

The North Branch Democrat.

HARVEY SICKLER, Proprietor.

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

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T. B. WALL, Owner and Proprietor: Tunkhannock, September 11, 1861.

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

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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.

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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.

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THE GLORY OF MAN IS STRENGTH.—Immediately restore the nervous and debilitated should immediately use HAMBOLDT'S EXTRACT BUCU.

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Select Story.

LISZT'S MARRIAGE

THE STORY OF A PIANIST.

After having passed the summer visiting the principal towns of Germany, the celebrated pianist, Liszt, arrived in Prague in October, 1846.

The next day after he came, his apartment was entered by a stranger—an old man, whose appearance indicated misery and suffering. The musician received him with a cordiality which he would not, perhaps, have shown to a nobleman. Encouraged by his kindness, his visitor said:

"I come to you sir as a brother. Excuse me if I take this title, notwithstanding the distance that divides us; but formerly I could boast some skill of playing on a piano, and by giving instruction I gained a comfortable livelihood. Now I am old, feeble, burdened with a large family, and destitute of pupils. I live at Nuremberg, but I came to Prague to seek to recover the remnant of a small property which belonged to my ancestors. Although nominally successful, the expense of a long litigation has more than swallowed up the trifling sum I recovered. To-day I set out for home, penniless."

"And you have come to me? You have done well, and I thank you for this proof of your esteem. To assist a brother professor is to me more than a duty—it is a pleasure. Artists should have their purse in common; and if fortune neglects some, in order to treat the other better than they deserve, it only makes it more necessary to preserve the equilibrium by fraternal kindness.—That's my system; so don't speak of gratitude, for I feel that I only discharge a debt."

As he uttered these generous words, Liszt opened a drawer in his writing-case, and started when he saw that his usual depository for money contained but three ducats. He summoned his servant.

"Where is the money?" he asked.

"There, sir," replied the man, pointing to the open drawer.

"There? Why, there's scarcely anything."

"I know it, sir. If you please to remember, I told you yesterday that the cash was nearly exhausted."

"You see, my dear brother," said Liszt, smiling, "that for a moment I am no richer than you; but that does not trouble me. I have credit, and I can make ready money start from the keys of my piano. However as you are in haste to leave Prague and return home, you shall not be delayed by my present want of funds."

So saying, he opened another drawer, and, taking out a splendid medallion, gave it to the old man.

"There," said he, "that will do. It was a present made to me by the Emperor of Austria—his own portrait set in diamonds. The painting is nothing remarkable, but the stones are fine. Take them and dispose of them, and whatever they bring shall be yours."

The old musician tried in vain to decline so rich a gift. Liszt would not hear of a refusal, and the poor man at length withdrew, after invoking the choicest blessings of Heaven on his generous benefactor.

He then repaired to the shop of the principal jeweler in the city, in order to sell the diamonds. Seeing a miserably-dressed man anxious to dispose of the magnificent jewels, with whose value he was unacquainted, the man of the shop very naturally suspected his honesty; and, while pretending to examine the diamonds with close attention, he whispered a few words in the ear of one of his assistants. The latter went out, and speedily returned; accompanied by several soldiers of the police, who arrested the unhappy artist, in spite of his protestations of innocence.

"You come first to prison," they said; "afterwards you can give an explanation to the magistrate."

The prisoner wrote a few lines to his benefactor, imploring his assistance, Liszt hastened to the jeweler;

"Sir," said he, "you have caused the arrest of an innocent man. Come with me immediately, and let us have him released. He is the lawful owner of jewels in question, for I gave them to him."

"But, sir, sir," asked the merchant, "who are you?"

"My name is Liszt."

"I don't know of any rich man of that name."

"That may be; yet I am tolerably well known."

"Are you aware, sir, that these diamonds are worth six thousand florins—that is to say, about five hundred guineas, or twelve thousand francs?"

"So much the better for him on whom I have bestowed them."

"But in order to make such a present you must be very wealthy."

"My actual fortune consists of three ducats."

"Then you are a magician?"

"By no means; and yet, by just moving my fingers, I can obtain as much money as I wish."

"You must be a magician!"

"If you choose, I'll disclose to you the magic I employ."

Liszt had seen a piano in the parlor behind the shop. He opened it, and ran his fingers over the keys; then, seized by sudden inspiration, he improvised one of those soul-touching symphonies peculiar to himself.

As he sounded the first chords, a beautiful young girl entered the room. While the melody continued she remained speechless and immovable; then, as the last note died away, she cried, with irrepressible enthusiasm:

"Bravo, Liszt! 'tis wondrous!"

"Dost thou know him, then, my daughter," asked the jeweler.

"This is the first time that I have had the pleasure of seeing or hearing him," replied she; "but I do not know that none living, save Liszt, could draw such sounds from the piano."

Expressed with grace and modesty, by a young person of remarkable beauty, this admiration could not fail to be more than flattering to the artist. However, after making his best acknowledgments, Liszt withdrew, in order to deliver the prisoner, and was accompanied by the jeweler.

Grieved at his mistake, the worthy merchant sought to repair it by inviting the two musicians to supper. The honors of the table were done by his amiable daughter, who appeared no less touched at the generosity of Liszt, than astonished at his talent.

That night the musicians of the city serenaded their illustrious brother. The next day the nobles and most distinguished inhabitants of Prague presented themselves at his door. They entreated him to give concerts, leaving it to himself to fix any sum he pleased as remuneration. Then the jeweler perceived that talent, even in a pecuniary light, may be more valuable than the most precious diamonds.

Liszt continued to go to his house, and to the merchant's great joy he soon perceived that his daughter was the cause of those visits. He began to love the company of the musician, and the fair girl, his only child, certainly did not hate it.

One morning the jeweler coming to the point with German frankness, said to Liszt:

"How do you like my daughter?"

"She's an angel!"

"What do you think of marriage?"

"I think so well of well of it that I have the greatest inclination to try it."

"What would you say to a fortune of three million francs?"

"I would willingly accept it."

"Well, we understand each other. My daughter pleases you; you please my daughter; her fortune is ready—be my son-in-law."

"With all my heart."

The marriage was celebrated the following week.

And this—according to the chronicles of Prague—is the romantic history of Liszt's first love.

Good Rules for Using the Tongue.

The tongue is called in the Bible an "unruly member." Our own experience accords perfectly with the saying of Holy Writ, and observations on the tongues of others have satisfied us of the fact. We think the following rules, if carefully followed, will be found of great use in taming that which has not yet been perfectly tamed:

1. Never use your tongue in speaking anything but truth. The God of truth who made the tongue, did not intend it for any other use. It will not work well in falsehood as it will run into such inconsistencies as to detect itself. To use the organ for publishing falsehood, is as incongruous as the use of the eye for hearing, or the ear for smelling.

2. Do not use your tongue too much. It is a kind of waste-gate to let off the thoughts as they collect upon the mind, but if the waste-gate is always open, the water will soon run shallow. Many people use their tongues too much. Shut the gate, and let streams of thought flow in till the mind is full, and then you may let off with some effect.

3. Never let the stream of passion move the tongue. Some people, when they are about to put this member in motion, hoist the wrong gate; they let out Passion instead of Reason. The tongue then makes a great noise, disturbs the quiet of the person's strength, but does no good. The whirlwind has ceased, but what is the benefit?

4. Look into the pond, and see if there is water enough to move the wheel to any purpose before you open the gate; or, plainly, THINK before you SPEAK.

5. Never put your tongue in motion while your respondent has his in motion.—The two streams will meet, and the reaction will be so great that the words of neither will reach the other, but come back in a blinding sprinkle upon himself.

6. That your tongue is hung true before you use it. Some tongues we have observed are so hung that they equivocate considerably. Let the owners of such turn the screw of conscience until the tongue moves true.

7. Expect that others will use their tongues for what you do yours. Some claim the privilege of reporting all the news, and charge others not to do so.—Your neighbor will not allow you to monopolize the business. If you have anything to be kept secret, keep it to yourself.

An old miser, who was notorious for self-denial, was one day asked why he was so thin. "I do not know," said the miser, "I have tried various means for getting fatter; but without success." "Have you tried virtuous?" inquired the friend.

"Where is the 'sour apple tree' on which Jeff Davis is to be hung?"

Wait anxiously for an answer from the Tribune.

"IF WE ONLY HAD A PIANO."

"This is pleasant," exclaimed the young husband, taking his seat cozily in the rocking-chair as the tea things were removed. The fire glowed in the grate, revealing a prettily and neatly finished sitting-room, with all the appliances of comfort. The fatiguing business of the day was over and he sat enjoying, that which had all day been anticipating, the delights of his own friends. His pretty wife Esther took her work and sat down by the table.

"It is pleasant to have a home of one's own," he said, again taking a satisfactory survey of his snug little quarters. The cold rain beat against the windows, and he thought he felt grateful for all his present enjoyments.

"Now if we only had a piano!" said the wife.

"Give me the music of your sweet voice before all the pianos in creation," he declared complacently, despite a certain secret disappointment that his wife's thankfulness did not chime with his own.

"Well, but we want one for our friends" said Esther.

"Let our friends come to see 'us, and not to hear a piano!" exclaimed her husband. "But, George, everybody has a piano, now-a-days; we don't go anywhere without seeing a piano," persisted the wife.

"And yet I do not know what we want one for; you will have no time to play one, and I don't like to hear it."

"Why they are so fashionable—I think our room looks really naked without a piano."

"I think it looks very naked—we want a piano shockingly," protested Esther emphatically.

The husband rocked violently.

"Your lamp smokes, my dear," he said after a long pause.

"When are you going to get a solar lamp? I have told you a dozen times how much we need one," said Esther quite impatiently.

"Those will do."

"But you know, everybody, now-a-days wants solar lamps."

"Those lamps are the prettiest of the kind I ever saw, and they were bought in Boston."

"But, George, I do not think our room is complete without a solar lamp," said the wife sharply—"they are so fashionable; why the D's, B's and A's all have them. I'm sure we ought to."

"We ought to, if we take pattern by other people's expenses, and I don't see any reason for that." The husband moved uneasily in his chair. "We want to live within our means, Esther!" exclaimed her husband.

"I'm sure I think we could afford it as well as the B's, or the D's, and many others we might mention; we do not wish to appear mean."

George's cheek crimsoned.

"Mean—I am not mean," he cried angrily.

"Then you do not wish to appear so," said the wife. "To complete this room and make it like others, we want a piano and a solar lamp."

"We want—we want!" muttered the husband; there is no satisfying woman's wants, do what you may, and he abruptly left the room.

How many husbands are in a similar dilemma! How many homes and husbands are rendered uncomfortable by the constant dissatisfaction of a wife with present comforts and present provisions. How many bright prospects for business have ended in bankruptcy after fashionable necessities! If the real cause of many a failure could be made known, it would be found to result from useless expenditure at home—expenses to answer the demands of fashion, and "What will people say of us?"

"My wife has made my fortune," said a gentleman of great possessions, "by her thrift, prudence and cheerfulness, when I was just beginning."

"And mine has lost my fortune," said his companion bitterly, "by useless extravagance and repining when I was doing well." What a world does this open of the influence which a wife possesses over the future prosperity of her family! Let the wife know her influence, and try to use it wisely and well.

"Be satisfied to commence small. It is too common for young housekeepers to begin where their mothers ended. But all that is necessary to work skillfully with, adorn your house with all that will render it comfortable. Do not look at richer homes, and covet their costly furniture: If secret dissatisfaction springs up, go a step further, and visit the homes of the poor and suffering; behold dark, cheerless apartments, insufficient clothing and absence of the comforts and refinements of social life; then to your own with a joyful spirit."

You will then be prepared to meet your husband with a grateful heart, and be ready to appreciate that toil and self-denial which he has endured in his business world to surround you with all the delights of home; then you will be ready to co-operate cheerfully with him in so arranging your expenses that his mind will not be constantly harassed with fears lest family expenses encroach upon his business.

Be independent. A young housekeeper never needed greater moral courage than

Much tongue and much judgment seldom go together.

she does to resist the arrogance of fashion. Do not let the A's and B's decide what you must have, neither let them hold the strings of your purse. You know what you can and ought to afford; then decide with strict integrity according to your means. Let not the censure nor the approval of the world ever tempt you to buy what you hardly think you can afford. It matters little what they think, provided you are true to yourself and family.

Thus pursuing an independent straightforward, consistent course of action, there will spring up peace and joy all around you. Satisfied and happy yourself, you will make your husband so, and your children will feel the warm influence.

Happy at home, your husband can go out into the world with a clear head and self-relying spirit; domestic bickerings will not sour his heart, and he will return to you again with a confiding and unceasing love. Depend upon it, beauty, wit, grace, accomplishments, have far less to do with family comfort than prudence, economy and good sense. A husband may get tired of admiring, but never with the comfortable consciousness that at his receipts exceed his demands.

HONORABLE COURTSHIP.

We heard a very pretty incident the other day, which we cannot help relating. A young lady from the South, it seems was wooed and won by a youthful physician living in California.—When the engagement was made the doctor was rich, having been very successful at San Francisco. It had not existed six months however, when by an unfortunate investment he lost his entire "help." The event came upon him, it should be added, just as he was about to claim his bride. What does he do? Why like an honorable and chivalrous young fellow as he is, he sits down and writes the young lady every particular of the unhappy turn which had taken place in his fortunes assuring her that if the fact produced any change of feelings towards him, she was released from all the promises she had made to him. And what does she do, dear good girl? Why, she takes a lump of pure gold, which her lover had sent her in his prosperity as a keepsake, and having it manufactured into a ring, forwards it to him, with the following Bible inscription engraved in distinct characters on the outside: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people; and thy God my God; where thou diest I will die; and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part me and thee."

The lover idolized his sweetheart more than ever, when he received this precious evidence of her devotion to him both in storm and sunshine. We may add that fortune soon again smiled upon the young physician, and that he subsequently returned to the north to wed the sweet girl he loved, and who loved him with such an undying affection. Young ladies who read the Bible, as the heroine of this incident seems to have done, are pretty sure to make good sweethearts and better wives.—Louisville Journal.

John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, when one day riding through the country, was saluted by a fellow who was lying in the ditch.

"Halloo, Father Wesley, I'm glad to see you. How do you do?"

"I don't know you," said Mr. W., reining up his horse. "Who are you?"

"Don't know me? Why, sir, you are the very man who converted me."

"I reckon I am," said Mr. Wesley, putting spurs to his horse, "at least one thing is evident, the Lord has had nothing to do with it."

THE FIRST TWENTY YEARS.—Live as long as you may, the first twenty years form the greater part of your life. They appear so when they are passing; they seem to have been so when we look back to them and they take up more room in our memory than all the years that succeed them.

If this be so, how important that they should be passed in planting good principles, cultivating good tastes, strengthening good habits, fleeing all those pleasures which lay up bitterness and sorrow for time to come! Take good care of the first twenty years of your life, and you may hope that the last twenty years will take good care of you.

Loyal reports from Washington go to show that the leaders in the impeachment business are becoming more alarmed as the farce progresses than the President, and instead of hanging him when they get through, the Ashleys and Butlers will have trouble to keep the rope of their own necks. A scoundrel never succeeds in business, however great his pretensions to morality and right.

A fellow went to Saratoga for his health—to pick up a little—and picked up enough to send him to State prison for three years.

The aggregate production of the oil wells at Pithole is now 921 barrels per day.

Why is a wife like a newspaper? Do you give it up? Because every man should have one without borrowing his neighbor's.