

Juniata

H. H. WILSON,

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TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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H. H. WILSON.

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ADVERTISING.—The rates of ADVERTISING are for one square, of eight lines or less, and insertion, 75 cents three, \$1.50; and so on 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, for thirty BILLS, one-eighth sheet, \$1.25; one-fourth, \$2.50; one-half, \$5.00; and additional numbers, half price—and for Blanks, \$2.00 per quire.

Business Cards.

D. R. P. C. RUNDH, of Patterson, Pa., wishes to inform his friends and patrons that he has removed to the house on Bridge Street opposite Todd & Jordan's Stores, April 1st.

JEREMIAH LYONS,
Attorney-at-Law,

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

WILLIAM M. ALLISON,
Attorney at Law,
and
Notary Public.

Will attend to all business entrusted to his care. Office on Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.

E. C. STEWART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Mifflintown, Juniata Co., Pa.,

Offers his professional services to the public. Collections and all other business will receive prompt attention. Office first door North of Belford's Store, (upstairs.)

B. F. FRIES.

Attorney-at-Law and Conveyancer,
Mifflintown, will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care—Office room adjoining the Internal Revenue Office, on Main street, opposite the Court House. June 1st, 1865.

JOHN T. L. SAHM.

Attorney-at-Law,
Mifflintown, JUNIATA COUNTY, PA.
OFFERS his professional services to the public. Prompt attention given to the prosecution of claims against the Government, collections and all other business entrusted to his care. Office in the Old Fellow's Hall, Bridge Street.

Sept. 26, 1865.

VENDEUR CRIER
AUCTIONEER

The undersigned offers his services to the public as Vendeur 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. SPEEDY,
Auctioneer.

FAIRLY offers his services to the public of Juniata county. Having had a large experience in the business of Vendeur Crier, 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. RUNDH, M.D.,
Patterson, Pa.

Dec. 9, 1864.

MEDICAL CARD.

D. R. S. O. KEMPFER, 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 "National Office," or at his residence, the borough of Patterson, at all hours, except when professionally engaged.

July 22, 1865.

A LARGE stock of Quenware, Celeryware and similar articles to business, to merit a fair share of public patronage.

LEONEL R. BEALE, Prop.

Jan. 10, 1865.

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

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A. JULY 25, 1866.

Select Poetry.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

BY J. C. MARTIN.

No Union men are half so true,
Unswerving firm and hearty,
As those at present answering to
The Democratic party.

For every ill they have a cure,
For every wrong a righting,
They're willing to do anything,
Except—except the fighting.

Fighting they say was not the way
Of dealing with secession,
The remedy for Rebels is—
Unlimited concession.

They'd give the traitor all they want,
Acknowledge them the masters,
And thus the glorious Union save,
Avoiding all disasters.

Is this not chaperon than war?

Honor? These peace men scat it;

'Tis but a shade, a breath, a name,

They do not care about it!

They are ready to kneel down and beg,

And wear a master's collar,

If they are but allowed to live,

And breath and make a dollar!

They would tear down the country's flag,

And sell it for a shilling,

Ye traitors proud just name your terms!

The Democrats are willing,

Take two of earth's dearest names,

"Isarion" and "Iago,"

And "cowering coward," and you have

The conclave of Chicago.

THE LAST INTERVIEW.

BY MRS. LYDIA A. WINDSOR.

The circumstances I am about to relate occurred fifty years ago, but rises before me as freshly and vividly as then. Most of those who knew of it, and she who was the most concerned about it, are now in their silent graves; but the descendants of some may recognize the story which startled our small circle so long ago.

When, after the peace of 1814 was concluded, the Continent was once more opened, every one that remembers it, knows how gladly the English availed themselves of it to leave their island home, and seek some health, other pleasures, in the complete change of scene and life.

My husband and I shared the almost universal "fear" and went to France.

There, however, our wanderings ceased for a time, for when we arrived at the pictureque old town of D——, we were agreeably surprised to find some of our old friends there. Soon after, others arrived, and we yielded to their wishes that we should remain.

In those days the English drew closely to each other. Now, when abroad, you must be careful of making acquaintance, till you know your companion's "motives" for absenting himself from his native land. Our little coterie became intimate friends.

Our house was in a central situation as regarded those of our friends; though it was in the town, it had a small garden before it, and a gravelled path led to the hall door.

My husband was fond of society; I am still, I must own, though too old to enter into its spirit as formerly. Our house was always open to our friends, but we were especially glad to see them of an evening; then music and the whilstabell whiled away the hours till half-past nine, when the supper-tray appeared, and at ten o'clock our last guest departed. These were primitive times! Of all our acquaintances, the person I was the most drawn to was a Mrs. Norris, a very pretty young woman, light-hearted, and always cheerful. All the most severe critic would blame her for, was perhaps an extreme love of amusement. She was my constant guest. Her husband was in the army, and, at the time I speak of, was quartered in Ireland. Mrs. Norris was anxious to give her four children a better education than their limited means could procure in England. Captain Norris had only just left D—— to join his regiment, and had expressed his wish I would "look after" his wife and assist her with advice, or in any way that might be necessary.

Of all the Norris children, Louisa was

her father's favorite, but her mother always disliked her, apparently, if one can use the word dislike to describe a mother's harshness to her child. I used to think Mrs. Norris was severe to Louisa

because she feared her being spoiled by her father's indulgence. I afterwards found that the mother's harshness caused the father's favor.

One evening our small circle had assembled as usual at my house, and dispersed about ten o'clock, Mrs. Norris being the first to leave. When my husband and I were alone, we chatted over the little incidents and gossip of the evening. At last, I took my candle and went to my room, a front one. I had undressed, when I heard a noise at the window like hawks rattling against it. Knowing that the night had been very fine, I drew my curtain in surprise, and saw Mrs. Norris standing on the path.

The servants had long gone to bed, so I hurriedly threw my dressing-wrapper around me, and ran down stairs.

When I opened the hall door, before I had time to ask a question, Mrs. Norris exclaimed:

"Oh! I fear something dreadful has happened to Charles!"

"Why do you think so?" I said, "have you heard anything of him?"

"No!" she answered, "I have not heard of him or from him lately; yet, as you know, I was not uneasy about him, and was quite happy and cheerful with you this evening. I left you early to go to my children; they were all asleep; I went to bed directly, but in about ten minutes after, by the light of the night-lamp, I saw my husband standing by my bedside; he had a fearful gash in his throat, from which the blood was pouring. He spoke to me and said, 'Farewell, be kind to poor Lou.' In a moment he disappeared. When I could collect my thoughts, I dressed and came to you, my dear friend, to tell you I fear something dreadful has happened to my husband, and I must go to him. Will you look after my children till my return?"

Traveling in those days was a most disagreeable process; the slowness, cold and misery of sailing vessels and coaches, made people generally reflect a good deal before they undertook a journey, unless they could afford to travel by post. I therefore tried to persuade Mrs. Norris that she had only dreamed of her husband.

"I had not even closed my eyes," she replied, "and I saw him as plainly as I do you."

Then I tried to persuade her to wait for the arrival of the next mail from England.

"No," she said, "she might be dying even while we are standing consulting together."

I asked what she thought most likely to have fallen him.

"He might be fatally wounded, if not killed in a duel."

I saw that it was useless trying to dissuade Mrs. Norris, so I hurriedly dressed and helped her preparations for departure, promising to be a mother to the children in her absence.

She was the only inside passenger by the coach, and to beguile her sad thoughts, bought a newspaper at the first town where they stopped to change horses.

At the next stoppage the guard found my poor friend senseless.

She had found in the paper an account

of the death of Captain Norris by suicide at the very moment she had seen his ap-

pearance.

When Mrs. Norris returned to her chil-

dren and had in some degree recovered

from this awful shock, she spoke with calmness of what she called her "last inter-

view" with her husband. I remarked

that even if she had dreamed it, it would

have been extraordinary; she was firm in

asserting she had not closed her eyes, and

had just extinguished her candle. So I

said no more; but other friends were

more pertinacious in insisting his pres-

ence could not have been a reality.

Her answer was invariably, "I saw him

as plainly as I see you."

—The lady who did not think it re-

spective to bring up her children to work,

has lately heard from her two sons.

One of them is a bar keeper on a flat boat,

and the other is a steward in a brig-

yard.

—An editor thus logically nudges

his delinquent subscribers: "We don't

want money desperately bad, but our

creditors do, and no doubt they owe us.

If you pay us, we'll pay them, and they'll

pay you."

—An AMOROUS SHOEMAKER COME TO GRIEF.

We are laughing over an adventure in

which an amorous shoemaker felt. He

was not content with the one wife he had

taken, but he most needs go poaching on

his neighbor's grounds. His neighbor's

wife, annoyed by his declarations, told her husband.

The latter replied: "We will punish him."

They put their heads together to devise some suitable punishment.

The evening after this family's consulta-

tion, the amorous shoemaker has become so ashamed, he has not since the occurrence dared to show his face in the street.—Paris Letter.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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ness; while the glue, getting into his hair and drying made his hair seem to stand on end. When the shoemaker's wife found out all these things, she took a broom stick and belabored her husband thoroughly. An immense crowd was assembled in front of their door, (they live in the Rue St. Antoine,) and the poor shoemaker has become so ashamed,