

H. J. M. Callister

# Juniata



# Sentinel.

A. L. GUSS & Co.

[THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.]

EDITORS.

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MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA. SEPTEMBER 6, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER, 958.

### Professional Cards.

**DR. P. C. RUNDIO, of Patterson,** Pa., wishes to inform his friends and patients that he has removed to the house on Bridge Street opposite Todd & Jordan's Store, April 14.

**JEREMIAH LYONS, Attorney-at-Law,** Mifflintown, Juniata County, Pa., Office on Main Street South of Bridge Street.

**TOMB STONES.** **REUBEN CAWENEY,** Manufacturer of Tomb Stones, McAllisterville and Mifflintown. All work put up in the most tasteful and substantial manner. Give him a call, April 13-14th.

**CALL AND EXAMINE** Our Stock of Ready Made Clothing before you Purchase Elsewhere, you will find on hand a good assortment for Men and Boys wear, which will be sold cheap for cash or country produce.

**MICKEY & PENNELL,** Patterson, Pa.

**E. C. STEWART, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,** Mifflintown, Juniata Co., Pa.

Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other business will receive prompt attention. Office first door north of Balford's Store, (upstairs).

**WILLIAM M. ALLISON, Attorney at Law,** and Notary Public. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care. Office on Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.

**MILITARY CLAIMS.** THE undersigned will promptly attend to the collection of claims against either the State or National Government, Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty, Extra Pay, and all other claims arising out of the present or any other war, collected.

**JEREMIAH LYONS, Attorney-at-Law,** Mifflintown, Juniata Co., Pa. (Feb 10)

**H. F. Saiger & G. W. Reed, & Co CLOTHING** Also, Jobbers in CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, SATINETS, No. 423 MARKET STREET, North side, between Fourth and Fifth, PHILADELPHIA.

**I. B. STAUFFER, WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,** No. 148 North SECOND Street, Corner of Quarry, PHILADELPHIA. An assortment of Watches, Jewelry, Silver & Plated Ware, constantly on hand. Suitable for HOLIDAY PRESENTS! Repairing of Watches and Jewelry promptly attended to. Dec 6, 1864-1 yr.

**W. A. LEVERING, lumber & Commission Merchant** Callowhill Street Wharf, Philadelphia, Pa. Supplies of Timber, Staves, Locomotive Hoop Poles, &c. and Lumber generally, will be purchased, contracted for, or received on commission, at the option of the shipper.

**Premium CHAIR MANUFACTORY.** OFFICE OF THE JUNIATA COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, PERRYVILLE, Oct. 16, 1863. We do hereby certify that the Committee on Manufactured Articles has awarded to CHARLES W. WEITZEL the First Premium for the most substantial, neatest made, and best finished set of Chairs.

**HENRY HARPER, Manufacturer and Dealer in Watches, FINE JEWELRY, SOLID SILVER WARE, and superior Silver Plated Ware** March 29, 1865, 3mo.

**VENUE AUCTIONEER CRIER** The undersigned offers his services to the public as a Venue Crier and Auctioneer. He has had a very large experience, and feels confident that he can give satisfaction to all who may employ him. He may be addressed at Mifflintown, or found at his home in Ferrisburgh township. Orders may also be left at Mr. Will's Hotel. Jan. 23, 1864. WILLIAM GIVEN.

1865 PHILADELPHIA PAPER HANGINGS 1865 **HOWELL & BURKE, MANUFACTURERS OF WALL PAPERS, AND WINDOW CURTAIN PAPERS,** Corner Fourth and MARKET Streets PHILADELPHIA. N. B.—Fine stock of LINEN SHADES constantly on hand. Feb. 15, 1865-6 mo.

### LAND FOR SALE!

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS AT PRIVATE sale a lot of land situated in Walker township, Juniata county, Pa., adjoining lands of Jacob Schellenberger, Daniel Wertz and Widow Meredith, containing about

**20 ACRES,** About 18 of which are cleared, and in good grass, the balance being well timbered. There is a **Log House and Frame Bank Barn** on the premises. Also good water and fruit trees.

For terms and further information inquire of the undersigned residing near Mexico, at which place letters may be addressed to him. July 12th, '65. WM CRIMMEL.

**F. GROVE, PETER NEW**

**F. GROVE & CO., General Commission Merchants**

AND DEALERS IN **GRAIN FLOUR, &C.**

**N. W. Cor. Howard & Mulberry Sts. BALTIMORE.**

Consignments of Grain, Flour, and Country Produce respectfully solicited. Also, a large and general assortment of Groceries on hand.

**F. GROVE & CO., WHOLESALE**

**DEALERS & MANUFACTURERS OF Cigars, Tobacco and Snuff.**

**No. 161 FRANKLIN Street**

**BETWEEN GREEN AND PAPA STREETS, BALTIMORE.**

**QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS.**

Superior IMPORTED CIGARS, fine CHEWING TOBACCO, and LEAF of every description, with a general assortment of Pipes, Snuff Boxes, Fancy Articles, &c. July 19-30.

### MATRIMONIAL.

**LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:** If you wish to marry you can do so by addressing me. I will send you, without money and without price, valuable information, that will enable you to marry happily and speedily, irrespective of age, wealth or beauty. This information will cost you nothing and if you wish to marry, I will cheerfully assist you. All letters strictly confidential. The desired information sent by return mail, and no reward asked. Please inclose postage or stamped envelope, addressed to yourself. Address: **SARAH B. LAUBERT, Greenpoint, May 17-30mo. Kings Co., New York.**

### PHOTOCRAPHS.

The Patrons of the SENTINEL who may visit Harrisburg, or desire a first class Picture should by all means go where they take the most splendid likenesses ever gotten up anywhere, which is at **BURSTE & CO'S 110 Market St. Harrisburg** **Business, Blin#s and Cathart.**

TREATED with the utmost success, by Dr. J. ISAACS, Oculist and Aurist, (formerly of Leyden, Holland,) No. 519 PINE Street Philadelphia. Testimonials from the most reliable sources in the City and Country can be seen at his Office. The medical faculty are invited to accompany their patients, as he has no secrets in his practice. **ARTIFICIAL EYES, inserted without pain. No charge made for examination. Feb. 15, '65-3y.**

### TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Seventy-five cents per square of ten lines or less for the first insertion; three insertions for \$1.50 and 50 cents for all subsequent insertions. Estate Notices \$2.00. Professional and Business cards with paper \$8.00 per year. Merchant's cards with paper \$15.00 per year. Local notices 10 cents per line. People ought to look to their interest and advertise in the SENTINEL as its circulation is about one third larger than any other paper published in the county.

### JOB WORK RATES.

Eighty sheet bills, \$1.25; quarter sheet bills \$2.00; half sheet bills \$3.00; whole sheet \$6.00—30 bills are always given if desired. Blanks \$2.00 per quire. Colored or fancy work extra. Cards at \$1.50 per hundred. Job Work respectfully solicited as we believe we can do up jobs neatly and attractively and expeditiously.

### TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE JUNIATA SENTINEL is Published on Main Street, next door to the Post Office, Mifflintown, Juniata County, Pa., on every Wednesday at the rate of \$2.00 per year in advance and \$2.50 if not paid within the year. We wish to do a cash business as nearly as possible. We wish to deal honestly and alike with all, and therefore need no be asked to vary from our terms by any one. Thankful for past favors we ask the continued support and efforts of our friends.

### Select Poetry.

#### SHADOWS ON THE STREAM.

Summer evening shadows  
Thickly drawing round;  
Summer's beautiful blossoms  
Strewing all the ground.

Leaning o'er the butress,  
Ruined, gray and old;  
Looking into waters,  
Silent, still and cold.

When our bright reflections  
Dance its sun face o'er—  
When like ceaseless music  
The distant torrents roar.

And the rocks before us  
Kiss the water's brim,  
Flinging a reflection  
Between myself and him.

As we stood together,  
Whispering soft and low,  
Flinging harem blossoms  
On the waves below.

Laurel leaves were gleaming  
Round his shaded hair,  
While the rocks were frowning  
O'er mine cold and bare.

Scanned they not prophetic  
Shadows on the stream?  
As when visions haunt us  
From a troubled dream.

Many, many summers,  
With their breath of flowers,  
Many, many winters,  
With their dreary hours.

Flowing like those waters,  
Life's rough pathway down;  
Bringing fancies fresh leaflets  
For his laurel crown.

By the gray old butress  
Lonely now I dream;  
Softly, sadly watching  
Shadows on the stream.

#### THE SPEED OF RAILWAY TRAINS.

The Great Western Express to Exeter, England, travels at the rate of forty-three miles an hour, including stoppages, or fifty-nine miles an hour, without including stoppages. To attain this rate, a speed of sixty miles an hour has been reached. A speed of seventy miles an hour is about equivalent to thirty yards per second, or thirty five yards between two beats of a common clock. All objects near the eye of a passenger traveling at this rate will pass by his eye in the thirty-fifth part of a second, and if thirty-five stakes were erected at the side of the road, a yard asunder, they would not be distinguishable one from another. If printed red, they would appear collectively a continually flask of color. If two trains with this speed passed each other, the relative velocity, would be seventy yards per second; and if one of the trains were seventy yards long, it would pass by in a single second. Supposing the locomotive which draws such a train to have driving wheels seven feet in diameter, these wheels will revolve five times in a second; the valve moves and the steam escapes ten times in a second—but as there are two cylinders, which act alternately, there are really twenty puffs, or escapes of steam in a second.—The locomotives can be heard to "cough" when moving slowly, the cough being occasioned by the abrupt emission of waste steam up the chimney; but twenty coughs per second cannot be separated by ear, their individuality becoming lost. Such a locomotive speed is equal to one-fourth of a cannon ball; and a momentum of the whole train moving at such a speed, would be nearly equivalent to the aggregate force of a number of cannon balls equal to one-fourth of the weight of the train.

Artemus Ward says when he hears the song "Come where my love lies dreaming." He don't go. He don't think it would be right.

Nashville, Tenn., has a population of nearly sixty thousand, three theatres, five daily papers, and five hundred drinking saloons.

Secretary McCulloch has decided that all bonds, Treasury notes and other obligations of the Government are free from State or municipal taxation.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." This may be the reason why the ladies have discarded the crowns of their bonnets.

#### THE SKELETON IN THE WELL.

It was during the year 1861, in the thriving little town of Argentiere, near the foot of the Cevennes Mountains, in France. The day was charming. Many of the inhabitants were traveling the highways, enjoying the agreeableness of the weather. Among the number there was a tall young man, apparently not more than twenty-five years of age. In his right hand he carried a cane, and in his left a small carpet bag. His gait was quick, and from his expression he appeared to be bent upon some important errand. In this manner he went along, occasionally glancing around to view the surrounding objects. He had hardly gone more than a quarter of a mile when he came to a street which was in the suburbs of the town. He turned and proceeded up this. Presently, after walking but a short distance, he arrived at an inn. Here he hesitated, and after viewing the exterior, he muttered to himself the following words:

"It is very singular that this is the first inn I have seen throughout my route. However, I will put up here."

So saying he entered the building, and having registered his name, he was shown to a room. After ordering his dinner he went into his apartment to rest himself. His order was immediately responded to, and after eating he prepared to retire, intending to partake of a long and hearty sleep so that early next morning he might visit the various merchants of the town. He accordingly went to bed, and was soon wrapped in sleep. While thus sleeping he had a dream that made the strongest impression upon him. We will give it as from the lips of the dreamer:

"I thought that I had arrived at the same town, but in the middle of the evening, which was really the case that I had put up at the same inn, and gone immediately, as an unacquainted stranger would do, in order to see whatever was worthy of observation in the place. I walked down the main street into another street apparently leading into the country. I had gone to no great distance when I came to a church, which I stopped to examine.—After satisfying my curiosity, I advanced to a by-path which branched off from the main street. Obeying an impulse which I could either account for nor control, I struck into this path, though it was winding, rough and unfrequented, and presently reached a miserable cottage, in front of which was a garden covered with weeds. I had no great difficulty in getting into the garden, for the hedge had several wide gaps in it. I approached an old well that stood solitary and gloomy in a distant corner; and looking down into it beheld, without any possibility of mistake, a corpse which had been stabbed in several places. I counted the deep wounds and wide gashes. There were six."

At this moment he awoke with his hair on end trembling in every limb, and cold drops of perspiration bedewing his forehead—awoke to find himself comfortably in bed, his carpet bag lying near him, and the morning sun beaming through his curtain. What a difference! He sprang from his bed, dressed himself, and it was yet early, though an appetite for breakfast by a morning walk. He went accordingly into the street, and strolled along. The farther he went, the stronger became the confused recollection of the objects that presented themselves to his view.

"It is very strange," said he to himself; "I have never been in this place before, and I could swear that I've seen this house, and the next, and that other on the left."

On he went till he came to a corner of a street crossing the one down which he had come. Before long he arrived at the church with the architectural features that had attracted his notice in the dream; and then the high road, along which he had pursued his way, coming at length to the same by-path that had presented itself to his imagination a few hours before—there was no possibility of doubt or mistake. Every tree and every turn was familiar to him. He hurried forward, no longer doubting that the next moment would bring him to the cottage; and this was really the case. In all its exterior appearances it corresponded with what he had seen in his dream. Who, then, could wonder that he determined to ascertain whether the coincidence would hold good in every point? He entered the garden and went directly

to the spot where he had seen the well; but here the resemblance failed; there was none. He looked in every direction, examined the whole garden, and even went around the cottage, which seemed to be inhabited, but nowhere could he find any signs of a well. He then hastened back to the inn in a state of excitement hard to describe. He could not make up his mind to allow such extraordinary coincidences to pass unnoticed.—But how was he to obtain a clue to the awful mystery? He went to the landlord, asked him directly to whom the cottage belonged that was on the by road near to him.

"I wonder, sir," said he, "what causes you to take such particular notice of that wretched little hovel? It is inhabited by an old man and his wife who have the character of being very unsocial. They scarcely ever leave the house, see nobody, and nobody goes to see them.—Of late their very existence appears to have been forgotten, and nobody goes to see them, and I believe you are the first who for years has turned your steps to the lonely spot."

These details, instead of satisfying his curiosity, only aroused it the more.—Breakfast was served, but he could eat none; and he felt that if he presented himself to the merchants in such a state of excitement they might think him mad. He walked up and down the room and looked out of the window, endeavoring to interest himself in a quarrel between two men in the street; but the garden and cottage re-occupied his mind, and at last, snatching up his hat, he made his way to the street. Hastening to the nearest magistrate, he related the whole circumstance briefly and clearly.

"It is very strange," said the officer, "and after what has happened I don't think it would be right to leave the matter without further investigation. I will place two of the police at your command; you can then go once more to the hovel and search every part of it. You may, perhaps, make some important discovery."

He allowed but very few minutes to elapse before he was on his way, accompanied by two officers; after knocking at the door, and waiting for some time, the old man opened the door. He received them somewhat uncivilly, but showed no mark of suspicion when they told him they wished to search the house.

"Very well, as fast and as soon as you please," was the reply.  
"Have you a well here?"  
"No, sir, we are obliged to get our water from a spring a quarter of a mile distant."

They searched the house, but discovered nothing of any consequence. Meanwhile the old man gazed upon them with an impenetrable vacancy of look, as if he could not understand why they were intruding on his property. Finally, they forsook the cottage, without finding anything to corroborate their suspicion.—They, however, resolved to inspect the garden. By this time a number of persons had collected together outside having been down to the spot by the sight of a policeman. They were asked if they knew anything of a well in there. They replied they did not; the idea seemed to perplex them. At length an old woman came forward leaning on a crutch.

"A well?" said she. "It is a well you are looking for? That has been gone these thirty years. I remember as if it were but yesterday; how I used to throw stones into it just to hear the splash in the water."

"Do you remember where that well used to be?" asked the gentleman.  
"As near as I can recollect," replied the woman, "it is on the very spot where you now stand."

He suddenly started as if he had trodden upon a serpent. They at once commenced digging upon the ground. At about twenty inches deep they came to a layer of bricks, which being broken up revealed some rotten boards.

These were easily removed; when they beheld the dark mouth of the well.  
"I was quite certain that was the spot," said the old woman. "What a fool you were to stop it up, and then to have to travel so far for water!"

A sounding line, furnished with hooks, was now let down into the well—the crowd hawd pressing around them, breathlessly bending over the black and fetid hole, the secrets of which seemed hidden

in impenetrable obscurity. This was repeated several times without any result.—At length, penetrating below the mud, the hooks caught something of considerable weight; and after much time and effort they succeeded in raising it from the obscure hole. It was an old chest. The sides and lid were decayed and it needed no locksmith to open it. Within it they found what they were sure they would find, and which filled the spectators with horror—the remains of a human body!

The police officers now rushed into the house and secured the old man. As to his wife, she at first could not be found. But after a fatiguing search she was discovered under a pile of wood, being much bruised by the heavy logs above her.—By this time nearly the whole population of the town had collected around the spot.

The old couple were brought before the proper authorities and separately examined. The man persisted in his denial most obstinately; but his wife at once confessed that she and her husband, a very long time ago, had murdered a pedler who possessed a large sum of money. He had passed the night at their house; and they, taking advantage of the heavy sleep that encumbered him, had strangled him; after which they placed his body in a chest. The chest was then thrown into the well, and the well stopped. The two criminals had reason to believe themselves free from detection, as there were no witnesses of the crime, and its trace had been carefully concealed. Nevertheless, they had not been able to hush the voice of conscience. They fled from their fellow men. They were intimidated at the slightest noise, and silence thrilled them with fear. They had often thought of flying to some distant land; but some inexplicable influence kept them near the remains of their victim. Terrified by the deposition of his wife, the old man at length made a similar confession, and six weeks after the guilty couple expired on the scaffold.

#### INTERNAL REVENUE DECISION.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue informs Assessors and Collectors that all persons travelling about the country as the agents of manufactures and dealers, seeking orders for goods in original or unbroken packages, are regarded as commercial brokers within the meaning of the law, and as such must procure licenses. Those acting as agents of one person or firm exclusively are also liable as above. Licenses to this class of persons should be made out so as to show the place of business of the person licensed if he has one, but if not, his residence should be stated. Licenses thus filled out should be recognized by revenue officers in all parts of the country.

A man who wanted to buy a horse asked a friend how he told the animal's age.  
"By his teeth," was the reply.

The next day the man went to a horse dealer, who had showed him a splendid animal. The horse hunter opened the animal's mouth, gave one glance, and turned on his heel.  
"I don't want him," he said, "he's thirty two years old."

He had counted the teeth.

A clergyman of Saratoga Springs, a few Sundays since, was preaching a sermon upon death, in the course of which he asked the question, "Is it not a solemn thought?" His little boy, four years old, who had been listening with wrapt attention to his father, immediately answered in a shrill, piping voice, so as to be heard throughout the house, "Yes, sir, it is," greatly to the amusement of the congregation.

"Jim, I believe Sambo's got no truth in him."  
"You don't know; dere's more truth in dat nigger dan all de rest on de plantation."

"How do you make dat?"  
"Why he never let's any cut."  
"Well, sir, what does he-a-i-r spell?"  
"Boy—I don't know."  
"What have you got on your head?"  
"Boy (scratching)—"I guess it is a musketeer bit, it itches like thunder."  
A young top about starting down to New Orleans, proposed to purchase a life preserver.  
"O, you'll not want it," suggested the clerk, bage of wind went sink.