

Juniata



Sentinel.

H. H. WILSON,

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

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JOB WORK.—The prices of JOB WORK, fourthly 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 str. et.

E. C. STEWART,
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Sept. 20, 1865.

J. A. MILLIKEN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA CO., PA.
(Office—Main Street, in the room formerly occupied by Wm. M. Allison, Esq.)
COLLECTIONS, AND ALL OTHER BUSINESS promptly connected with the profession inessa 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 16—tf

VENDUE AUCTIONER CRIER
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 Ferrymangh township. Orders may also be left at Mr. Wills' 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 1]

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, 13.—tf.

MEDICAL CARD.
DR. S. O. KEMPFER, (late army surgeon) having located in Patterson tenders 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 "Saxville Office," or at his residence in the borough of Patterson, at all hours, except when professionally engaged.
July 22, 1865.—tf.

A LARGE stock of Queensware, Cedarware such as Tubs, Butter Bowls, Buckets, CANNERS, Horse Buckets, &c., at S. W. FLETCHER, FROST & PARRIS'S.

Select Poetry.

SPRING.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

The yellow skies at crepuscule,
The morning's crimson glow—
The bare brown rocks that peep above
The swiftly lessening snow—
The swelling buds upon the trees,
The mellow heat at noon,
Are sweet and subtle prophecies
That Spring is coming soon.

The sparkling brooks freed from the ice
That bound their gentle flow—
The stars as soft as eyes of love—
The Southern winds that blow—
The breaths of balmy from spicy dimes,
Like the sweet air of June—
Speak unto us the welcome truth,
That Spring is coming soon.

The early robin on the elm,
The blue bird in the hedge—
The rippling of the forest spring
Adown the mossy ledge—
The purple hare that sails by night
Between us and the moon—
All, all suggest the pleasant thought
That Spring is coming soon.

In Interesting Story.

A TRUE STORY.

On the evening of the 13th of February, 1859, two young men sat in a comfortably furnished room in a New York boarding house. A bright fire glowed in the grate, well chosen engravings adorned the walls, and a bright light was diffused about the room from an Argand burner.

Let me introduce the occupants of the apartment as Tom Stacy and John Wilbur, young men of twenty five or thereabouts, who were known in the business circles as Stacy & Wilbur, retail dry goods dealers, No. —, Broadway. They had not been in business long, but were already doing unusually well. They had taken apartments together, one of which is now presented to the reader.

"Has it occurred to you, Wilbur," asked his partner, removing his cigar, and knocking away the ashes, "that to-morrow is St. Valentine's Day?"

"Yes, I thought of it this afternoon, as I was walking up from the store."

"So did I, and to some purpose, too, as I will show you."

Tom Stacy went to a drawer, and drew out a gorgeous valentine, an elaborate combination of hearts, doves, etc.

"What do you think I gave for that?" he asked.

"I don't know, I am sure. It appears to be very elegant."

"It cost me ten dollars."

"Whew!" whistled Wilbur. "It strikes me you are either very extravagant or very devoted. May I know what fair damsel is to be made glad by the receipt of this elegant missive?"

"That's my secret," said Tom, laughing. "I don't mind telling you, however. It's to go to Edith Castleton."

"I presume you feel particularly interested in the young lady?"

"Not at all. But I told her I would send her a valentine, *et la velle!* Shan't you conform to the custom of the day?"

"I had not thought of it," said John, thoughtfully, "but I believe I will."

"And what fair lady shall you select as the recipient?"

"You remember the poor seamstress who occupies an attic in the house?"

"Yes, I have met her on the steps two or three times."

"She looks as if times were hard with her. I think I will send her a valentine."

"And what good do you think it will do her?" asked Stacy, in surprise.

"Why! till you see the kind of valentine I will send."

Wilbur went to his desk, and taking out a sheet of paper, drew from his portemonnaie a ten dollar bill, wrapped it in the paper on which he had previously written "From St. Valentine," and placed the whole in an envelope.

"There," said he, "my valentine has cost me as much as yours, and I venture to say it will be as welcome."

"You are right. I wish now I had not bought this costly trifle. However, as it is purchased, I will send it."

The next day dawned clear and frosty. It was lively enough for those who sat by comfortable fires and dined at luxurious tables, but for the poor who shared none of these advantages it was indeed a bitter day.

In an attic room, meanly furnished, sat a young girl, pale and thin. She was covering over a scanty wood fire, the best she could afford, which heated the room, very insufficiently. She was sewing steadily, shivering from time to time as the cold blast shook the window and found its way through the crevices.

Poor child! Life had a very black aspect for her on that winter day. She was alone in the world. There was absolutely no one on whom she could call for assistance, though she needed it sorely enough. The thought came to her more than once in her discomfort, "Is it worth while living any longer?" But she recoiled from the sin of suicide. She might starve to death, but she would not take the life that God had given her.

Plunged in gloomy thought she continued to work. All at once a step was heard ascending the staircase which led to her room. Then there was a knock at the door. She arose in some surprise and opened it, thinking it must be the landlady or one of the servants.

She was right. It was a servant.

"Here's a letter for you that the post-boy just brought, Miss Morris."

"A letter for me?" repeated Helen Morris, in surprise, taking it from the servant's hand. "Who can have written to me?"

"Maybe it's a valentine, Miss," said the girl, laughing. "You know this is Valentine's Day. More by token, I've got two myself this morning. One's a karaker (caricature?) so mistress calls it. Just look at it."

Bridget displayed a highly embellished pictorial representation of a female hard at work at the wash tub, the cast of beauty being decidedly Iberian.

Helen Morris laughed absently, but did not open her letter while Bridget remained—a little to the disappointment of that curious damsel.

Helen slowly opened the envelope. A bank note for ten dollars dropped from it on the floor.

She eagerly read the few words on the paper. "From St. Valentine."

"Heaven be praised!" she said folding her hands gratefully. "The sum will enable me to carry out the plan which I had in view."

Eight years passed away. Eight years, with their lights and shadows, their joys and sorrows. They brought with them the merry voices of children—they brought with them new-made graves—happiness to some and grief to others.

Towards the last they brought the great commercial crisis of '57, when houses that seemed built upon a rock tottered all at once to their fall. Do not many remember that all too well, when merchants with anxious faces ran from one to another to solicit help, and met only averted faces and distrustful looks?—And how was it that time of the universal panic with our friends—Stacy & Wilbur?

Up to 1857 they had been doing an excellent business. They had gradually enlarged their operations, and were rapidly growing rich when this crash came. They immediately took to sail. Both were prudent, and both felt that now was the time when this quality was urgently needed.

By great efforts they had succeeded in keeping up till the 14th of February, 1858. On that morning a note of two thousand dollars came due. This was their last peril. That surmounted, they would be able to go on with assured confidence.

But, this alas! was the rock on which they had most apprehension. They had taxed their resources to the utmost—They had called upon their friends, but their friends were employed in taking care of themselves, and the selfish policy was the one required then.

"Look out for number one," superseded the golden rule for the time being.

As I have said, two thousand dollars were due on the 1st of February.

"How much have you got toward it?" asked Wilbur, as Stacy came in at half-past eleven.

"Three hundred and seventy-five dollars," was the dispirited reply.

"Was that all you could raise?" inquired his partner, turning pale. "Are you sure you thought of everybody?"

"I have been everywhere. I'm ragged to death," was the weary reply of

Stacy, as he sank exhausted into a chair. "Then the crash must come," said Wilbur, with gloomy resignation.

"I suppose it must."

There was a silence. Neither felt inclined to say any thing. For six months they had been struggling with the tide.—They could see shore, but in sight of it they must go down.

At this moment a note was brought in by a boy. There was no postmark—Evidently he was a special messenger.

It was opened at once by Mr. Wilbur, to whom it was directed. It contained these few words only:

"If Mr. John Wilbur will call immediately at No.—, Fifth-avenue, he will learn something to his great advantage." There was no signature.

John Wilbur read it with surprise, and passed it to his partner. "What does it mean do you think?"

"I don't know," was the reply, "but I advise you to go at once."

"It seems to be in feminine handwriting," said Wilbur, thoughtfully.

"Yes. Don't you know any lady on Fifth avenue?"

"None."

"Well, it is worth noticing. We have met with so little to our advantage lately that it will be a refreshing variety."

In five minutes John Wilbur jumped into a horse car, and was on his way to No.—Fifth avenue.

He walked up to the door of a magnificent brown-stone house and rang the bell. He was instantly admitted, and shown into the drawing room, superbly furnished.

He did not have to wait long. An elegantly dressed lady, scarcely thirty, entered, and bowing, said, "You do not remember me, Mr. Wilbur?"

"No, madam," said he in perplexity.

"We will waive that, then, and proceed to business. How has your house borne the crisis in which so many of our large firms have gone down?"

John Wilbur smiled bitterly.

"We have struggled successfully till to-day," he answered. "But the end has come. Unless we can raise a certain sum of money by two, we are ruined."

"What sum will save you?" was the lady's question.

"The note due is two thousand dollars. Toward this we have but three hundred and seventy-five."

"Excuse me a moment," said the hostess. She left the room but quickly returned.

"There," said she, handing a small strip of paper to John Wilbur, "is my check for two thousand dollars. You can repay it at your convenience. If you should require more, come to me again."

"Madam, you have saved us," exclaimed Wilbur, springing to his feet in delight. "What can have inspired in you such a benevolent interest in our prosperity?"

"Do you remember, Mr. Wilbur," said the lady, "a certain valentine containing a ten-dollar note, which you sent to a young girl occupying an attic room in your lodging-house, eight years since?"

"I do distinctly. I have often wondered what became of the young girl,—I think her name was Helen Morris."

"She stands before you," was the quiet response.

"You Helen Morris!" exclaimed Wilbur, starting in amazement. "You, surrounded with luxury!"

"No wonder you are surprised. Life has strange contrasts. The money which you sent me seemed to come from God, I was on the brink of despair, and made application for the post of companion to a wealthy lady. I fortunately obtained it. I had been with her but two years when a gentleman in her circle, immensely wealthy, offered me his hand in marriage. I esteemed him. He was satisfied with that. I married him. A year since he died, leaving me this house and an immense fortune. I have never forgotten you, having accidentally learned that my timely succor came from you.—I resolved, if fortune ever put it in my power, I would befriend you as you befriended me. That time has come. I have paid the first instalment of my debt. Helen Eustace remembers the obligations of Helen Morris."

John Wilbur advanced and respectfully took her hand. "You have nobly repaid me," he said. "Will you also award me

the privilege of occasionally calling upon you?"

"I shall be most happy, said Mrs. Eustace, cordially.

John took a hurried leave, and returned to his store as the clock struck one. He showed his delighted partner the check, which he had just received. "I haven't time to explain," he said; "this must at once be cashed."

Two o'clock came and the firm was saved—saved from their last peril.—Henceforth they met with nothing but prosperous gales.

What more?

Helen Eustace has again changed her name. She is now Helen Wilbur, and her husband now lives at No.—, Fifth avenue.

And all this came of a Valentine.

A HIGHWAYMAN.

A week or so ago, as Mr. Samuel Kelley, of Newton Square, Delaware county, was taking some pork to a customer, he overtook, as he supposed, a fashionably dressed lady, with gig top bonnet and veil, close fitting coat, cut in the latest style, and muff and furs, and, to all appearances, very tired and weary. As Mr. K., drove up, she asked him if he would not assist her on her journey.—Pleased with the looks of such a passenger, he stopped his horses and helped her in. They had not rode very far, however, before Mr. K., discovered to his surprise that the pretended "female" had long boots on, which she unfortunately disclosed to his view. At this he grew very suspicious of his passenger, and intentionally dropped his whip to the ground, and asked the "lady" to get out and pick it up for him, remarking at the same time that his horses were very spirited and would not stand. The lady politely got out of the wagon, but before she got back with the whip, Mr. Kelley gave the reins to his horses, and was safely out of her reach—minus only the whip and her interesting company. The lady had left her muff on the seat, which Mr. Kelley picked up, and out fell a large dirk knife and one of Colt's revolvers! Putting his boots, knife, and revolver together, it is very evident Mr. Kelley had "waked up the wrong passenger." The lady was, no doubt, a *gentleman*, and but for the lucky discovery of the "boots," he doubtless would have been robbed—perhaps murdered. This occurred some eight or ten miles east of West Chester.

REMARKABLE WELL IN INDIANA.

The Terre Haute (Indiana) *Express* says: We have mentioned several times the progress in boring an oil well at Lodi, on the Wabash, some forty miles north of this city. A few days since the auger was taken out, when gas began to come out in considerable quantities, pushing the salt water before it, and causing it to flow over the top of the conductor. After the salt water was driven out, sulphur water continued to flow in a small stream. The well was sunk four feet deeper, which opened new cavities, and increased the amount of water to ten gallons a minute, and it is now flowing five hundred barrels a day of white sulphur. The water, as it flows from the conductor, is white; after standing a while it deposits a black sediment and becomes clear. On being agitated it boils and emits gas. In mineral ingredients, disagreeable smell, and specific gravity it is said to exceed the Lafayette artesian, especially the sulphur odor; and it is claimed that it will rank with the most famous mineral waters of the world. The company, we understand, will cease boring until the water is analyzed and tested.

Mr. Mott, of Cuba, has built a miniature monument to Washington and Lincoln, out of two million sea shells of all kinds, sizes and colors. It is ten feet high, and is a compound of the obelisk, the tablet, the sarcophagus, the shrine, the urn, the column, and every other known architectural device for perpetuating the memory of the dead. He got this motly idea out of his own cook.

A number of leading citizens of St. Louis have purchased for Gen. Sherman, in that city, a \$30,000 house. He promises to make it his permanent residence. He says it exceeds all the money he received from the Government for his four years of labor.

A CLERGYMAN KILLED GOING TO A FUNERAL—THE CORPSE RETURNS TO LIFE.

The La Crosse *Republican* has a correspondent, who was recently visiting at West Bend (Wis.) when he learned the following facts, which are substantiated by Hon. F. O. Thorpe, who resides at West Bend:

"On Saturday, the 3d inst., at West Bend, the Rev. Mr. Miller was called to go into the country a few miles from town, to preach the funeral sermon of Mrs. Lambert, who was supposed to be dead. She was arrayed in her funeral attire and placed in her coffin. It appears that Mr. Miller was the owner of a fractious horse, that was sometimes unmanageable, and would run away. He was to pass through a timbered country, and on account of snow drifts the road was almost impassable, and from this fact the horse succeeded in throwing the minister from the cutter. From appearance, Mr. Miller was thrown with great force upon a large oak stump that was filled with short knots. One of these knots came in contact with and severed the jugular vein.

When he was found, life was almost extinct from the loss of blood. He was taken to the nearest house and medical aid at once procured, but he only lived a short time. The cutter was found some distance from where the accident occurred, and the horse detached from it. But the most singular development of this sad and mysterious affair is yet to be told. Further information proves that Mrs. Lambert was not dead, but had been in a trance for two days, presenting every indication that life had departed.—She is now improving, and expected soon to recover. She states that she could hear every word spoken, and could realize the preparations her friends were making for her funeral, but could make no resistance or move a muscle of her body.—Her grave had been dug. She now lives, and the minister who had been called to preach her funeral sermon now lies buried in the same grave made to receive her last remains.

The Salem (O.) *Advocate* tells a sad story of a young lady being frightened to death under the following circumstances:

"Two ladies living alone were preparing to retire, when some one wrapped at the door, and on inquiring who knocked and receiving no answer, one of the ladies started across the floor to an adjoining room, and dropped dead from sheer fright. This brought a shriek from the remaining lady as she ran to her sister's assistance; just then the door opened, and in rushed the brother of the two ladies, who had been mourned for as dead nearly three years. He stated that he intended a nice surprise for his sisters by not making himself known until after they had admitted him, and judge of his grief on learning that his surprise had resulted in the death of one of his much loved sisters."

It is said that in the recent Democratic Convention at Pittsburg the partisans of Mr. G. W. Cass made the platform and the Clymer men nominated the candidate. Thus it is that Clymer is placed on a platform which he doesn't believe in, and that the war Democrats are bound to support an out and out Copperhead. Queer concatenation. But it isn't new. Something like it happened in 1864 in Chicago. Then the result was defeat, and so it is to be in Pennsylvania now.

The New Orleans *True Delta* learns that Major General Sheridan has received a very elegant testimonial from a friend in Mexico. It consists of a saddle horse, fashioned after the Mexican style, and valued at between two and three thousand dollars. The saddle is heavily trimmed with beaten silver, the housing thickly embroidered in gold, silver and silk. The bridle is composed of silver chains and silk embroidered leather.

The Democrats, after bawling themselves hoarse against abolitionists and abolitionism, passed a resolution in their late State convention, endorsing abolition without the least equivocation. They will endorse negro suffrage, too, if the negroes ever get votes.

The total number of rebels pardoned by the President to this date is 6,495.