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COLLECTIONS, AND ALL OTHER BUSINESS connected with the profession promptly attended to. Oct. 18, '65.

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 1st

VENUE AUCTIONEER CRIBER

The undersigned offers his services to the public as Vendue 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 Pennsylvania township. Orders may also be left at Mr. Will's Hotel. Jan. 25, 1864. WILLIAM GIVEN.

ALEX. SPEDDY,
AUCTIONEER.

RESPECTFULLY offers his services to the public of Juniata county. Having had a large experience in the business of Vendue Crying, he feels confident that he can render general satisfaction. He can at all times be consulted at his residence in Mifflintown, Pa. Aug. 16, 1865.

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]

Pensions! Pensions!

ALL PERSONS WHO HAVE BEEN DISABLED DURING THE PRESENT WAR ARE ENTITLED TO A PENSION. All persons who intend applying for a Pension must call on the Examining Surgeon to know whether their Disability is sufficient to entitle them to a Pension. All disabled Soldiers will call on the undersigned who has been appointed Pension Examining Surgeon for Juniata and adjoining Counties. P. C. RUNDIO, M. D., Patterson, Pa. Dec. 9, 18--.

Select Poetry.

SHE WORKS FOR A LIVING.
BY SACRA.

"SHE WORKS FOR A LIVING," how often we hear
This calumny breathed on a name,
That perhaps in the ranks of the proudest
might bear
A station of honor and fame.

Even the 'FRANKS and SHOP-BOT' will turn
with a sneer,
As though it could sully her fame;
And their coarse greeting whispers oft fall on
her ear—
"SHE WORKS,"—what need of a name.]

Though she "works for a living," I cannot
see why
That should cost any blight on her name—
At least, those who labor should not pass her
by.
For surely their lot is the same.

Then who shall regard the opinions of those,
Whose highest ambition and aim,
Is to scoff at the humble, and near the repose
Of such as do work out a name?

O, is it not honor to fill here below
The station that God has assigned,
Then if labor's thy lot, to it cheerfully go—
It will never sully the mind.

A Select Story.

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

"What do you mean by such carelessness?" exclaimed John Doring to his son William, a young lad of twelve years.—
"Take that!" he added, striking the boy a heavy blow on the side of the head; "and that, and that!" repeating the blows as he spoke, the last of which knocked the boy over a plow that was standing by his side. "Get up now and go into the house," continued the father, and see if you can't keep out of mischief for a while, and stop that crying, or I'll give you something to cry for."

The boy started for the house, struggling to suppress his sobs as he went.

"It is astonishing," said Doring, addressing a neighbor named Hanford, who was near by in a barn, and of course had seen and heard all that had passed, "how troublesome boys are. Just see those oats, now, that I've got to pick up for that boy's carelessness," and he pointed to a measure of oats which William had accidentally overturned.

"And it was for that trifle that you assaulted your child and knocked him down?" replied Mr. Hanford, in a sorrowful tone.

Doring looked from the oats in surprise, and repeated: "Assaulted my child and knocked him down! Why, what do you mean, neighbor Hanford?"

"Just what I say. Did you not knock the child over the plow?"

"Why—well—no. He kind o' stumbled and fell over it," doggedly replied Doring. "Do you go against parental authority? Haven't I a right to punish my own children?"

"Certainly you have," responded Mr. Hanford, "in a proper manner and a proper spirit, but not otherwise. Do you think that a father has a right to revenge himself upon his child?"

"Of course not; but who's talking about revenge?"

"Well, friend Doring 't me ask you another question. For what purpose should a child be punished?"

"Why, to make it better, and to do it good, of course," quickly answered Doring.

"For any other?" quietly asked Hanford.

"Well, no, not that I can think of just now," replied Doring, thoughtfully.

"And now, my dear friend," kindly continued Mr. Hanford, "do you suppose your treatment of your son a few moments ago did him any good, or has increased his respect and affection for you? The boy, I venture to say, is utterly unconscious of having done any wrong, and yet you suddenly assaulted him with anger and violence, and gave him a beating which no penitentiary convict can be subjected to without having the outrage inquired into by a legislative committee.—But let me tell you a long story. You know my son Charles?"

"The one that is preaching in Charles-town?"

"Yes; you have probably notice that he is here?"

"I have noticed it," said Doring, "and asked him how it happened, and he told me he got hurt when a boy."

"Yes," responded Mr. Hanford with emotion, "the dear boy would never be made to say that it was by his father's brutality. But listen," he continued, as he saw Doring was about to speak. "When Charles was about the age of your son William he was one of the most active and intelligent boys I had ever seen. I was fond of him, and especially of his physical beauty and progress. But unfortunately I was cursed with an irritable and violent temper, and was in the habit of punishing my children under the influence of passion and vengeance, instead of from the dictates of reason, duty and enlightened affection. One day Charles offended me by some boyish and trifling misdemeanor, and I treated him almost exactly as you treated your son a few minutes ago. I struck him violently, and he fell upon a pile of stones at his side, and injured his left side so badly that the result was he was crippled for life," said Mr. Hanford, in tones of deepest sorrow and remorse, and covering his face with his hands.

A period of oppressive silence followed, which was at last broken by Mr. Hanford saying:

"When I found that my boy did not rise from the stones on which he had fallen, I seized him by the arm and rudely pulled him to his feet, and was about to strike him again, when something that I saw in his face, in his look, arrested my arm, and I asked him if he was hurt."

"I am afraid that I am, pa," he mildly answered, clinging to my arm for support.

"Where?" I asked in great alarm, for notwithstanding my brutality, I fairly idolized the boy.

"Here," he replied, laying his hand upon his hip.

"In silence I took him in my arms and carried him to the bed, from which he never arose the same bright, active, glorious boy that I had so cruelly struck down on that pile of stones. But after many months he came forth, a pale, saddened little fellow, hobbling on a crutch!"

Here Mr. Hanford broke down and wept like a child, and the tears also rolled down Doring's cheeks. When he resumed, Mr. Hanford said:

"This is a humiliating narrative, neighbor Doring, and I would not have related it to you had I not supposed that you needed the lesson which it contains. It is impossible for me to give you an adequate notion of the suffering that I have undergone on account of my brutal rashness to my boy. But fortunately it has been overruled to my good, and to that of my family also. The remedy, though terrible, was complete, and no other child of mine has ever been punished by me except when I was in the full possession and exercise of my best faculties, and when my sense of duty has been chastened and softened by reason and affection. I devoted myself to poor Charles from the time he left his bed, and we came to understand one another as I think few fathers and sons ever do. The poor boy, never blamed me for blighting so much happiness for him, and I sometimes tried to think that his life has been made happier on the whole than it would have been had I not been taught my duty through his sacrifice. Still, neighbor Doring, I should be sorry to have you and your son William pass through a similar ordeal."

"I trust that we shall not," emphatically and gravely responded Doring. "I thank you for your story, friend Hanford, and I shall try and profit by it."

And he did profit by it, and we hope that every parent who is capable of striking his child in anger or petulance, that reads this sketch from life, will profit by it.

A Colonel of one of the Bengal regiments was recently complaining, at an evening party, that from the ignorance and inattention of the officers, he was obliged to do the whole duty of the regiment. Said he, "I am my own major, my own captain, my own lieutenant, my own ensign, my own sergeant, and—"

"Your own trumpeter," said a lady present.

In anticipation of a visitation of cholera, the Secretary of War has ordered the suspension of sales of all Government hospitals, that they may be in readiness for use should there be a necessity for them.

A SHARP ORDER.

Bishop Wilmer, of Alabama, who has disgraced the Episcopal Church by prohibiting the Episcopal Clergy of his State from repeating the set form of prayer "for the President of the United States, and all others in civil authority," on the ground that the State is under military rule has been most righteously taught that the Government is not to be tampered with, by Maj. Gen. Thomas commanding the department. Gen. Thomas has ordered—

"That said Richard Wilmer, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of Alabama, and the Protestant Episcopal Clergy of said diocese be, and they are hereby suspended from their functions, and forbidden to preach or perform divine service, and that their places of worship be closed until such time as said Bishop and Clergy show a sincere return to their allegiance to the Government of the United States, and give evidence of a loyal and patriotic spirit by offering to resume the use of the prayer for the President of the United States and all in civil authority, and by taking the amnesty oath prescribed by the President. The prohibition shall continue in each individual case until special application is made through the military channels to these headquarters for permission to preach and perform divine service, and until such application is approved at these or superior headquarters. District commanders are required to see that this order is carried into effect."

Good for Gen. Thomas. There is not a loyal Episcopalian in any part of the United States that will not honor Gen. Thomas for this prohibition. The House of Bishops of the Episcopal Church in the United States who recently admitted Bishop Wilmer into their body, will please make a note of this.

A LUMP ON HIS SIDE.

A man long noted for intemperate habits, was induced by Rev. John Abbott, to sign the pledge "in his own way," which he did in these words: "I do pledge myself to drink no more intoxicating drinks for one year." Few believed he could keep it, but near the end of the year he again appeared at a temperance meeting, without once having touched a drop. "Are you not going to sign again?" asked Mr. Abbott; "Yes," he replied, "if I can do it my own way," and accordingly he wrote "I sign this pledge for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, and if I live till that time, I intend to take out a life lease!" A few days after he called upon the tavern keeper, who welcomed him to his old haunt. "O, landlord," said he, as if in pain, "I have such a lump on my side!" "That's because you've stopped drinking; you won't live long, if you keep on," said the landlord. "Will drink take the lump away?" "Yes, and if you don't drink you'll soon have a lump on the other side. Come let's drink together," and he poured out two glasses of whisky. "I guess I won't drink," said the former inebriate, "especially if keeping the pledge will bring another lump, for it isn't so very hard to bear, after all," and with this he drew out the lump, a roll of greenbacks, from his side pocket, and walked off, leaving the landlord to his own sad reflections.

INGENIOUS CLOCK.—There is now in possession of, and manufactured by Mr. Collings, silversmith, of Gloucester, England, a most ingenious piece of mechanism—an eight day clock, with dead beat escapement maintaining power. chimes the quarters, plays sixteen times, plays three times in twelve hours, or will play at any time required. The hands go round as follows: One, once a minute; one, once an hour; one, once a year.—It shows the moon's age, the time of rising and scattering of the sun, the times of high and low water, half ebb and half flood; and by a beautiful contrivance, there is a part which represents the water which rises and falls, lifting the ships at high water tide as if it were in motion, and, as it recedes, leaving these little automation ships dry on the sands. It shows twelve signs of the zodiac; it strikes or not, as you may wish it; it has the equation table, showing the difference of clock and sun every day in the year. Every portion of the clock is of beautiful workmanship.

THE DEAD COME TO LIFE.—A singular case has just come to light in the Registers' Office of this county. A citizen of North Heidelberg township, who served during the war in Company B, 55th Penna. Volunteers, was reported dead and buried. His supposed widow drew his bounty money, and proceeded to a legal settlement of his estate. He left a will, which was proved, and Letters Testamentary issued to the Executor.—But, to the surprise of all parties, the dead man returned home about ten days ago, alive and well. Fortunately, matters had not gone so far as to render his reappearance inconvenient to any one, so that nothing was necessary but to revoke the Letters Testamentary and withdraw the will. A similar case, it is believed, has never occurred in this county.—Reading Gazette.

A GENIUS.—An extraordinary genius has been discovered in Ireland, in the person of a lad sixteen years of age.—The lad has constructed, entirely unaided, a piece of machinery in full motion, occupying a ground space of six or eight feet square, and driven by a small water-wheel about four feet in diameter. On a close inspection it was found that various wheels, cogs, cranks and spindles were entirely self-acting, and were performing simultaneously the varied operations of pumping, churning, hammering on the anvil, perpendicular saw, diagonal and circular saw, etc., but so cleverly adapted to these respective uses that the whole was driven with the most perfect and easy motion by the water-wheel already alluded to. The lad is the son of a blacksmith living in Knockmuth, county Wicklow, and has never been ten miles from home.

It is said that there was never but one man who wasn't spoiled by being flattered. He was a Jew, and his name was Daniel.

Farmers Department.

PREPARE FOR WINTER.

The farmer and gardener now have hundreds of subjects on their hands, and the days are short and fleeting, and as old Time is passing with rapidity and power, every one must be diligent and complete with him, with all their might.

Secure crops of every description, and see that there is no waste after they are in the cellar, granary or barn, by animals, vermin, heating mould, &c. See that potatoes, beets, carrots, turnips, apples pumpkins and squashes are secured from the frost.

Cart out manure. This is a favorable season to apply it as a top dressing to grass lands. It should also be in readiness for early crops. When the manure is removed from the barn yard, put loam, tufts, &c., into the yard to absorb the liquid manure, and prevent waste of the solid parts.

It is a well established fact, that manure saved in a cellar is worth twice as much as that thrown out and exposed to the weather. Those who are so unfortunate as to have no barn cellar, can save the liquid manure, and prevent much of the waste of other parts, by having a good supply of loam to throw on the floor, and remove it as it becomes saturated with liquid manure. In this way a farmer may nearly double the value of his manure.

Nest cattle and horses, young and old, should be housed, if not fed. They should all be fed as the feed fails, that they may not decline in flesh, then it will cost much less to winter them, and they will be more profitable, for labor, beef, milk or growth.

Secure buildings against the searching winds and pelting storms of winter. A single nail may save the loss of a board, and even the destruction of a building, for roofs of buildings have been blown off by wind where only a single board was wanting, or a window was open.

Make ditches and drains to prevent ploughed lands from being washed.—Lands for early crops should be prepared by manuring and plowing, and elevating if necessary, that the water may run off, and the land become dry, early in the season.

Ploughing can often be done more conveniently in Fall than in Spring. Teams are strong at this season, and the weather is cool. Most lands that are in a rough state, are much improved by Fall ploughing, and exposure to the frost; and the exposure of land in ridges, destroys many insects. Mr. B. F. Cutter, Pelham, New Hampshire, showed us a very small patch of tomatoes ploughed in the Spring, on which there was a greater destruction of plants by worms, than on ten times the extent of land ploughed in the Fall. We have destroyed witch grass in a great measure, by Fall ploughing, plating it in ridges. If it be laid over flat and smooth; the effect will be less, and if an early snow remains all winter, the destruction of grass roots will be less than in an open winter.

See that the fences around orchards are good, as cattle prune trees very injudiciously, to say nothing of their having no regard to the proper season for this business.—Ez.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

The season for buckwheat cakes has arrived. A writer in the American Agriculturist recommends the following method for making cakes:

"The finest, tenderest cakes can be made by adding a little unbolted wheat (or Graham) flour to the buckwheat.—Less than a quarter will do. Mix with cold sour milk, or fresh (not sweet) buttermilk, which is best. The soda, (emptyings are dispensed with) when put in cold water, will not act satisfactorily.—Bake at once. The heat starts the effervescence, and as the paste rises it will bake thus preventing it from falling.—Hence the culminating point of lightness is attained. The batter rises snowy and beautiful, and the pancake will swell to almost undue dimensions, absolutely the lightest and tenderest that can be baked, with not a touch of acid. More salt, however, must be added than usual, to counteract the too fresh taste when soda alone is used. Thus the bother of emptyings is all dispensed with. Pancakes in this way can be baked at any time and on the shortest notice. We keep our flour mixed, the Graham with the buckwheat, ready for use."