



TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The JUNIATA SENTINEL is published every Wednesday morning, on Main street, by H. H. WILSON.

Business Cards.

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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.

VENUE AUCTIONEER. The undersigned offers his services to the public as Venue Cryer and Auctioneer.

ALEX. SPEDDY, AUCTIONEER. RESPECTFULLY offers his services to the public of Juniata county.

MILITARY CLAIMS. THE undersigned will promptly attend to the collection of claims against either the State or National Government.

Pensions! Pensions! ALL PERSONS WHO HAVE BEEN DISABLED DURING THE PRESENT WAR ARE ENTITLED TO A PENSION.

Deafness, Blindness and Catarrh. TREATED with the utmost success, by Dr. J. ISAACS, Oculist and Aurist.

SELLING OFF AT COST. As the room now occupied by me as a Clothing Store, will be occupied for other purposes in the Spring, I now offer my entire stock of CLOTHING at cost prices.

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Select Poetry.

SONG OF THE PARDON SEEKERS.

We're coming, Uncle Andrew J.: your pardon to implore, A motly band from Dixie's land, we haunt the White House door.

Behold the fierce fire eaters here, as cool as northern ice, And tigers, too, from savage Eour, as innocent as mice;

HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF.

There appears to be universal laws which control all men's actions—even their virtues and their crimes.

A YEAR'S TROUBLES.—Sometimes I compare the troubles we have to undergo in the course of a year to a great bundle of faggots, far too large for us to lift.

A taste for reading will always carry you into the best possible company and enable you to converse with men who will instruct you with their wisdom, and charm you by their will; who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times.

The soul of a noble man is the ballot-box of God. Only through such a soul can his voice be heard as the voice of the people.

DON'T SPARE THE SEED.

A young farmer had his field nicely plowed and harrowed, and was about to put in the seed. He first measured the field, and found how many rods there were in it.

"I am sure I calculated right." "No, you didn't calculate right." "Why not?"

"Did you calculate for the poor seed that could not germinate at any rate? There is a great deal of such in every bushel we sow."

The right application to parents, teachers, ministers and all Christians is obvious. "The seed of life thrown upon the ten lepers from the hand of our Savior, took root in only one heart."

INTERESTING DIALOGUE.

Wheat—Meat—Cabbage—Potatoes—Apples—Grapes—Tomatoes—Bread—Cake—And Some Other Things—And the Boys and Girls Besides.

SCENE—John Smith's Country Store—TIME, Evening—SPEAKERS, Sundry Villagers, and Farmers who have "happened in as usual."

Mr. Jones—Good reason. Things're so high, we can't afford to buy. You charge such awful prices, Smith.

Mr. Smith—Can't help it. I have to pay so much more. When I sold sugar at 10 c's a pound, I made a cent a pound, and I only make a cent now on 20 cents, and this cent profit don't go so far to keep my family.

Mr. Brown.—I buy just as much as ever. I don't see as there is much change. I used to sell my 600 bushels of wheat for 75 cents a bushel, or \$450. Of this, \$250 went for family store bills, and \$200 to pay off my farm debt.

Mr. Price.—I can't see as it makes much difference. If there is twice as much money going, and everybody gets twice as much for everything he raises, and pays twice as much for everything he buys, it all comes out square at the end; and there is gain in the operation: those who save money, or make a profit, make double, as neighbor Brown explains about paying his farm debt.

Mr. Butler.—That's so. Mr. Greene.—So I think.—Mr. Moore.—So do I.

Mr. Baker.—There is a little drawback. I keep the accounts of Widow Roberts, who has the mortgage on Mr. Brown's farm, and the \$400 he pays don't go only half so far in supporting her, and educating her children.

Mr. Travis (the School Teacher)—

It'll do, for I only pay 500—

Rev. Mr. Corey.—And I only get \$600 a year, while I always had \$500 with wheat at 75 cents and sugar 10 cents.

Several Voices.—That ain't quite square.

Mr. Knox, (Editor).—And you only pay me \$2 a year for my newspaper which you thought cheap at \$1.50, five years ago, though I have now to pay three times as much for everything I use in making a newspaper.

Mr. Greene.—Why don't you raise your prices, too?

Mr. Knox.—People won't stand it. I keep along with no profit, or even at a loss, hoping for better times, or else lose my subscribers, and let the paper go down.

Mr. Brown.—I didn't stop so much for the price; I went in for paying for my farm by extra economy.

Mr. Knox.—Yes, he followed my advice for people "economize and pay their debts now." But let us see if Mr. Brown began at the right place.

Mr. Brown.—Don't say anything more about that, Mr. Knox, and put me down a subscriber for life.

Mr. Knox.—I have heard of several other such losses by those who stopped my paper. Not to be too personal, as some of them are here, I will call them A. B. C. etc.

Mr. Taylor.—Let me help Editor Knox's argument. Wife read to me an item he published about a humbug, which he copied from the American Agriculturist, of New York City.

Mr. Knox.—Yes and do you know that the fellow sold more than fifty of the humbug recipes hereabout, at \$3, a piece? but not to any one of my subscribers.

Mr. Potts.—Put me down as a subscriber, Mr. Knox, here is your two dollars.

Mr. Shaw.—And me too.

Mr. Knox.—Thank you, gentlemen.—I'll try to make a better paper than ever. Every dollar helps; a new subscriber only adds to my expense the cost of paper.

Mr. Potts.—Put me down as a subscriber, Mr. Knox, here is your two dollars.

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Mr. Knox.—Thank you, gentlemen.—I'll try to make a better paper than ever. Every dollar helps; a new subscriber only adds to my expense the cost of paper.

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Mr. Potts.—Put me down as a subscriber, Mr. Knox, here is your two dollars.

Mr. Shaw.—And me too.

And now while you are about it, I want to make up a club for a good New York paper.

Mr. Brown.—We can't afford to take so many papers.

Mr. Smith.—You have just seen that you could not afford to stop your home paper; let us see if it will not pay to join our club.

Mr. Rich.—You have taken the American Agriculturist for several years. Does it pay?

Mr. Rich.—Pay? Yes fifty times over. Why, I got two ten-acre fields ready to sow to wheat, and put it in one of them.

Mr. Smith.—You are another subscriber to the Agriculturist, Mr. West; does it pay?

Mr. West.—Pay? Yes. You know what good cabbages and potatoes I had last season. Why, the cabbages were worth double any others in town, for market or for home use.

Mr. Smith.—What say you, Taylor? Does it pay to invest \$1.50 in the Agriculturist?

Mr. Taylor.—Most certainly. A hint in the paper led me to look after certain insects at the proper time, and the result was, I had 160 barrels of splendid apples which brought me a clean \$5 per barrel and this you know was better by \$1, than the average prices here, or \$160.

Mr. Smith.—Let's hear from Mr. Crane. Mr. Crane.—I only read in the paper what was said about Logs—what kind paid best, how to feed them, and the like; if you will call around and see my porkers, and my expense account, I'll bet a pipin I can show fifty dollars more of pork for the same money, than any other man here.

Mr. Smith.—I am glad to do so. I know you will like it. The January number, which has just come to hand, is alone worth the cost of a year. See here (showing it), there are 40 pages, twice as large as the magazine pages, and there are thirty-five engravings in it, two of them full page size, and see how beautiful! Why, I'll give any man who takes the paper a year, a dollar and a half in goods out of my store, if he says at the end of a year he has not got many times his money's worth.

Mr. Butler.—Put me in your club.

Mr. Greene.—And me too.—Mr. Brown.—And me.

Mr. Smith.—I have no interest in the matter, except to do a good thing for the place. You can join our club, or any one who desires can get the Agriculturist for all 1866 (Volume 25,) by simply enclosing \$1.50, with his name and post-office address, and sending it to ORANGE JUDD & CO., 41 PARK ROW, NEW YORK CITY.

Mr. Travis.—My salary has not allowed me to take the paper; though I must squeeze out enough to do so this year.—My school boys have brought me some copies to look at the past year or two, and

When a young man gets a colic by eating too much, he deserves to be laughed at for his pans.

A brave soldier though he loves home, will "strike home."

I find the Boys' and Girls' department of the Agriculturist the best thing I ever met. It is full of items, etc., that amuse and at the same time instruct the children. Why, I could pick out the boys and girls in my school whose parents take the Agriculturist, just by hearing them talk—they are so full of new and good things they have learned from the paper. The paper has many beautiful engravings.

Rev. Mr. Corey.—As small as is my salary, I would have the paper if it cost \$5 a year, instead of \$1.50. The fact is, it helps out my salary. My little garden plot at the parsonage has yielded us almost all our table vegetables, besides many beautiful flowers. The Agriculturist has been my constant guide. I knew but little of gardening; but this paper is so full of information about the best things to plant and sow, when to plant, and how to cultivate—all told in so plain and practical a way, by men who seem to talk from their own experience, that I know just what to do, and how to do it well. The high moral tone of the paper, its common sense, the care it takes of all parts of the Farm, the Garden, the Orchard—the Household work, and the Children as well, with its hundreds of beautiful and instructive engravings—make it the most valuable periodical I have ever seen. I heartily wish every one of my parishioners would take it for himself and family. It would awaken thought and enterprise, give interest to the town and neighborhood talk, stimulate improvement, introduce new and profitable crops, animals and implements, and add to our wealth. Take my advice, and all of you try the paper a year.—The \$1.50 it costs, is only three cents a week, and it is worth that any way. Why the large and beautiful engravings are worth many times that.

Mr. Davis.—I took the Genesee Farmer last year, and as that has stopped, I thought I would take a new paper.

Mr. Smith.—The "Genesee Farmer" was not really stopped. The Publishers of the Agriculturist invited Mr. Harris to join the Farmer to the Agriculturist, and put his whole force into the latter paper. They paid him a large price for his office and moved it with everything connected with it to their office. So the Agriculturist is really two papers joined into one, and of course better. I think we better go with Mr. Harris to the Agriculturist that has been published for 25 years, and has a hundred thousand circulation, which, as Mr. Knox has told us, supplies the means and facilities for giving us a great deal more for the same money. Mr. Harris carries on his large farm, and in his "Waiks and Talks on the Farm," and other things he writes for the Agriculturist, he tells us a great deal about all kinds of farm work.

Mr. Davis.—Put down for the Agriculturist.

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