

W. G. Malista

Juniata Sentinel



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TERMS OF PUBLICATION.
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 JOB WORK.—The prices of JOB WORK, for thirty bills, one eight sheet, \$1.25; one-fourth, \$2.00; one-half, \$3.00; and additional numbers, half price—and for Blanks, \$2.00 per quire.

Business Cards.
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Attorney-at-Law,
 Mifflintown, Juniata County, Pa., Office on Main street South of Bridge street.
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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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 Sept. 20, 1865.

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 Office—Main Street, in the room formerly occupied by Wm. M. Allison Esq.
 COLLECTIONS AND ALL OTHER BUSINESS conducted with the profession promptly attended to. Oct. 15, 1865.

DR. P. C. RENDIO, 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

VENUE AUCTIONEER
 The undersigned offers his services to the public as Venue Officer and Auctioneer. He has had a very large experience, and feels confident that he can give satisfaction to all who may employ him. He can be addressed at Mifflintown, or found at his home in Fernagh 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, and feeling confident that he can give 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, Bounties, 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. RENDIO, M. D.,
 Patterson, Pa.
 Dec. 9, 1865.

Deafness, Blindness and Catarrh,
 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—17

CALL AND EXAMINE
 our Stock of Ready Made Clothing before you purchase elsewhere, you will find a good assortment for Men and Boys wear, which will be sold cheap for cash or country produce.
MERRY & PENNELL,
 Mifflintown, Pa.

Select Poetry.

SOONER OR LATER.

BY HARRIET E. PERECOTT.

Sooner or later the storms shall beat
 Over my slumber from head to feet:
 Sooner or later the winds shall rave
 In the long grass above my grave.

I shall not heed them where I lie,
 Nothing their sound shall signify,
 Nothing the headstone's fret of rain,
 Nothing to me the dark day's pain.

Sooner or later the sun shall shine
 With tender warmth on that mound of mine:
 Sooner or later, in summer air,
 Clover and violet blossom there.

I shall not feel, in that deep-laid rest,
 The sheeted light fall over my breast,
 Nor even note in those hidden hours
 The wind-blown breath of the tossing flowers.

Sooner or later the stainless snows
 Shall add their hush to my mute repose;
 Sooner or later shall saint and shift,
 And heap my bed with their dashing drift.

Chill through the frozen pall shall seem,
 Its touch no colder can make the dream
 That rocks not the sweet and sacred dead,
 Shrouding the city of the dead.

Sooner or later the bee shall come
 And fill the noon with its golden hum;
 Sooner or later on half-paused wing
 The blue-bird's warble about me ring—

Ring and chirrup and whistle with glee,
 Nothing his music means to me;
 None of these beautiful things shall know
 How soundly their lever sleeps below.

Sooner or later, far out in the night,
 The stars shall over me wing their flight;
 Sooner or later my darkling dew
 Catch the white spark in their silent ooze.

Never a ray shall part the gloom
 That wraps me round in the kindly tomb;
 Peace shall be perfect for lip and brow,
 Sooner or later—oh why not now?

A Select Story.

ALMOST A DUEL.

Our regiment was stationed at Morgan's Ford. Our Colonel had been shot by an Indian guerrilla, and our lieutenant colonel had gone home sick; so the command devolved upon our major, whose name was Farewell. He was a middle-aged, dashing fellow, given to social enjoyment; on good terms with himself, and as a general thing, keeping on pretty good terms with those about him. He was naturally free and easy, a fine soldier, and a strict disciplinarian. He was a kind-hearted, generous man, though troubled with a temper that led him into error at times.

Major Farewell had been in command but a few weeks, when he concluded to send for his wife to come and stay with him through the summer. He had some comfortable and commodious quarters, and there was little danger that the Indians would make another attack.

It was away on a foraging expedition when Mrs. Farewell arrived, but returned on the following day, and was in season to attend the party which the Major gave on the occasion. The staff and line officers, not kept away on duty, were all present, and joy and merriment ruled the hour.

Mrs. Farewell was younger than her husband—a handsome, portly woman, bearing herself with peculiar grace and dignity, without any effort at show or affectation. She assumed no needless reserve, but treated her guests with kindness and consideration, seeming only anxious that all should feel at home, and enjoy themselves.

In that far-off region the laws of total abstinence were not strictly adhered to; and on the present occasion we not only emptied many bottles of wine, but sundry bottles of old bourbon were included in the bill of fare. Towards midnight the ladies withdrew, but the officers were not quite ready to retire. The Major was in the highest spirits; and song and story, with flowing goblets, gave us occupation. By and by, I proposed a toast, "Mrs. Major Farewell," and it was drunk with cheers. Why in the world the Major should have taken offense I could not comprehend; but he did so, and intimated that I had better not make too free with his wife's name.

"Egad," I replied, without stopping to weigh my words, "if you have your handsome lady as sacred as that, you ought not to have brought her out here."
 "Captain Willett," he cried, rising to his feet, "if you breathe the lady's name again, I'll kick you from my quarters!"
 I had started up from my seat, when Lieutenant Walker, who was sitting by my side, pulled me back.
 "Zounds!" he uttered, in a hurried whisper—"don't say another word! The old Major's mad, and he's a bit jealous too. Can't you see it?"
 As Walker spoke, it flashed upon me that Mrs. Farewell had been very attentive to me. She had dined with me four or

five times, and had promiscued with me upon the piazza.
 But I could not hear such language as Major Farewell had addressed to me; and, in spite of my friend's remonstrance I retorted upon him. My blood was heated with whisky, and I had no more for the commanding officer at that time than I would have cared for a drummer-boy.

"By—sir!" I replied, with an oath which I need not repeat here, "you would have a fine time kicking me out? Perhaps you had better try it now!"
 The Major sprang at me and caught me by the collar. I thought at the time that he meant to strike; but I was subsequently convinced that he did not. However, I struck him upon the cheek with the flat of my hand.

With a hissing oath he drew a pistol from his pocket; but, before he could use it, the Adjutant caught his arm, and three or four of my friends hurried me from the room, and led me to my quarters.

On the following morning I awoke with anything but a pleasant feeling; and, when I remembered what had transpired during the previous night, I felt wretched enough. I cursed the wine cup and the whiskey bottle from the bottom of my heart, and inwardly resolved that I would touch the stuff no more. Still I was forced to take a stiff toddy to steady my nerves; and, after I had dressed myself, I sat down to a cup of coffee. I was thus engaged when our adjutant, Mr. Bower, entered my quarters. I bade him good-morning, and asked if he would not take some breakfast with me.

"Not now," said he, shaking his head; "I have called upon business. Ah, Captain! this is a bad affair. Do you remember that you struck the Major last night?"
 "Yes; I remember it very well—remember it too well."
 "He expects you will make an apology," pursued the Adjutant.

"And if I do not?"
 "Then you must fight him."
 "You were present, Bower, during the entire scene?"
 "Yes."
 "Then I wish you to tell me the truth, for I am free to confess that my brain was on a bit of a whirl last night. First, did I, in my toast to Mrs. Farewell, give him the least occasion for ill feeling?"
 "I could see none, Captain; but you remember that he had been drinking."
 "Exactly; and in that we were even. And now, did he not, in the presence of the whole company, threaten to kick me from his quarters?"
 "Yes."
 "And did he not lay his hands upon me before I struck him?"
 "I cannot be positive; but I think he did."
 "Then," said I, drinking the last of my coffee, "I shall make no apology."
 "You will remember, Captain," suggested Bower, "that the Major is a dead shot, and that in the handling of the sword he has no superior."

I cared nothing at all about that. I knew the temper of our officers, and I knew that I should be held in light esteem if I allowed the Major to back me down.
 Once more Bower asked me if I would apologize.
 I told him emphatically—
 "No."
 "Then," he added, "I have instructions to deliver this note."

He handed me an unsealed missive, which I found to be a challenge; and by it I was informed that Adjutant Bower was empowered to make all necessary arrangements.
 After dinner I sat down alone to arrange my affairs. I wrote several letters which I sealed and inclosed in a single envelope, to be sent off by my clerk, in case I should fall. My property I gave into Walker's charge, with instructions how to dispose of it. When matters had been thus arranged, it was well toward evening; and, taking a light cane in my hand, I walked out for a breath of fresh air.

Not far from the camp was Morgan's Falls—a wild, romantic spot, where the water of the river scrambled over a huge bed of broken rocks, and toward this spot I bent my steps. Just above the falls was a bridge of logs, from which could be obtained one of the grandest scenes that ever blessed the eye of an artist.

As I reached the summit of an eminence near the falls, I saw a woman and a child standing upon the bridge. I lost sight of them for a time; but, as I was emerging from the thicket, a sharp, piercing cry of agony broke upon my ear. I sprang to the bridge, and there I saw the woman alone.

She was wringing her hands, and shrieking like a crazy creature. I was not many seconds in comprehending the truth. Below the bridge, floating on the troubled waters, I saw the child, its spreading garments buoying it up; and I could hear the tiny voice calling—
 "Mamma! Mamma!"

There was not a moment to lose. The child was going nearer to the falls—nearer and nearer to its death! It was a fearful risk me; for the chances were that I should be taken over into the hissing, boiling surge below the rocks. But what was the risk to me? If I died in

the river, I should not stand in the way of Major Farewell's bullet. I had better a thousand times give up my life than than throw it away in the duel. The woman saw me, and appealed to me for help; but my coat was off before she had discovered me; and in a moment I was in the water, striking out with all my power.

The child was half way from the bridge to the falls when I started; but I swam rapidly, and caught it just at the point where the waters began to gather for the plunge. It was a girl not more than three or four years old, with bright golden ringlets, large blue eyes, and a face like a cherub. She clasped her little arms about my neck, and called me papa.

"O, papa! good papa! don't let Kitty go into the wicked place down there!"
 With all my might I held up the child, and struck for the shore; but it was not to be. I had been drawn into the swift current, and no mortal could have stood it. The prospects of the morrow took from me all fears of the present, and I was more calm and collected than I might otherwise have been. As soon as I realized that I must go over the falls, I turned every thought to saving the child; for even in those few short moments, the little darling had won strongly and deeply, upon my love.

Nearer and swifter I went, the roar of the mad waters growing louder and louder until at length the edge was reached.—Close to my bosom I bore the child, shielding it as well as I could; and in a moment more my eyes were closed beneath the boiling flood. Down, down, around like a top, then away over a bed of smooth rocks; and finally when I opened my eyes I saw the shore not far off, and quickly discovered that I could stand upon my feet, with my head out of the water.

I reached the shore just as three or four soldiers came down the mule path; and they helped me to a bed of moss, and took the child from my arms.
 Was the child safe?
 They told me yes. I looked up, and saw the cherub smile; and then my brain whirled, as it had in the flood, and I sank into the strong arms of one of my own men, quite dizzy and faint.

When I came to myself, I was upon my own bed, and Walker and my orderly were by my side. I started up and looked around, and was not long in remembering what had happened. My very first inquiry, was for the child that I had saved.
 "The nurse took it away," replied my orderly, "and it was alive and well."
 "Whose child was it?"
 But neither knew. The woman who had it in charge was a stranger, and anxiety on my account had prevented their asking her many questions.

It was not eight o'clock and I had been in my quarters an hour. I arose, feeling quite sore; and my left arm was so lame I could not lift it. I took a little warm wine, and ate a little supper, and about ten o'clock I felt quite strong.
 In the morning I felt sore and stiff, and was forced to hang my arm in a sling.—Walker, when he came, suggested that the duel be put off; but I would listen to no such proposition.

At half past six we took our pistols, and started for the scene of action, which was in a secluded spot on the river, about half a mile below the falls. I felt somewhat fatigued when I reached the place, and was forced to call upon my second for his whiskey flask. In a little while the Major and the Adjutant made their appearance; and I suggested to Walker that I would like to have the affair over as soon as possible. I was growing weak and shaky, though I did not tell him so.

He had opened the pistol case, and was taking out the weapons, when Mr. Bower approached us.
 "Gentlemen," said he, "Major Farewell wishes to speak before we proceed any further."
 "I am ready to listen, I replied: "only let it be as brief as possible."
 Presently the Major came forward me. "Captain," he said, with a precipitous tremulousness in his tone, "I have challenged you, and the arrangements are already made. I will stand where I am and you may fire at me!"
 "You mean we will exchange shots?" said I.
 "No," he returned, shaking his head, "I cannot fire at you!"
 "But, sir, what means this?" I cried in amazement.
 "Do you not know?" he asked, seeming equally amazed.
 I assured him that I did not.
 "You saved a human life, last night?"
 "Yes; I saved a cherub."
 "Do you know whose cherub it was?"
 I told him that I had not the least idea.

With a quick movement he advanced, and caught my hand.
 "Captain Willett," he exclaimed, with strong emotion, "that child was mine!—You may have your shot; but I would rather die a thousand deaths than lift my hand against the preserver of my precious darling!"
 I tried to make some reply; but I could not speak coherently. I had been growing weaker and weaker, and my heart

was winking, and the sound of rushing hissing waters rung in my ear.
 "Ah, the ordeal at the falls is too much for him," I heard Walker say as he caught me in his arms.
 "Captain! Captain! Forgive me! I was all to blame!"
 So I heard the Major speak. I pressed his hand and tried to smile.

I was sick for a long time; but I had the best and tenderest of nursing—Mrs. Farewell was like a mother or a loving sister to me, and the bright-eyed cherub was my company. As she wound her tiny arms around my neck, and pressed her warm lips to my bearded cheek, she said that she loved me very much, and that I must be her "other papa."

INCIDENTS OF THE CALIFORNIA EARTH-QUAKE.

The San Francisco correspondent of the Chicago Tribune thus describes some of the incidents of the earthquake in California in October:
 "I was standing at the front of the City Hall when the great shock came. My feet were on an iron grating in the sidewalk which lets light into the basement, and my first impression was that the grating was loose and that I was falling into the cellar. Just then I saw everybody running and heard the low moaning grumble of the earthquake. I reeled to the opposite side of the street before the second and heaviest shock came, and, looking up, saw the tall stone walls of the city hall swaying and cracking, hard the great fire bell strike from the oscillation, and listened to the roar of falling walls, plastering, glass, etc., all over town, and the screams of woman and children, with a feeling of sickness, and I may say fear, which I never before experienced.

"The City Hall building is badly damaged. The front walls show but few cracks, but at the top the wall is so badly sprung as to let the rafters out in several places. The inner walls are badly cracked and shattered, and large cracks appear in the rear wall, on the north east corner near the area. The oscillation of the wall was so great as to cause the fire bell to strike once quite distinctly. Until the building has been carefully examined by architects, it is perhaps not worth our while to pass an opinion as to its safety and the extent of the repairs which may be necessary.

"The earthquake occurring during service at the various churches, which were all crowded, was the occasion of considerable excitement among the congregations, the greater portion of the edifices being occupied immediately without accident, which, considering the number of females and children present, is a matter of sincere congratulation.

"The Rev. Mr. Crisis was preaching to his usual congregation of seething idlers, in Sacramento street, near Montgomery, when the shock was felt. Dropping his documents, he started on a foot race with his congregation, in a most undignified manner, evidently under the impression that what he had been blowing about through so many years, had come at last. We regret to say that he came back, recovered his papers, renewed his attacks on the clergy, and sales of the documents, with redoubled energy, to make up for lost time.

"On Bush street, a lady who was engaged in washing an infant of very tender age, ran screaming into the street. She stood on the sidewalk for some time swiveling something in her hand, which at first, was taken for a dressed chicken by the bystanders, but which began to speak for itself in language which placed it at once in the category of a different class of animated nature. She was holding it by the foot, head downwards, and had forgotten all about what she had in her hand."

AN ENGLISHMAN BAMBOOZLED.
 Kendall, formerly of the N. O. Picayune, relates the following, which occurred in his presence at Baden in Germany.
 "At this juncture we were joined by an English party, when the subject brought under discussion was bathing.
 "I take a cold sponge bath every morning when at home," said John Bull.
 "So do I," retorted the Yankee.
 "Winter and summer," continued the Englishman.
 "My system exactly," responded the Yankee.
 "Is your weather and water cold?" queried John Bull.
 "Right chilly," continued Brother Jonathan.
 "How cold?" inquired John.
 "So cold that the water all freezes as I pour it down my back, and rattles upon the floor in the shape of hail!" responded the Yankee, with the same cunning twinkle of the eye. "Were you in the next room to me in America," he continued, "and could hear me as I am taking my sponge bath of a cold winter's morning, you would think I was pouring dry beans down my back!"
 The Englishman shrugged his shoulders as with a shrill and unwarlike

Farmers Department.

A GREAT FARMER'S MAXIM.

We have already made a notice of a discourse by Rev. L. M. Glover, D. D., Jacksonville, Ill., on the death of Mr. Jacob Strawn, who was spoken of as "The Great American Farmer," who died at Jacksonville, Ill., in August last. His biographer has recorded many excellent characteristics of this "distinguished farmer," which we copy for the benefit of those farmers who are somewhat tardy in performing the operations of the farm:

"When you wake do not roll over, but roll out. It will give you time to ditch all your sloughs, break them up, harrow them, and sow them with timothy and red clover. One bushel of clover to two bushels of timothy is enough.

"Make your fence high, tight and strong, so that it will keep cattle and pigs out. If you have brush, make your lots secure, and keep your hogs from the cattle, for if the corn is clean they will get it better than if it is not.

"Be sure to get your hands to bed by seven o'clock; they will rise early by the force of circumstances.
 "Pay a hand, if he is a poor hand, all you promise him; if he is a good hand, pay him a little more; it will encourage him to do still better.

"Always feed your hands as well as you do yourself, for the laboring men are the bone and sinew of the world, and ought to be well treated.
 "I am satisfied that getting up early, industry, and regular habits are the best medicines ever prescribed for health.

"When it comes rainy, bad weather, so that you cannot work out of doors, cut and split your wood.
 "Make your tracks when it rains hard, cleaning your stables, or fixing something which you would have to stop the plow for and fix in good weather.

"Make your tracks, fixing your fence or a gate that is off the hinges, or weatherboarding your barn where the wind has blown off the siding, or patching the roof of your house or barn.
 "Study your interests closely, and don't spend any time in electing Presidents, Senators, and other small officers, or talk of hazy times when spending your time in town whittling on store boxes, etc.

"Take your time and make your calculations; don't do things in a hurry, but do them at the right time, and keep your mind as well as your body employed."

A USE FOR USELESS THINGS.

It is often the case that worn out articles lie about the premises for years without being of any use whatever but which one dislikes to destroy. We occasionally see a good deal of ingenuity displayed in converting these to some valuable purpose.

Around gristmills may frequently be seen the worn out stones which have been there for years. We saw a man take one of these and place it where he wanted to set a cedar post in a bad spot. He set the post in the centre of the stone and it forms a permanent foundation, and renders the post less likely to be moved by frost.—Split in twain they make good door steps.

Steel hoops which are always under the foot, may be used for tying up grape vines; some have recommended their use for trailing vines, but nobody would like the looks of them there.
 A wooden chair, minus its legs, nailed on to a block of wood, makes a capital milking stool. It can be turned down without being wet or soiled.

Old barrel hoops, which often get more kicks than blessings, make good trellis for tomatoes by nailing two of them to a stake a foot apart, on each side of the plant.
 Paint kegs are excellent for keeping soft soap in small quantities.
 Good sized barn door trucks, screwed on to the end of a heavy gate, will save a good deal of lifting, and render it capable of being opened and shut by any child. We have seen a wooden truck answer a good purpose.

Thus every farmer who reads this article can add to its value by suggesting some use for some other useless things.—Ohio Farmer.

BAKED APPLE PUDDING.—There is nothing more palatable and healthful than cooked apples when properly done and served. The apple crop not being very abundant this year, all who desire cannot indulge in the luxury. The following recipe for baked apple pudding we know to be excellent. Two ounces of butter, quarter pound powdered white sugar, quarter pound boiled apples, six yolks of three eggs, the whites of two eggs, the rind and juices of one lemon; mix the whole well together, and bake in a puff paste one hour.

CORN CAKE FOR BREAKFAST.—Mix at night one quart of corn meal with water enough to make a thin batter, adding a tablespoonful of yeast, and salt to suit the taste. In the morning stir in two eggs and a small teaspoonful of soda, and with a spoon beat it long and hard—Butter a tin pan, pour the mixture into it; and bake immediately about half an hour in a moderately heated oven.