for a long while amongst some trifling visitors, who were discussing the weather and such-like interesting subjects, after remaining a long time without speaking, he burst forth with a "We had pork for dinner to-day!" "Dear Mr Fuseli," exclaimed one, "what an odd remark!" "Why," replied he, "it is as good as anything you have been saying for the last hour."

An Irishman carrying a heavy bundle upon his shoulders, was riding on the front platform of a Boston horse car, and was asked why he did not set his load down upon the platform. "Be jabbers," was his reply, "the horses have enough to do to drag me; I'll carry the bundle."

"Don't be after making fun of the bird," said a newly imported Hibernian to a lad whom he discovered annoying a land tarapin with a bulrush. "How do you know but he has blessed fine feathers under his over coat?"

A young lady being engaged to be married, and getting sick of the bargain, applied to a friend to help her untie the knot before it was too late. "Oh, certainly," he replied, "it's very easy to untie it when it's only a beau."

A dancing master, on being cast away on an island, lived six months without any other food than that which he derived from "cutting pigeon wings," and stewing them.

"There's our Jeremiah," said Mr. S., "he went off to get his living by his wits." "Well, did he succeed?" inquired his friend. "No," said the old man tapping his forehead, "he failed for want of capital."

The day is coming, says the London star when throughout the whole country women shall be clothed with the elective franchise. Rather a thin costume! and hard on dry goods dealers and hoop skirt manufacturers.

A Rustic Courtship.

I hitched my cheer up close to her'n, shet my eyes, and tremulously said:

"Sal, you're the very gal I've been hankerin' arter for a long time. I love you all over, from the foot of your sole to the head of your crown, and I don't keer who knows it; and if you say so, we'll be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony. E pluribus unum, gloria Monday morning, sic temper tyrannus, non compatiens, world without end," sez I; and I felt as I tho' I had thrown like an alligator, I felt so relieved.

With that she fetched a scream, and arter a while she sez:

"Peter?"

"What is it, Sally?" sez I.

"Yes," said she, a hidin' of her face.

You may depend on it, I felt awful good. "Glory! glory!" sez I. "I must holler, Sal, or I'll bust open. Hoopay! hoopay! I can jump over a ten-rail fence. I can do anything a fellow would, come or order do."

With that I sorter sloshed myself down by her, and clinched the bargain with a kiss. Talk about your nite-blooming sermons, talk about your sugar, talk about your molasses; they want no where; you couldn't have got me to come nigh 'em; they would have tasted sour after that.

Oh! broomstraws with sorgum Lasses on 'em! Ef Sal's daddy hadn't babled out—"It's time for all honest folks to be in bed. I do believe I'd stayed all nite."

A SWEET TEMPER.—No trait of character is more valuable in a woman than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it.

It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night weary and worn by the toils of the day and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition?

It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten.

A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the mind of a whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feeling of a bad heart.

Smiles, kind words, characterizes the children and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study; then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty; and to the close of life it retains all its freshness and power.

MARRIAGE.—The Albany Atlas in the course of a sensible article on marriage, says: "Look beneath the surface, examine the heart, and strive to choose what will confer lasting happiness rather than temporary gratification. Marry a heart and soul, not a form nor a mind; act for yourself and not for others; consult reason, not passion; and think marriage an affair of years, not moments; a period whose freshness and glittering will soon wear away; and let sincerity and worth form the foundation upon which you are to build your life and happiness. Then will marriage be a gift from heaven, blessing him who gives, who receives, and those who share its obligations, its pains and its joys."

THE Sherandoah Valley is said to have almost recovered from the desolations of the late war. Notwithstanding the ravages of the many armies that passed through it, and the almost total destruction of houses, fences, and agricultural implements, it is said that this year the farmers will probably have the finest and largest wheat crop ever raised in that region. The lower counties are filled up with Pennsylvania Germans, who are quietly buying up all the farms they can get.

"Conductor," said an overdressed dandy, the other day, in an omnibus, "do not procrastinate, but, urge your equine motive power to the greatest velocity, for I have an engagement in the city at a stated hour, which I must fulfill or expire."

"Jem," shouted the conductor to the driver, "push along. Here's a lunatic in side, swearing away like mad."

Gen. Hancock, with an armed guard is escorting drunken Zach Chandler Laffin, and other Radical sores on the Government, to Colorado. How the thieving Radical nabbs slyurge about—a at the people's expense! "My Lord the Duke chandler" will soon be the prevalent style of addressing shoddy aristocrats.

An Indian passing up the streets of Natchez, a few days since, was asked the relative position of white man, Indian and nigger giving a usual "ugh!" he said, "Fore de War, first com white man, den injin, den dog wen nigger; now com nigger, den dog, den injin, and white man last."

A housemaid who went to call a gentleman to dinner, found him engaged in using a toothbrush.

"Is he coming?" said the lady of the house, as the servant returned.

"Yes, ma'am, directly," was the reply, "he is just sharpening his teeth."

"Have 'Blasted Hopes!" asked a lady of a green librarian, whose face was much swollen by the toothache.

"No, ma'am, but I have a blasted toothache," was the reply.

A country editor describing the bonnets now in fashion says: "They have a downward slant that reminds one of a vicious cow with a board across her eyes."