



H. H. WILSON,

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

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

VOLUME XIX, NO 49.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A. MARCH 14, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER 985.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE JUNIATA SENTINEL is published every Wednesday morning, on Main street, by

H. H. WILSON.

The SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the paper will be \$20 DOLLARS per year in advance, and \$2.50 if not paid within the year.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid—except at the option of the Editor.

ADVERTISING.—The rates of ADVERTISING are for one square, of eight lines or less, no time, 75 cents; three, \$1.00; and so on, or each subsequent insertion. Administrator's, Executor's and Auditor's Notices, \$2.00. Professional and Business Cards, not exceeding 25 lines, and including copy of paper, \$8.00 per year. Merchants advertising (changeable quarterly) \$15 per year, including paper at their Stores. Notices in reading columns, ten cents per line.

Job Work.—The prices of JOB WORK, forty-third 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.

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Mifflintown, Juniata County, Pa. Office on Main street South of Bridge str. et.

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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 connected with the profession promptly attended to. Oct. 18, '65.

DR. P. C. RUNDIO, of Patterson,
Pa., wishes to inform his friends and patrons that he has removed to the house on Bridge Street opposite Todd & Jordan's Store. April 10—

VENDUE AUCTIONEER
The undersigned offers his services to the public as Vendue Cryer 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 Fernsborough 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 Cryer, 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, 1865.

MEDICAL CARD.

DR. S. O. KEMPPER, (late army surgeon) having located in Patterson renders his professional services to the citizens of this place and surrounding country.

Dr. K. having had eight years experience in hospital, general, and army practice, feels prepared to request a trial from those who may be so unfortunate as to need medical attendance.

He will be found at the brick building opposite the "Sentinel Office," or at his residence in the borough of Patterson, at all hours, except when professionally engaged.
July 22, 1865.—H.

A LARGE stock of Queensware, Cedarware such as Tubs, Butter Bowls, Buckets, Baskets, Horse Buckets, &c., at
BENTLEY, FROST & PARKER'S.

Select Poetry.

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

BY ISAAC F. SHEPARD.

Oh! never speak with angry tone
To one within this erring world;
Let no vindictive look be shown,
Nor be thy lip with passion curled;
For man at best is frail as dust,
And God alone is truly just.

Speak kindly to the little child,
Lest from his heart you drive away
The light of love whose visions mild
Are opening like the dawn of day;
Force not one cloud across the heaven,
A God of love to him hath given.

Speak kindly to each fallen one,
Nor harshly judge his sinful deed;
There lives no soul beneath the sun
That does not of compassion need;
Our race is erring at the best,
And judgment is not thy behest.

Be kind to all, and thus fulfill
The first great duty here below;
Let words of love our hearts distill,
To mitigate thy brother's woe;
For though in pride and guilt he swells,
His heart its own deep anguish tells.

A Story for Children.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

"Run here, girls, quick! Just look at this awful old man, with his wooden leg and white beard," said Mary Norton, as she stood on the cross-bar of the fence enclosing the school house grounds. "Come quick, for he stumps along pretty fast. It is Mathusalem come back again, I reckon," added the witty but irreverent girl. "Let us go out and have some fun with the old man."

A general rush followed this announcement; but at the sight of the aged veteran, there was not the shout of merriment that Mary had expected. Some laughed a little, at first; but with most of them, curiosity gave place to a quiet awe; and on one sweet face, there was an expression of affectionate reverence, which could not be mistaken. One word from Nellie Mansfield at that moment, would have called forth from many of those young hearts an expression of the feelings which existed in her own.

"Why don't you laugh?" said Mary. "I do not see anything to make fun of," said Nellie. "I cannot laugh at white hairs. They remind me of dear grandpa." As she brushed away a tear that gathered in her dark eyes, the girls involuntarily drew nearer to her, and shrank away from their more boisterous companions.

By this time, the old soldier—for such he proved to be—had advanced along the retired road that skirted the playground, and was directly opposite the gates. The girls all flocked out into the road, and stood silently gazing at him.

He stopped and leaned against a tree wearily. "Well, children, you have come out to see an old man; and he is a queer looking object, isn't he?" His voice was kindly in its tone, and even Mary Norton forgot that she had intended to make sport of his infirmities.

"You seem to be very tired, Sir," said Nellie Mansfield. "There are some benches in the grounds. Will you come in and rest yourself?"

"Thank you, my child; you are very thoughtful. I am tired, for I have walked a long distance." As he approached the gate, the children instinctively drew back. "Don't be afraid," he said, "I love children too well to harm them, but age and infirmity are not pleasant to the eye. I remember well when I felt as you do now."

"We are not afraid," said one or two, drawing near to him, and regretting that they had wounded him.

"No, sir, we are not at all afraid," said Nellie, "and here is a seat for you." As he sat down he drew a long breath, and said cheerfully, "You see, my dear, that I have not only my wooden leg, but the weight of almost eighty years to carry. It is a heavy burden—but God wills it—and it is a long time to be in this world."

"Yes, sir," said Nellie, "and the day is very warm."
"But the warm sun comes gratefully to the aged," he replied. "Thank God, we can see that, and feel it too. His sun shines for all. Blessed be his name!" He lifted his hat reverently, and his eye involuntarily glanced upward.

"That is the way dear grandpa always speaks of God," she thought.
"I wonder why younger people do not love Him so?" She sat down on the bench beside him. "Can we do anything for you, sir?"
"A glass of water, if you please, my child."

Half a dozen at once ran to bring it; and Nellie, from her lunch basket, took a piece of cake which he gratefully received. "So you are not afraid of such an ugly old fellow, after all," he said, smiling, and looking round upon the group.
"Oh, no, sir," came from many voices. "Well, the leg went in a good cause, children. So I will not complain; and its loss saved the life of a comrade."

"Please tell us about it, sir," and the children drew closer round him.
"I lost it in the war of 1812. I suppose you have read about that in history. But war to the readers, and that to the actors in it, are two very different things. I was a marine, and a pretty smart fellow, when I lost my leg on the deck of the frigate Constitution; but I've not been good for much since. I was removing a wounded friend from an exposed position, when the ball came. I was glad that I saved him, for he had a wife and children, and I had none then. I had a right to a pension, but I never applied for it."

"Why not, sir?" said several of the girls at once, with sympathy in their tones.
"Well, I lived far back in the country, and had no friends in Washington. So, as long as I could labor, I managed to support myself and to lay by enough for my few remaining years. I have one comfort in my old age. God has given me a daughter. Blessed be His name."

Seated in the shadow of the school house, the old soldier seemed comfortable and happy, and his young auditors listened to him with attention and reverence. After partaking of the refreshments offered him, he said, "Well, children, you are all young now, but if you live long enough, age with its infirmities will come, and then you will know how gratifying it is to receive such kindness, as you have shown me to day. Once in a while I go out to enjoy the air and sunshine; and they have enticed me farther than I have walked for a year before. I am now awhile from home, and when I reached this gate, I was wishing that seats by the roadside had been provided for travelers. But I am keeping you too long from your play, or your studies," and he made an attempt to rise.

Half a dozen voices exclaimed at once, "Oh, no, sir, sit still, our recess lasts a whole hour, and we do not care to play now."

"You are good children," he said, "and very different from those who mocked the prophet Elisha. You have read that story in the Bible?"

Some of them remembered it, others did not.
"Let me tell you then. Elisha, the prophet, the servant of God, was on his way to Bethel, when children came out of the city and mocked him, saying, 'Go up, thou bald head! Go up, thou bald head!'" Then the prophet turned back, and cursed them in the name of the Lord. And God, in order to punish them, sent two bears out of the wood, and they tore in pieces forty and two of them. So He manifested His anger against them. But He will bless you all, I am sure, for your kindness to the aged."

As she listened to his commendation, Mary Norton shrank back into the crowd, mortified and self-condemned for having ridiculed his infirmities. He left them, refreshed and gratified. That night Nellie Mansfield lay down upon her pillow, happier far than Mary Norton, at the retrospect of the day; but Mary was anxious to atone for the past, and she did not rest till she had discovered the home of the veteran. She was among the first who visited him there, and from time to time the school girls cheered his declining days by carrying to him flowers from the woods, or some little delicacy procured for him from their homes. But Nellie Mansfield went farther than all. She told the story to her father, who applied to the Pension Agent at Washington, and the sum which was found due to the old soldier of 1812 was sufficient to make a little fortune for his declining years, and to enable him amply to provide for the devoted daughter he was to leave behind.

At every visit, the glad welcome, and

"God bless you, children!" sent them happily far for having begun to do those good deeds, which at the last, will secure for them the verdict:
"Well done, good and faithful; enter ye into the joy of your Lord."—New York Observer.

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.

A GOOD STORY OF BISHOP EWELL.

In the autumn of 1857 I spent a few days in a country parsonage, and on the Sunday morning, at breakfast the pastor's wife received a letter, which her tittering told us must be a titbit. "Ha, uncle," said she, "here are clerical doings exactly to your taste." The writer, a lady in a distant country, narrated that there had lately come into the next parish a new vicar—a very fine young man, who at school had no superior, either in Greek or in boxing, and who at the University won honors for his classics and silver cups for his boating. He was beginning in earnest the work of an evangelist among the long neglected, vicious and brutal people. He had a plan and a will, but many worthy people were fearing that his zeal was without knowledge or wisdom.

One of his first measures was to open a school in a remote part of the parish, and get the room licensed for a week-day preaching. But all the drunkard rose against such unheard of proceedings. They would run after him, cursing, hooting, and discharging volleys of sods and other missiles. Finding remonstrance in vain, he adopted another course on the Wednesday evening in the week before I heard the story. Making a stand in the middle of the road at the entrance to the hamlet, just as the storm arose and looking the savages in the face, he addressed them thus, in a firm, quiet voice, which commanded their attention:

"My good fellows, I have borne this patiently for some time, but now I must put a stop to it: and I'll do it in your own way. Choose your best man and we'll fight it out. If I beat you'll give up."

They looked at him unbelievably; but throwing his coat aside, he added:
"I am in earnest—send your man."

The ruffians put their heads together and then a burly giant stepped forth and made a furious dash at his reverend challenger, who quietly parried the unskillful blows, and played with them for a few seconds. But then a fist was planted in the peasant's chest, and he lay at full length on the ground. Quietly gathering himself up, however, he skulked away and joined his companions.

"Now send your next best, and I'll go through the lot of you."

Again their heads drew together, and another drew down his jacket, going to work however with a more cautious energy. But at once a stomacher stretched him on the road.

"Your next?"

Once more a conglomerate of dense pates was formed.

"Bill, thee teck him." Bill eyed the hero askance and shook his head.

"Thee, Jim." A shake of the head from Jim also.

"Dick, the'll take the parson?" A shake more decided and stiff. "Nay, nay, I see thee hung fast."

And now the first one who was vanquished stood forward, and, like a brave man, called out:

"I say, parson, yo'r a rare young un, you are. I see thee what, we'er going to hear you preach."

And they all followed him along the little street, said the writer, and heard the word quietly, adding, it remains to be seen what will become of the fight.—What did come of it? I heard a long time afterward that from that day the men doffed their hats, women courted, and children looked awe stricken when they met or passed him, that the beer houses were nearly all shut up, and that a great moral and religious reformation was in progress. That gentleman had previously been the instrument of like changes in equally demoralized parishes.

I may add that a few years back he was deemed the fittest clergyman in the church to go out as a bishop to a scene of great personal danger in a heathen country.—Manchester Examiner.

A woman in Binghampton, N. Y. recently stole \$1400 and hid it in her waterfall. It was several days before the constable could find it.

HAIR WASH FOR DANDRUFF.

A correspondent writing to us requests a recipe for "preparing bear's grease," to prevent his hair falling out, and to free his head from dandruff. We are not acquainted with any preparation of bear's grease, which is capable of affecting such important results. If there is any virtue in bear's grease to accomplish such objects, we think the genuine article must be superior to any chemical preparation of it, and the only way to obtain it pure, to a certainty, is to nab "Bruin," and make sure of his pork.

We give, as follows, however, a very good recipe for making a hair-wash which will remove dandruff and keep the scalp clean and soft, so as to prevent the hair, in ordinary circumstances, from falling out: Take one pint of alcohol and a tablespoonful of castor oil, mix them together in a bottle by shaking them well for a few minutes, then scent it with a few drops of oil of lavender. Alcohol dissolves castor oil, like gum camphor, leaving the liquid or wash quite clear. It does not seem to dissolve any other unctuous oil so perfectly, hence no other is equally good for this purpose.—Scientific American.

THREE GIRLS FROZEN TO DEATH.—A party of six young people who were attending singing school near Chain Lake Marion county, Minnesota, on the night of the 13th inst., started for home, a distance of a mile and a half with an ox team. After remaining out two nights and a day the team got home, driven by one of the boys, the only one able to walk, having on the sled three girls locked together in the cold embrace of death, another girl badly frozen, and the boy not quite so bad. The boy that was frozen the least says he supposed the cattle would go home, but instead went in another direction, and stopped in a large marsh about a mile from the school-house, where they remained two nights and a day. When it cleared so that they could see, they started for home, and arrived in the condition above stated. The names of those frozen to death were Mary and Louisa Landaker, and Amanda Presler.

MELANCHOLY CASE.—A Troy paper states that a few weeks since a well-known gentleman living in Mechanicsville lost an only daughter—a beautiful, educated and accomplished young lady. She was the pride and glory of the father's heart. His anguish was of that character which refused all comfort and consolation. During the coldest nights he would often leave his home, go to her grave and lie down upon the frozen clods that covered her remains, uttering the wildest and most heart-rending lamentations over the tomb of his darling. In this way he spent many nights, when not forced or kindly entreated home by the other members of the household. The father's grief was too intense for human endurance. Gradually the strong frame began to show signs of decay—the mind to give evidence of growing weakness. Three or four days since, this disconsolate mourner died—literally died of a broken heart.

THE GREATEST LOYALIST.—The Louisville Journal having published a paragraph stating that "Mr. and Mrs. Brewer of Kentucky, have twenty-two children," a correspondent writes: The remembrance of the above paragraph in your paper some time ago induces me to tell you of an old man whom we see coming to Knoxville about once a week. We call him Grandpa Davis. He is upwards of ninety years old. His wife has given birth to twenty-nine children, twenty eight of whom are living. They furnished the Union army in the late war with twenty-five recruits. Is there another man who deserves the appellation of "loyal" to a greater extent than Grandpa Davis?—Does he not deserve a pension at the hands of a Government to which he has contributed so largely to save?

A V-Too—"Pa," said an interesting juvenile the other day to his indulgent sire—"Pa, haven't I got a veto as well as the President?"
"No my child."
"Yes, I have, Pa; my fifth toe is a V-toe, I reckon."
"Take that child to his mother—he's ruined!"

We reason a good deal as we eat, more from necessity than knowledge.

GLEANINGS FROM THE MAIL.

IT TAKES 300,000 FAT CATTLE TO SUPPLY LONDON ONE YEAR.

A PIGEON ROOST in Indiana is ten miles long and two wide.

The height of St. Paul's, London, is four hundred and two feet.

THE United States is commonly known in China as "the Kingdom of the Flowery Flag."

A WIDOW in England with two children, has recovered \$35,000 from a railroad, for killing her husband.

SENATOR Sprague and his brother employ six thousand hands at their print works, in Providence Rhode Island.

A BILL has at length passed the Legislature of Virginia, giving colored persons the right to testify orally only, in cases where a negro is concerned.

ONE hundred and eighty thousand bales of cotton, weighing over four millions of pounds, were shipped from Memphis last year.

A MAN named Myers, of Houston, Texas, has killed in his life (he is fifty years old) 15,000 deer. His average for many years past has been 670 per year.

THE oldest reigning monarch in the world at the present time is the Landgrave of Hombourg, aged 82. The youngest sovereign is the Emperor of China, aged 11.

NOBLE!—The Maine Legislature has passed a bill granting a pension of eight dollars per month to all residents of Maine who served in the war on Maine's quota, and were wounded and are in need of assistance, aside from the United States pension and their own resources.

In Adams, Mass., Mrs. Elizabeth Powers attempted to rescue her young child from the railroad track while a train was advancing, and both mother and child were instantly killed. She was a widow and leaves eight orphans.

A DISCHARGED soldier, who stole a ride from Chicago to Pittsburg by hiding in a pork car among the dressed hogs, was locked in, and so remained for five days, with no other food than the raw pork.

THE Hudson Bay Company recently forwarded to St. Paul six thousand mink skins, contained in twelve ordinary sized boxes—probably the most valuable package of furs ever sent to St. Paul. They were sold at \$9 each, making a total of \$54,000.

A LADY in Cleveland, Ohio, the other day, was very affectionate to her husband and at supper handed him a cup of tea, which he declined to drink, but handed it to one of his children. Thereupon the woman sprang forward and seized the cup, thus saving the child's life. The cup contained arsenic. An arrest and trial of course followed.

A REMARKABLE TREE was in January brought to New-York from a Western State, which is considered by the best judges to be worth \$25,000. This was a black walnut tree, 70 feet long, board or inch measure, 4500 feet, but when cut into veneers it would be 30 times that, making 135,000 feet, which at 20 cents would be \$27,000. The cost of cutting, carting and placing in store for sale, would be about \$7000.

THE demand for fractional currency has increased to such an extent that the force of the printing bureau is working daily and nightly to furnish supplies.—About two thirds of the issues of this character are distributed to the United States assistant treasurers in the Southern States, as securities for an equal amount of other currency destroyed by the department. Hence, for every issue there is a cancellation.

A YOUNG lady of Seymour, Indiana, became warmly attached to a young man. Her love was not returned. She procured a preparation called "love powders," and mixed them with the young man's food. They poisoned and nearly killed him, and he is going to bring suit against the young lady for damages.

The Circleville, (Ohio,) Union says some of the learned Democracy in that region entertain very curious ideas of the Freedmen's Bureau bill. It seems that they understand the object to be, to present every nigger with a little bureau, while no provision is made for furnishing one to the white man. This discrimination in favor of the negro they consider unconstitutional and unjust.