



W. H. WILSON,

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MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A. AUGUST 1, 1896.

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WHOLE NUMBER 1005.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The JUNIATA SENTINEL is published every Wednesday morning, on Main street, by
W. H. WILSON.
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 No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid—except at the option of the Editor.
 ADVERTISEMENTS.—The rates of ADVERTISING are for one square, of four lines or less, one insertion, 75 cents; three, \$1.50; and for each subsequent insertion, 50 cents. For longer advertisements, and for special positions, apply to the Editor.
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 For thirty days, one-half; for one month, one-fourth; for three months, one-third; and for six months, one-half; and for one year, one-third. For longer periods, apply to the Editor.
 For thirty days, one-half; for one month, one-fourth; for three months, one-third; and for six months, one-half; and for one year, one-third. For longer periods, apply to the Editor.

Business Cards.

DR. P. C. RUNDLO, D.D.
 P. C. RUNDLO, D.D., of Patterson, Pa., wishes to inform his friends and patients that he has removed to the house on Main street opposite Todd & Jordan's Store, April 1st.

JEREMIAH LYONS,
Attorney-at-Law,
 Mifflintown, Juniata County, Pa. Office on Main street South of Bridge street.

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 School's Store, (opposite).

B. F. FRIS,
Attorney-at-Law and Conveyancer,
 Mifflintown, Pa. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. Office on Main street, opposite the Court House, June 15, 1895.

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 Fellows' Hall, Bridge Street, Sept. 25, 1895.

VENDUE AUCTIONEER
 The undersigned offers his services to the public as Vendue 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 may be addressed at Mifflintown, or found at his home in Perryman township. Orders may also be left at Mr. Will's Hotel.
 Jan. 25, 1894. **WILLIAM GIVEN.**

ALEX. SPEDDY,
AUCTIONEER.
 ALEX. SPEDDY offers his services to the public of Juniata county. Having had a large experience in the business of Vendue, he feels confident that he can give general satisfaction. He can at all times be consulted at his residence in Mifflintown, Pa. Aug. 16, 1895.

MILITARY CLAIMS.
 The undersigned will promptly attend to the collection of claims against the United States or National Government, such as 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. RUNDLO, M. D.,
 Patterson, Pa.
 Dec. 9, 1895.

DR. S. O. KEMPER, D.D.
 (late army surgeon) having located in Patterson, Pa., offers 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 "Saxton's Office," or at his residence, the borough of Patterson, at all hours, except when professionally engaged.
 July 24, 1895.-47.

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

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—ON AND AFTER Sunday, May 20, 1896, Passenger Trains will leave Mifflin Station as follows:
EASTWARD.
 Local Accommodat. n. 7.05 P. M.
 Philadelphia Express. 7.41 P. M.
 Fast Line. 8.41 P. M.
 Cincinnati Express. 8.26 P. M.
 Day Express. 11.31 A. M.
 Way Passenger. 10.07 A. M.
WESTWARD.
 New York Express. 5.54 A. M.
 Day Express. 3.28 P. M.
 Baltimore Express. 3.59 A. M.
 Philadelphia Express. 5.09 A. M.
 Fast Line. 5.59 P. M.
 Mail Train. 10.07 A. M.
 Emigrant Train. 9.47 A. M.
JAMES NORTH, Agt.

READING RAIL ROAD. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. June 1st, 1896.

GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM
 the North and North-West for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Potomac, Annapolis, Baltimore, Annapolis, etc., etc.
 Trains leave Mifflintown as follows: At 8.00, 8.40 and 9.05 A. M., and 2.10 and 2.15 P. M., arriving at New York at 6.40 and 10.00 A. M., and 3.40 and 10.55 P. M., connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Sleeping Cars accompanying the 8.00 and 9.05 P. M. trains without charge.
 Leave Mifflintown for Reading, Potomac, Annapolis, Baltimore, etc., at 8.10 A. M. and 2.30 and 4.10 P. M., stopping at Annapolis and all Way Stations; the 4.10 P. M. Train making no stop connections for Potomac or Baltimore. For Potomac, Schuylkill Haven and Annapolis via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, leave Mifflintown at 3.20 P. M.
 Returning: Leave New York at 7.00 A. M., 12.00 Noon and 8.00 P. M., Philadelphia at 8.15 A. M. and 6.30 P. M.; Potomac at 8.30 A. M. and 2.45 P. M.; Annapolis at 8.45 A. M. and 1.00 P. M.; Reading at 8.45 A. M. and 1.00 and 8.55 P. M.
 Leave Potomac for Mifflintown, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, at 7.40 A. M. and 1.00 P. M. Reading Accommodative Train leaves Reading at 6.00 A. M., returning from Philadelphia at 6.00 P. M.
 Columbia Railroad Trains leave Reading at 6.45 A. M. and 6.15 P. M. for Ephrata, Litz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c.
 On Sundays: Leave New York at 8.00 P. M., Philadelphia at 11.15 P. M., Potomac at 8.40 A. M., Annapolis at 7.40 A. M., Baltimore at 9.05 A. M., and Reading at 1.00 A. M., for Mifflintown, and 10.30 A. M., for New York, and 4.25 P. M. for Philadelphia.
 Commutation, Season, School and Excursion Tickets to and from all points, at reduced rates.
 Baggage checked through: 80 pounds allowed each Passenger.
G. A. NICOLLS,
 General Superintendent.
 Reading, Pa. Nov. 27, '95-47.

1896. Philadelphia and Erie Rail Road. 1896.

THIS Great Line traverses the Northern and Northwest counties of Pennsylvania to the city of Erie, on Lake Erie.
 It has been leased and is operated by the PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD COMPANY.
TIME OF PASSENGER TRAINS AT HARRISBURG.
LEAVE EASTWARD.
 Erie Mail Train. 7.30 A. M.
 Erie Express Train. 8.00 A. M.
 Elmira Express Train. 8.25 P. M.
LEAVE WESTWARD.
 Erie Mail Train. 7.30 A. M.
 Erie Express Train. 8.00 A. M.
 Elmira Express Train. 8.25 P. M.
 Passenger cars run through on the Erie Mail and Express Trains without change both ways between Philadelphia and Erie.
NEW YORK CONNECTION.
 Leave New York at 9.00 A. M., arrive at Erie at 3.30 P. M.
 Leave Erie at 4.45 P. M., arrive at New York at 9.25 P. M.
NO CHANGE OF CARS BETWEEN ERIE & NEW YORK.
 Elegant sleeping cars on all night trains.
 For information respecting passenger business apply at the corner of 39th and Market streets, Philadelphia.
 And for freight business of the Company's agents:
 S. B. Kingston, Jr., corner of 12th and Market streets, Philadelphia.
 J. W. Reynolds, Erie.
 Wm. Brown, Agent, N. C. & P. R., Baltimore.
 H. H. HOUSTON, General Freight Agent, Philadelphia.
 H. W. GWINNER, General Ticket Agent, Philadelphia.
 A. L. TYLER, General Superintendent.
 Feb. 14, '96-47.

NEW STAGE LINE RIFLES, PERRYVILLE AND CONCORD.

Leaves Perryville Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6 o'clock a. m., and arrives at Concord at 10 o'clock p. m.
 Leaves Concord Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6 o'clock a. m., and arrives at Perryville at 8 o'clock p. m.—in time for the trains going East and West.
 Stages will leave Mifflin Station as follows:
 Leaves Mifflin Station on Saturday, at 9 A. M., and returns on Monday, leaves Tuesday at 6 A. M., and returns on Wednesday; leaves Thursday at 9 A. M.
 Stages will leave Mifflin Station for Academics, daily in the evening, and return in the morning in time for the East and West trains.
 Baggage and packages of all kinds are taken in charge and promptly delivered at moderate charges. The stages on the above routes are in GOOD ORDER and under the charge of competent and experienced drivers. The proprietors, hoping, by strict and personal attention to business, to merit a fair share of public patronage.
LEWIS R. BEALE, Prop.
 Jan. 10, '96-47.

Select Poetry.

"FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN."

"Four hundred thousand men,"
 Have gone to meet their God;
 Four hundred thousand gallant men
 From city, mountain side, and glen—
 Beneath our banner tread;
 For love of country freely stood,
 And sealed the Union with their blood.

"Four hundred thousand men"
 By millions loved and lost;
 A sea of agonizing tears—
 A waste of devoted years,
 Of heart-rending sorrow crossed,
 A priceless sacrifice—twas when
 We gave "four hundred thousand men."

The gallant banner flouting high,
 The bright sounding victory
 Forth from each brazen throat,
 May drown awhile the sighs and tears
 While we forget the griefs and fears,
 Forget each change to note—
 Forget to ask—what got us, then,
 For such a host of gallant men.

Peace came on fluttering silver wings,
 With freedom by her side
 In pity God looked down to save,
 To stop the slaughter of the brave—
 Yet, still, untamable, the pride
 That lightly holds the boon, even when
 It cost "four hundred thousand men."

What reconstruction has been wrought,
 Save that which God has made;
 He shapes for future to his will,
 He schools—he hastens, guides us still,
 And still will be obeyed.
 Yet, hailing, we forget this, when
 It cost "four hundred thousand men."

Vain politician—who can boast,
 Of his great saving schemes,
 And jumbled words, and evoked creeds,
 Stand in place of noble deeds,
 And truth's eternal themes,
 And—laste we to give power again
 To those who slew the gallant slain.

Look at the host of bloody graves,
 The finger marks of God—
 And He who said, is He who saves,
 And all that beacon of graves,
 Are guide boards on the road!
 Can we not read their "re-entrance" when
 They cost "four hundred thousand men."

Miscellaneous Reading.

SATURDAY NIGHT MUSINGS.

BY BRICK POMEROY.

Blessed night of rest! Soon will the labors of the week be ended, and then for respite from toil—a release from the six linked chain which has held us prisoners long enough. Worker, waiter and watcher, sit down with us for a moment. We have one night less to talk with you, to hold converse with earthly friends. One week; another Saturday night nearer the golden streets or the dark ravine! One week nearer opening the envelope which will have therein a prize or a blank, as we choose the while. All these prizes are of our own choosing. There is no law compelling a man to be miserable or friendless, unless it be a law of his own making. The weeks shorten as we hasten on to open the wondrous door which closes upon us but once: We make the road pleasant or gloomy as we choose. We can preserve the purity of our hearts or darken the acts of our lives as we see fit, and ours will be the reward.

How much a week has brought about! How bright have been the days since last Saturday night for some, how dark and bitter to others. We saw to-day a weeping mother in the city of the dead. The tears fell thick and fast upon a little grave no longer than our arm. But that little hillock is the door through which she can enter heaven and regain her lost idol. One week since the now weeping heart-broke mother was a singing, happy mother.

We knew her years ago, before the duties of a new responsibility were hers to bear—we knew her weeks ago as she pressed the little one to her heart—we see her now, as yesterday, in tears and sorrow, and we see her to-night, looking in little drawers, boxes and secret places for trifles of last week—now the most prized of all relics of the past.

Go home this Saturday night, brother worker. Gather strength for the renewal of that endless conflict. Go home to those you love, or if you have no home, sit down with a friend, or draw the curtains over the window so you cannot look out, and away from your heart so you can look in and see treasures you have stored there, or of the rubbish you had better remove. Go home and bless the one who waits your coming with earnest

eyes and beating heart. Latch the gate behind you. Leave your head at the store, shop or office. Stamp the mud and the cares of the week from your feet—enter the door—close it behind you, go in upon the home circle and tell visitors that you are engaged—that Saturday night is your home night, and not to be wrested from you.

And save from your earnings a little to beautify your home. Save much or little as fortune will allow. Do not waste the labor of days or hours in poison and wear yourself out in dissipation.

Be a man. Beauty your home, gladden those you love, and make your life a success instead of a failure.

Not long since we were the guest of a frank, open-faced, generous man. The white hair had found a home with him. Once he was a poor, laboring man as are you and us. He toiled manfully and lived within his means. He saved his earnings, not as a miser saves, but to beautify and make pleasant the home where he looked for happiness.

Little by little as the Saturday nights went by, falling like rose leaves into the lap of God, he took home with him articles to beautify his home. Little by little: "How did you get all of these things?" "Little by little!" How it accumulates, whether of wealth, wisdom or wickedness. Not all of a sudden. Here a table; there a sofa; there a piano; there a painting; there a bookcase; there a window curtain; there an ottoman; there an hour glass; there an engraving; there a book; there a painting—here a little and there a little—all beautiful, and helping to make home happy. Week hid itself down by side of week in the grave of time. Still he toiled, saved, was happy and made others happy around him. Books, paintings, music, luxury, and happiness are the fruit which the tree of sobriety and economy bears.

And there were others who began life with him of whom we write. Chances were the same, but others spent their nights and their earnings in useless dissipation while he saved. Their homes are still uncarpeted and pictureless. Their faces are old and wrinkled, and their steps tottering. The home ones have no happiness, home has few comforts and fewer pleasures—life is winding itself upon the invisible reel, and their ticket in the lottery of life is a failure. God pity those who have no manhood, for they need pity.

Be advised by us, working man, wherever or whenever you are, to habits of economy, and a desire to make home pleasant. Home is next to Heaven in its wonderful meaning. No money brings so large an interest. Speak kindly to those under your roof. Care for them as they will for you. Leave your business behind you—hang up your hat—draw a chair close beside her you love—place one hand in hers, take a book and read the hour away, or talk over the incidents of the great voyage as becomes those who are dear to each other and whose interests are the same. There are not many more Saturday nights for either of us, but there is a home in the land of the real where there are no weeks, and from whence we can look back to the time or chances we neglect or improve here in the dressing room for eternity. Heaven is as near or far, the ladder is short or long, and each Saturday night is a round in the mystic ladder for us who are toiling upwards to rest—make new resolves for good—speak kind words and plant acts of kindness which will bloom over our graves and bless the lives of those we love after we have gone where there is no Saturday Night.

HOW PROVIDENCE IS SLANDERED.
 Take, for an example, a young girl who has been bred delicately in town, shut her up in her childhood—in a boarding school through her youth—never accustomed to either air or exercise, two things that the law of God makes essential to health. She marries—her strength is inadequate to the demands upon it. Her beauty fades early, and her friends lamentingly exclaim:

"What a strange Providence, that a mother should be taken in the midst of life, from her children!"

Was it Providence? Providence had assigned her three score years and ten—a term long enough to rear her children, and to see her children's children; but

she did not obey the laws on which life depends, and, of course, she lost it.

A father, too, is cut off in the midst of his days. He is a useful and distinguished citizen and eminent in his profession. A general buzz rises on every side of "What a striking Providence!" The man has been in the habit of studying half the night, of passing his days in his office and in the courts, of eating luxurious dinners, and drinking wines. He has every day violated the laws on which health depends. Did Providence cut him off? The evil rarely ends here. The diseases of the fathers are often transmitted, and a feeble mother rarely leaves behind her vigorous children.

It has been customary for some of our young ladies to walk in thin shoes and delicate stockings in mid-winter. A healthy, blooming young girl, thus dressed in violation of heaven's law, pays the penalty, a checked circulation, cold, fever and death. "What a sad Providence!"

A beautiful young bride goes night after night to parties made in honor of her marriage. She has a slightly sore throat, perhaps, and the weather is inclement; but she must wear her neck and arms bare, for who ever saw a bride in a close evening dress? She is suddenly seized with inflammation of the lungs, and the grave receives her before the bridal day is over.

"What a Providence!" exclaims the world, "cut off in the midst of happiness and hope!" Alas! did she not cut off the thread of life herself?

A girl in the country, exposed to our changeable climate, gets a new bonnet instead of getting a new garment. A rheumatism is the consequence. Should this girl sit down tranquilly with the idea that Providence has sent the rheumatism upon her, or should she charge it to her own vanity, and avoid the folly in future?

Look at the mass of diseases that are incurred by intemperance in eating or drinking, or in study, or in business; by neglect of exercise, cleanliness and pure air, by indolent dressing, tight lacing, &c., quietly imputed to Providence. It is the opinion of those who best understand the physical system, that this wonderful machine, the body, this good temple, should gradually decay, and men die, as few now die, as if falling asleep.

A CURE FOR SLANDER.

A lady sends us the following recipe for the cure of that troublesome disease of the mouth called slander. Like a good many patent medicines, if it does no good it may do no harm:

"Take an ounce of good nature, one ounce of an herb called mind your business, mix this with a little charity for others, add two or three sprigs of keep-your-tongue-between-your-teeth; simmer them in a vessel called circumspection for a short time, and it will be fit for use. Application: the symptoms are a violent itching in the tongue and roof of the mouth, which invariably takes place when you are in company with a species of animals called gossips. When you feel a fit of it coming on, take a teaspoonful of the mixture, hold it in your mouth, which you will keep closely shut until you get home, and you will be completely cured. Should you apprehend a relapse, keep a small bottle full about you, and on the slightest symptoms repeat the dose."

THE FOURTH OF JULY AND THE SOUTH.
 If the late rebels have become loyal to the Government of the United States, and devoted to the Union, why did they not celebrate the Fourth of July as of old? That day is the birth-day of the nation—one peculiarly appropriate to be celebrated by all who really have any national love and pride. But, throughout the whole South, with the exception of the ever-faithful, ever-entombed colored citizens, the late national anniversary was almost entirely unobserved. This fact speaks volumes. Its true explanation is to be found in the character of the great doctrines of the Declaration of Independence, which are the foundation of the Union, and which it was the express work of the rebellion to discard. Mr. Stephens openly affirmed in his great "Cornerstone" speech. What do the people think of putting superior political power into the hands of the rebels who are not yet sufficiently reconstructed to celebrate the Fourth of July?

A LITTLE OFFICE OF TRUST.

"What shall I do with Joe Smith?" said Mrs. L. to herself, as she dismissed her school for the night. "I have exhausted every expedient; he will whisper, and smile, and bewitch the boys generally. There—I have it! I'll give him a responsibility. He has Self-esteem, Approbativeness, and a fair conscience, I am sure. I think he'll be honest—I'll risk it at all events."

The next day the lady happened by a little calculation to meet the boy in a convenient place.

"Joseph," said she, "do you know where I live?"

"I guess so; it's in South street, isn't it?"

"Yes, No. 225; you know that is a good way from the post-office, and my mails are a great trouble to me; I really need a penny post; how would you like to be one?"

"First-rate," said Joseph, "but," he added, glancing down upon himself, as if his clothes were a drawback to promotion. "Oh, your coat will do very well," said Mrs. L., "I only want a boy I can trust."

Joseph straightened up and looked every inch a man four feet nine inches high. She might trust him—to be sure she might.

"And I will give you a penny for every letter you find in Box 134."

Mrs. L. had no difficulty after this in getting her letters in early season, but Joseph seemed to take the pennies.

Strange what effect a little confidence had in the school room! It fairly made Joe over. He could go in and out quietly, sit still in his chair, and mind his business like a man. He was as good a boy as ever need be for a whole term, and then he was promoted to a higher department.

No child always suspected, or disapproved, or disliked, however he may deserve it, will ever become good. No better heart will ever be persuaded, or driven, or won to its duty. It is human nearness, and warmth, and sympathy that the wayward want; and it often takes but a trifle to save as well as to ruin a little transgressor.

A child's waywardness is very often not so much a wicked spirit as it is an outlet of the restlessness of childhood; and it is many times cured by diverting a thought or giving occupation to an unemployed faculty. A whole term of discomfort and disadvantage was prevented by giving Joseph a little office of trust; he was proud of the service, and his gallantry made him, both for his teacher's sake and his own, ambitious of good behavior as a pupil.

There is seldom a child too bad to be in a great measure controlled in the school room by a little wit added to a great deal of kindness. Some sentiment of love, honor, ambition, or conscience, if skillfully played upon, will in nearly every case effect all that a sterner punishment could hope to accomplish.

A BOY STRUCK BLIND FOR BLASPHEMY.

The Brighton (England) Observer relates a case where the vengeance of the Almighty was visited on a youth named Richards. The youth was thirteen years of age, and had been playing for some time with his companions, when a dispute arose between them as to the "notches" Richards had scored. He declared that he had made more than twenty, and his opponents protested that he had not made so many. High words and bad language were freely used on both sides. Each boy accused the other of falsehood, and at length Richards, failing to convince his companions of the truthfulness of his statements, flew into a rage and emphatically shouted, "May God strike me blind if I haven't made more than twenty." He had scarcely uttered the adjuration before he let the "dog" fall out of his hands, and throwing up his arms, exclaimed, "Oh! dear, I cannot see." His companions ran to him, and finding what he said was true, at his request led him home, where, on examination, it was found that a thick film had overspread each of his eyes. In this miserable condition the unhappy youth has remained ever since, and we are informed that there is little or no prospect of his sight being restored.

A patent fish scaler is the latest Connecticut invention. It works well.