

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

TERMS: \$1.50 PER ANNUM

NEW SERIES,

TUNKHANNOCK, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUG. 27, 1862.

VOL. 2. NO. 3.

North Branch Democrat.

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

Terms—1 copy 1 year, (in advance) \$1.50. If not paid within six months, \$2.00 will be charged.

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nock, Pa.

DR. J. C. CORSELIUS, HAVING LOCATED
AT THE FALLS, WILL promptly attend
all calls in the line of his profession—may be found
at Beemer's Hotel, when not professionally absent.
Falls, Oct. 10, 1861.

DR. J. C. BECKER & CO.,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.

Will respectfully announce to the citizens of Wy-
oming that they have located at Meehan's, where
they will promptly attend to all calls in the line
of their profession. May be found at his Drug Store
when not professionally absent.

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(Graduate of the University of Penn'a.)

Respectfully offers his professional services to the
citizens of Tunkhannock and vicinity. He can be
found, when not professionally engaged, either at his
Drug Store, or at his residence on Putnam Street.

J. M. CAREY, M. D.—(Graduate of the E.
M. Institute, Cincinnati) would respectfully
announce to the citizens of Wyoming and Luzerne
Counties, that he continues his regular practice in the
various departments of his profession. May be found
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Particular attention given to the treatment
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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.

RILEY WARNER, Prop'r.

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

RILEY WARNER.
September 11, 1861.

MAYNARD'S HOTEL,
TUNKHANNOCK,
WYOMING COUNTY, PENNA.

JOHN MAYNARD, Proprietor.

HAVING taken the Hotel, in the Borough of
Tunkhannock, recently occupied by Riley
Warner, the proprietor respectfully solicits a share of
public patronage. The House has been thoroughly
refitted, and the comforts and accommodations of a
first class Hotel, will be found by all who may favor
it with their custom. September 11, 1861.

M. GILMAN,
DENTIST.

M. GILMAN, has permanently located in Tunk-
hannock Borough, and respectfully tenders his
professional services to the citizens of this place and
surrounding country.

ALL WORK WARRANTED, TO GIVE SATIS-
FACTION.

Office over Tutton's Law Office, near the P. O.
Office.
Dec. 11, 1861.

Blanks!! Blanks!!!
BLANK
DEEDS
SUMMONSES
SUBPENAES
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CONSTABLE'S SALES

Justice's, Constable's, and legal Blanks of all
kinds, Neatly and Correctly printed on good Paper,
and for sale at the Office of the "North Branch
Democrat."

SPLINT BOTTOMED CHAIRS, for sale at
BACON'S is equal

Poet's Corner.

To-Morrow.

Did we but know what lies beyond
This varied, shadowy vale we tread,
How often would our souls despond,
Our eyes the tears of sorrow shed!
But God, who knows what's best to do—
Who sees us from His starry throne,
Has wisely hidden from our view
That which had better stay unknown.

We walk to-day in conscious pride,
And hang the flag of hope on high;
But ah! to-morrow, by our side,
Some friend may lay him down and die;
Some early flower that won our praise,
Some altar where we laid our trust,
Some flower, ere dies the evening rays,
May trampled be, and laid in dust.

Youth dreams of many glorious things,
As on he lies on pleasure's track;
Each day some new-born promise brings,
He turns no eye to sorrow back;
The flowery fields are all before,
His eyes on some bright stars are set;
Life is to him a sunny shore,
He'll learn it has its shadow yet.

To-morrow! In its secret shade,
I little know what is for me;
I may be with my father laid,
Or wrecked on dire misfortune's sea;
But far beyond life's boundary, lives
The everlasting army bright;
And he alone, who takes and gives,
Can guide my wandering feet aright.

Miscellaneous.

MARY MOORE.

All my life long I had known Mary Moore.
All my life long, too, I had loved her.

Our mothers were old playmates and first
cousins. My first recollection is of a young
gentleman in a turkey red frock and morocco
shoes, rocking a cradle, in which reposed a
sunny haired blue eyed baby not quite a year
old. That young gentleman was myself, Harry
Church; that blue eyed baby was Mary
Moore.

Later still I saw myself at the little red
school house, drawing my painted sled up to
the door, and arranging my overcoat on it
that Mary might ride home. Many a black
eye I have gained on such occasions; for other
boys liked her beside me, and she I am
afraid was something of a flirt, even in her
pinnifore.—How daintily she came tripping
down the steps when I called her name! how
sweetly her blue eyes looked up to me from
the envious folds of her winter hood! how
gaily her merry laugh rung out when by dint
of superhuman exertions I kept her sled be-
fore the rest and let her stand upon the steps
exultingly to see them all go by! The fairy
laugh; No one but Mary could let her heart
lay so upon her lips! I followed that laugh
up from my days of childhood till I grew an
awkward, blushing youth—I followed it
through the heated noon of manhood, and
now, when the frosts of age are silvering my
hair, and many children clumb my knee and
call me "Father," I find that music still.
When I was fifteen, the first great sorrow of
my life came upon me. I was sent away to a
western school and was obliged to part with
Mary. We were not to see each other for
three long years! This to me was a sentence
of death for Mary was like life to me. But
hearts are very tough things after all. I left
college in all the flush and vigor of my nine-
teenth year. I was no longer awkward and
embarrassed, I had grown into a tall, slender
stripling, with a very good opinion of my
self in general and particular.—If I thought of
Mary Moore, it was to imagine how I would
dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks
and wonderful attainments never thinking
that she might dazzle and bewilder me still
more; I was a sad puppy, I know, but as
youth and good looks have fled, I trust I
may be believed when I say the self conceit
has left me also.

An advantageous proposal was made to me
at this time, and accepting I gave up all ideas
of profession and prepared to go to the Indies.
In my hurried visit home I saw nothing of
Mary Moore. She had gone to a boarding
school in Massachusetts, and was not expect-
ed home till the next fall. I gave one sigh to
the memory of my little blue eyed playmate,
and then called myself a man again.

"In a year," I thought, as the stage whirled
away from our door, "in a year, three at
the most, I will return, and if Mary is as
pretty as she used to be—why then perhaps
I may marry her.

I stroked my budding mustache with compla-
cency, while I settled the future of a young
lady I had not seen for four years I never
thought of the possibility of her refusing me,
never dreamed that she would not stoop with
grateful tears to pick up the handkerchief
whenever I chose to throw it at her feet.

But now I know that had Mary met me
then she would have despised me. She was
as far above me as the heavens are above the
earth. Perhaps in the scented and effected
student she might have found plenty of sport;
but as for loving me, or feeling the slightest
interest in me save a regret that I should
make such an unmitigated donkey of myself
I know she would not.

India was my salvation, not merely be-
cause of the plentiful share of gold I had laid
up, but because my earnest labor counter-
acted the evil of nature and made me a bet-
ter man. And when at the end of three
years I prepared to return, I wrote nothing
to the dear ones I was about to meet, of the
reformation which I knew had taken place.—
"They loved me as I was," I murmured to
myself, "and they shall find for themselves
if I am better worth the loving as I am."

I packed up many a token from that land
of gold for the many friends I was to meet.—
The gift for Mary Moore was one I selected
with a beating heart. A ring of rough vir-
gin gold, with my name and hers engraved
inside. That was all, and yet the little toy
thrilled me strangely as I balanced it on the
tip of my finger. To the eyes of others it
was but a small plain cricet, suggesting
thoughts, by its daintiness, of the dainty
white hand that was to wear it. But to me
—oh, me, how much was embodied there!—
A loving smile on a beautiful face—low
words of welcome—a happy home and a
sweet face smiling there—a group of merry
children to climb my knees—all these deli-
cious were hidden within that little ring of
gold.

A tall, bearded, sun-bronzed man, I knock-
ed at the door of my father's house. The
lights in the parlor windows, and the hum of
conversation, and the cheerful laughter show-
ed me that company were assembled there.
I hoped that my sister Jennie would come to
the door and that I might greet my family
when no strangers eyes were looking curi-
ously on. But no—a servant answered my
summons; they were to merry in the par-
lor to heed the long absent one when he
asks for admittance. Some such bitter
thoughts was passing through my mind, as
I heard the sound from the parlor and saw
the half suppressed smile upon the servant's
face.

I hesitated a moment before I made my-
self known, or asked for the family. And
while I stood silent a strange apparition grew
up before me. From behind the servant
peered out a small, golden head, a tiny, deli-
cate form followed, and a sweet childish face
and blue eyes were lifted up to mine; so
like the one that had brightened my boy-
hood that I started back with a sudden feel-
ing of pain.

"What may your name be, little one?" I
asked, while the wondering servant held the
door.
She lifted up her hand as if to shade her,
(I had seen that very attitude in another, in
my boyhood, many and many a time) and
answered in a sweet, bird like voice.

"Mary Moore."
"And what else?" I asked.
"Mary Moore Chester," lisped the little
child.

My heart sunk down like lead. Here was
an end to all the bright dreams and hopes of
my youth and manhood. Frank Chester, my
boyish rival who had often tried in vain
to usurp my place beside the girl, had suc-
ceeded at last, and won the woman away
from me! This was his child—his child and
Mary's. And I must go in there and meet
her once again, and then go away forever and
die—if God would let me!

I sank body and soul beneath this blow
and hiding my face in my hands I leaned
against the door. The little one gazed at
me grieved and amazed, and put up her pret-
ty lips as if about to cry, while the perplex-
ed servant stepped to the parlor door and
called my sister out to find out who it could
be that conducted himself so strangely.

I heard a light step and a pleasant voice,
saying:
"Did you wish to see my father, sir?"
I looked up. There stood a pretty, sweet
faced maiden of twenty, not much changed
from the dear little sister I had loved so
well; I looked at her a moment and then
stilled the tumult of my heart by a mighty
effort, I opened my arms and said:
"Jennie, don't you know me?"
"Harry, Oh my brother Harry?" she
cried, and threw herself upon my breast.—
She wept as if her heart would break. I
could not weep. I drew her gently into the
lighted parlor, and stood with her before
them all. There was a rush and cry of joy;
and then my mother and my father sprang
towards me, and welcomed me home with
heartfelt tears. Oh, strange and passing
sweet is such a greeting to the way-worn
traveler. And as I held my old mother to
my heart and grasped my father's hand,
while Jennie clung beside me, I felt that all
was not yet lost, and though another had se-
cured life's choicest blessing, many a joy re-
mained for me in this dear sanctuary of
home.

There were four others, inmates of the
room who had risen on my sudden entrance.
One was the blue-eyed child whom I had al-
ready seen, and now stood by Frank Ches-
ter, clinging to his hand. Near by stood
Lizzie, Mary Moore's eldest sister, and in a
distant corner, where she had hurriedly re-
treated when my name was spoken, stood a
tall and slender figure half hidden by the
heavy window curtain that fell on the floor.

When the first rapturous greeting was
over, Jennie led me forward with a timid
grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand.
I know she would not.

"Welcome home my boy," he said with
the loud cheerful tones I remembered so
well. "You have changed so much I never
would have known you—but no matter for
that your heart is in the right place I know.

"How can you say he is changed?" said
my mother, gently. "To be sure he looks
older and graver and more like a man than
when he went away, but his eyes and his
smiles are the same as ever. It is that heavy
burden that changes him. He is my boy still."
God help me! At that moment I felt like
a boy and it would have been a blessed re-
lief to have wept upon her bosom, as I had
done in my infancy. But I kept down the
beating of my heart and the tremor of my lip
and answered quietly, as I looked in his full
handsome face—
"You have changed too Frank, but I
think for the better."

"Oh yes thank you for the compliment.—
My wife tells me I grow handsomer every
day."
His wife! Could I hear that name and
keep silent still?
"And have you seen my little girl?" he
added, lifting the infant in his arms, and
kissing her crimson cheek. I tell you, Har-
ry, there is not another like her in the Uni-
ted States. Don't you think she looks very
much like her mother used to?"
"Very much," I faltered.

"Hallo!" said Frank, with a suddenness
that made me start violently, "I had forgot-
ten to introduce you to my wife, I believe
you and she used to be playmates in your
days. Eh, Harry?" and he slapped me on
the back. "For the sake of old times, and
because you were not here at the wedding,
I will give you leave to kiss her once—but
mind old fellow, don't repeat the ceremony.
Come—here she is, and for once I will man-
age those ferocious moustaches of yours in
the operation."

He pushed Lizzy, laughing, and blushing,
toward me. A gleam of light and hope, al-
most too dazzling to bear, came over me,
and I cried out before I thought: "Not Mar-
ry!"

It must have betrayed my secrets to every
one in the room; but nothing was said—
even Frank was this time silent. I kissed
the fair cheek of the young wife; and hur-
ried to the silent figure looking out of the
window.

"Mary—Mary Moore," said I, in a low
voice, "have you alone no welcome to give
the wanderer?"
She turned and laid her hand in mine and
murmured hurriedly—
"I am glad to see you here, Harry?"
Simple words—and yet how best they
made me! I would not have yielded up that
moment for an Emperor's crown. There
was the happy home group and the dear
home fire side and there sweet Mary Moore!
The eyes I had dreamed of by night and by
day, were falling before the ardent gaze of
mine, and the sweet face I had so long pray-
ed to see was there before me, more beauti-
ful more womanly and more loving than be-
fore! I never knew till that moment the
meaning of happiness.

Many years have passed since that happy
night and the hair that was dark and glossy
then is fast turning grey. I am growing to
be an old man and can look back to a long,
a happy and well spent life. And yet sweet
as it has been I would not recall a single day
for the love that made my manhood so bright
shines in the old man! Can this be so? At
heart I am as young as ever. And Mary
with her hair parted smoothly from a brow
that has a slight furrow in it, is still the Ma-
ry of my early days. To me she can never
grow old or change. The heart that held
her in infancy and sheltered piously in her
the flesh and beauty of womanhood can never
cast her out till life shall cease to warm
it. Not even then, for love still lives in
heaven.

THE STICK-PLASTER CURRENCY.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
Thus wrote the delicate Keats, but Keats
never knew the luxury of a stick-plaster cur-
rency. Postage stamps, gummed with the
best adhesive, sticking to sweaty fingers
were unknown in his primitive age. If Con-
gress had not adjourned it is believed that
it would have made molasses candy a legal
tender by this time. It seemed odd to try-
ing to invent a currency that would stick to
people. It is such a general complaint that
money cannot be kept, that it was evident by
the bright idea of this Congress to give the
people something that would stick to them.
Just think, too, how delightful this currency
is for my business! With hands all wet
from compounding drinks, I am just prepar-
ed to finger postage stamps! How they do
stick though! By the way, why not make
a plug of tobacco a legal tender? Have it
put up in "cuds" from one cent upwards in
price—it would be just the thing. That
would not stick. Those who use snuff might
put it in envelopes, after the fashion of
postage stamps. If the war is to continue a
year or two longer, I go in for the "legal
tender cuds." Away with the postage stamp
nuisance. It has caused more profanity
since its adoption than can be atoned for in
a twelve month. If it is not speedily abo-
lished; I shall begin to think seriously about
retiring from BEHIND THE COUNTER.

EDWARD BUCKET'S COURTSHIP.

Old Mr. Posey, the father of Polly Posey,
lived close by our house, and Polly used to
come over it often; she was a darn'd purty
gal, and I use to have some mighty quare
feelings about her; at last one day, my
mother said to me:
"Ned, why don't you court Polly Posey,
I think she'd make a prime wife."

"Oh, yes," says I, "mammy, I do want to,
but I don't know what to say to her."
"Why, Ned," says she, "gest go, an' the
fust good chance you git, say fine weather,
Miss Polly, and that will do for a begin-
ning, and one word brings on another, and if she
likes you, you may soon tell it; and when
you git in a good chat, gest say, Miss Polly,
you've got my hart, and if she likes that purty
well, then pop the question."

So one Sunday evening, I told mother I
thought it was a good time to go to see Pol-
ly, she said so did she. So I fixed up, put
on my best clothes, and combed my hair,
and axed mother if she thought I'd do.

"Oh, yes," says she, "I'd call you the
'clean thing,' now?"
So off I starts, and soon found myself at
Mr. Posey's door.

"Who's thar?" says Mrs. Posey.
"Edward Bucket," says I.
"Walk in, Mr. Bucket; how's your mam-
my and the children?"
"All stirrin, I thank ye, how's all your
folk's?"
"All well, sir."

There tot Polly; says I "What's the news
Miss Polly?"
"Oh, Mr. Bucket," says she, "nothin' I
bleve, only I heard you were about to git
married."

Thar, thought I, the subject's broach'd al-
ready. "Oh, no," says I, "Miss Polly, I
only wants to be."
About this time night comes on, and it be-
gan to rain dreadfully; in ran the old man.
"How do you do, Mr. Posey?"
"How are you, Mr. Bucket?"
"Well, I thank you."

After awhile, supper was over, and I began
to think I ought to be saying something on
the subject. So I sot on my chair, and my
heart swell'd; all was full of life but me; I
was thinking about my bizzness; so at last,
says Mrs. Posey.
"Polly, go to the door, and see if the rain
ain't quit."

Polly jump'd up, and run to the door, and
looked out, and said:
"It's so dark, Ma, I don't see but by the
lighten; I see another cloud just behind."
Now, thought I, is my time. Polly kept
staying in the piazza, and I sot still, sighing
in my chair, till at last I called up my cou-
rage, and walked to where Polly was; it was
so dark, I couldn't see her, and so I spoke,
that she might answer so as how I could find
her.

"Fine weather, Miss Polly."
"O no, Mr. Bucket, it's too rainy."
"Well, I don't noe, but the rain does make
it worse," says I, and by this time I had got
my hand on her shoulder. "One word
brings on another," says I.
"Sometimes," says she. "La me! Mr.
Bucket, what an ugly night for a wedding!"
Thar, thought I, now's my time; so says
I, "Miss Polly, mother says you've got my
liver."

"Oh, no, Mr. Bucket, may be it's your
heart."
This stumped me, and if I could 'av got
my hat, I bleve I would left off then, but
she kept talking on full of life, but I couldn't
forget the liver, so I told her I would come
again, before long, and she said she didn't
care if I did; and I told her I wanted to
court her, and she said she didn't care if I
did; and so I got my hat, and started home,
arter the usual good night, and all the way
home I kept thinking about the liver; but I
thought no body would noe it, and it would
rub off. But Poll told all the gals of it 'till
mother got hold of it, and I guess as how I
got a genteel scolding, but the people all
laughed at me so much about it, that I got
right mad with Poll, and haint spoke to her
since, and every time I see a young fellow,
without experience, arter the gals, I think of
the fine weather and the liver.

THE CONTRABANDS.

The number of contrabands with McClel-
lan's army is estimated at two thousand.—
They are well fed, and sheltered in tents.—
For all this says a letter in the Philadelphia
Inquirer, (Republican,) the manager of them
has to deal with them as though they were
animals, to keep them in proper trim. They
are up to all kinds of dodges to keep from
work. "Yesterday," he adds "I saw the
guard unearh one fellow who had hid him-
self away under a pile of old clothes. How
he got along without being smothered is a
mystery to me. He finally marched to work
with a shovel over his shoulder, grinning at
his success in sudgering for a time. This
one darkey is only a type of all I seen here.
They imagine they should do nothing but
eat, drink and sleep. There is no disguising
the fact, they want the whip badly. The ne-
gro women seem to have more energy than
the men, and are very expert in carrying
heavy loads upon their heads."

THE ORDER FOR DRAFTING.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WAR DEPARTMENT, Washington,
3 P. M., August 9th, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 99.

Regulations for the enrollment and draft of
three hundred thousand militia in pursuance
of an order by the President of the United
States, bearing date August 4th, 1862, where-
by it is provided that a draft of three hun-
dred thousand militia be immediately called
into the service of the United States, to serve
for nine months if not sooner discharged, and
that the Secretary of War shall assign the
quotas to the States and establish regulations
for the draft. Also, that if any State shall
not by the 15th of August furnish its quota
of the additional three hundred thousand vol-
unteers authorized by law, the deficiency of
volunteers in that State shall also be made
by special draft from the militia, and that the
Secretary of War shall establish regulations
for this purpose.

It is ordered: First, that the Governors
of the respective States will proceed forthwith
to furnish their respective quotas of the three
hundred thousand militia called for by the
order of the President, dated the 4th of Au-
gust, 1862, which quotas have been furnished
to the Governors respectively by communica-
tion from this department of this date, ac-
cording to the regulations henceforth set
forth.

Second.—The Governors of the several
States are hereby requested forthwith to de-
signate rendezvous for the drafted militia of
said States, and to appoint commandants; and
it is important the rendezvous should be few in
number, and located with a view to conveni-
ence of transportation.

Third.—The Governors of the respective
States will cause an enrollment to be made
forthwith by the assessors of the several
counties or by any of the officers, to be appoint-
ed by such Governors, of all able-bodied male
citizens between the ages of 18 and 45 within
the respective counties, giving the name, age
and occupation of each, together with remarks
showing whether he is in the service of the
United States, &c., and in what capacity, or
any other facts which may determine his ex-
emption from military duty. All reasonable
and proper expenses of such enrollment and
of the draft hereinafter provided, will be re-
imbursed by the United States, upon vouchers
showing the detailed statement of service
performed and expenses incurred, approved
by such Governors.

Fourth.—Where no provision is made by
law in any State for carrying into effect the
draft hereby ordered, or where such provis-
ions are in any manner defective, such draft
shall be conducted as follows:—

1st.—Immediately upon completion of the
enrollment, the lists of enrolled persons shall
be filed in the office of the sheriffs of the
counties in which enrolled persons reside.

2.—The Governors of the several States shall
appoint a commissioner for each county of
their respective States, whose duty it shall
be to superintend the drafting and here-
and determine excuses of persons claiming to be ex-
empt from military duty. Such Commissioner
shall receive a compensation of four dollars
per diem for each day he may be actually em-
ployed in the discharge of his duties as such
commissioner.

3.—The enrolling officer shall
immediately, upon the filing of the enroll-
ment lists notify said commissioner that said
lists have been so filled, and the commissioner
shall thereupon give notice by hand bills,
posted in each township of his county, of the
time and place at which claims of exemption
will be received and determined by him, and
shall fix the time to be specified in the order
aforesaid within ten days of the filing of the
enrollment at which the draft shall be made,
and all persons claiming to be exempt from
military duty shall, before the day fixed for
the draft, make proof of such exemption be-
fore said commissioner, and if found sufficient
his name shall be stricken from the list by a
red line drawn through it, leaving it still
legible. The commissioner shall in like
manner strike from the list the names of all
persons now in the military service of the
United States. All telegraph operators and
constructors, actually engaged on the fifth day
of August 1862; all engineers of locomotives
on railroads, the Vice President of the Uni-
ted States, the officers—judicial and execu-
tive—of the Government of the United States,