



H. H. WILSON,

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

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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Business Cards.

DR. J. C. HENDERSON, 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 11.

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 Millers' Store, (opposite).

B. F. FRIES, Attorney-at-Law and Conveyancer. Mifflintown, Pa. 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 13, 1866.

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. 26, 1865.

VENDUE AUCTIONEER. The undersigned offers his services to the public as Vendue Officer and Auctioneer. He has had a very large experience, and has confidence that he can give satisfaction to all who may employ him. He may be addressed at Mifflintown, or at his house in Pennsylvania township. Orders may also be left at Mr. Wills' Hotel. Jan. 25, 1864. WILLIAM GIVEN.

ALEX. SPEDDY, AUCTIONEER. SPECIALLY 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 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. RUNDLO, M. D., Patterson, Pa. Dec. 2, 1864.

MEDICAL CARD. DR. S. O. KEMPTER, (late army surgeon) having located in Patterson reads 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.

A LARGE stock of Queensware, Cedarware such as Tubs, Butter Bowls, Buckets, Saucers, Dishes, Horse Buckets, &c., at SLOOFF, FROW & FAIRBANKS.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—ON AND after Sunday, May 29, 1866, Passenger Trains will leave Mifflin Station as follows: EASTWARD. Local Accommodations, 6:53 P. M. Philadelphia Express, 12:44 P. M. Fast Letter, 6:41 A. M. Cincinnati Express, 6:48 P. M. Day Express, 11:31 A. M. Way Passenger, 10:07 A. M. WESTWARD. New York Express, 5:54 A. M. Day Express, 3:38 P. M. Baltimore Express, 3:50 A. M. Philadelphia Express, 5:03 A. M. Fast Line, 5:53 P. M. Mail Train, 4:30 P. M. Emigrant Train, 9:47 A. M. Cincinnati Express, leaves Eastward, (daily) at 6:48 P. M. JAMES NORTH, Agt.

NEW STAGE LINE MIFFLIN, PERRYVILLE AND CONROD. Leaves Perryville Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6 o'clock, a. m., and arrives at Conrod at 4 o'clock, p. m. Leaves Conrod Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6 o'clock, p. m., and arrives at Perryville at 4 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 9 a. m. and returns on Wednesday; leaves Thursday at 9 a. m. Stages will leave Mifflin Station for Acadia, Monday in the evening, and return in the morning in time for the East and West trains. The baggage and packages of all kinds are taken in care and promptly delivered at moderate charges. The stages on the above route are in GOOD ORDER and under the charge of competent and experienced drivers. The proprietor hopes, by strict and personal attention to business, to merit a fair share of public patronage. LEWEL R. BEALE, Prop. Jan. 15, 66.

1866. Philadelphia and Erie Rail Road. This Great Line traverses the Northern and Southern portions of Pennsylvania to the city of Erie on Lake Erie. It has been leased and is operated by the PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY. TIME OF PASSENGER TRAINS AT HARRISBURG. LEAVE EASTWARD. Erie Mail Train, 7:22 A. M. Erie Express Train, 8:20 A. M. Philadelphia Express Train, 10:00 A. M. LEAVE WESTWARD. Erie Mail Train, 6:00 A. M. Erie Express Train, 7:00 P. M. Philadelphia Express Train, 10:00 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 10:00 A. M., arrive at Erie at 10:00 P. M. Leave Erie at 4:30 P. M., arrive at New York at 8:00 P. M. SO CHANGE OF CARS BETWEEN ERIE & NEW YORK. Elegant sleeping cars on all night trains. For information respecting passenger business apply at the office of both and Market streets, Philadelphia. And for freight business of the Company's agents: S. B. Kingston, Jr., corner of 10th and Market streets, Philadelphia. J. W. Reynolds, Erie. Wm. Lawson, Agent, N. C. R. R., Baltimore. H. B. HOUSTON, H. W. G. & N. A. R. General Freight Agent, Philadelphia. A. L. TYLER, General Superintendent, Williamsport. Feb. 15, '66.

1866. READING RAIL ROAD. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. June 1, 6, 1866. GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM the North and North-West for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Baltimore, Washington, Lebanon, Altoona, Erie, &c. Trains leave Harrisburg for New York, as follows: At 3:00, 5:30 and 9:05 A. M., and 2:40 and 9:15 P. M., arriving at New York at 5:40 and 10:00 A. M., and 3:40 and 10:35 P. M., connecting with similar Trains on the Washington Railroad; Sleeping Cars accompanying the 3:00 and 9:29 P. M. trains without change. Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Philadelphia, Altoona, and Erie, as follows: At 8:10 A. M., and 2:40 and 4:10 P. M., stopping at Lebanon and all Way Stations; the 4:10 P. M. Train making no close connections for Philadelphia or Erie. For Philadelphia, Schuylkill Haven and Lebanon via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, leave Harrisburg 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 3:30 P. M.; Potomac at 8:30 A. M. & 2:40 P. M.; Altoona at 9:45 A. M., 1:15 A. M., and 1:05 P. M.; Washington at 9:45 A. M., 1:00 and 8:55 P. M. Leave Potomac for Harrisburg, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Rail Road, at 7:09 A. M., Reading Accommodation Train, Leaves Reading at 9:00 A. M., returning from Philadelphia at 5:00 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 3:15 P. M., Potomac at 3:00 A. M., Washington at 3:30 A. M., Harrisburg at 9:05 A. M., and Reading at 1:30 P. M. for Harrisburg, and 10:52 A. M. for New York, and 1:23 P. M. for Philadelphia. Consultation, Mileage, 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, '65.

Select Poetry.

Written for the Sentinel. CLOUDED STARS. BY A. L.

The daylight was fading slowly, And I shut up my book with a sigh, To wait for the lamps of evening To brighten the twilight sky; And one after one they sprang! The beautiful arch above, And answered my gaze as softly As the eyes of the friends I love. But soon o'er the blue sky's bosom A shadowy cloud was drawn, And the stars that had beamed so brightly: Were all from their places gone; But I knew they were calmly shining, Where the sky is forever clear, And I knew that by patient waiting, I should see them at length appear. Then softly, oh! very softly, A delicate breeze swept by, And swept with its very pinions The clouds from the azure sky; And there, in their tranquil beauty, Like pearls in a crystal rill, The beautiful stars of Heaven, Were shining above me still! Oh! thus, from affection's circle The jewels of love depart, Thus faded the clouds of darkness, And gloom, on the mourning heart; But when from our tearful faces The shadows of earth shall fall, When we put on our robes immortal, Then, then shall we see them all.

Miscellaneous Account.

WHAT THE ENGINEER TOLD.

I am an engineer ever since the road was laid, I've traveled over it every day, or nearly every day of my life. For a good while I've had the same engine in charge—the San Francisco—the prettiest engine on the road, and as well managed, if I say it, as the best. It was a southwestern road, running, well, from A. to Z. At A, my good old mother lived; at Z, I had the sweetest little wife under the sun, and a baby or two; and I also had a dollar or two put by for a rainy day. I was an odd kind of a man. Being shut up with the engine, watching with all your eyes and heart and soul, inside and out, don't make a man talkative. My wife's name was Josephine, and I called her Jo. Some people thought me unsocial and couldn't understand how a man could feel friendly, without saying ten words an hour. So, though I had a few old friends, dear ones, too, I had not as many acquaintances as most people, and did not care to have. The house that held my wife and babies was the dearest place on earth to me, except the other house that held my mother up to A. I'd never belonged to a club, or mixed myself up with strangers in any such way, and never should, if it hadn't been for Granby. You see Granby was one of the shareholders, a handsome, showy fellow. I liked to talk to him, and we were friends. He often rode from T. to A. and back again, with me, and once he said: "You ought to belong to the Scientific Club, Guelden." "Never heard of it," said I. "I am a member," said he. "We meet once a fortnight, and have a jolly good time. We want thinking men like you. We have some amongst us now.—I'll propose you, if you like." I was found of such things, and I had ideas that I fancied might be worth something. But then an engineer can't have too many nights or days to himself, and the club would take one evening a fortnight from Jo. I said, "I'll ask her. If she likes, yes." "Ask whom?" said he. "Jo," was my reply. "If every man had asked his wife, every man's wife would have said, 'Can't spare you my dear,' and we would have no club at all," said Granby. But I made no answer. At home I told Jo. She said: "I shall miss you, Ned, but you do love such things, and then, if Mr. Granby belongs to them, they must be superior men." No doubt, said I. "It isn't everybody who could be made a member," said Jo. "Why, of course, you must say yes." So I said "yes," and Granby proposed me. Thursday fortnight I went with him to the rooms. There were some men with brains there, some without. The

real business of the evening was the supper, and so it was every evening. I'd always been a temperate man. I actually did not know what effect wine would have upon me; but coming to drink more of it than I ever had before at the club table, I found it put the steam on. After so many glasses I wanted to talk; after so many more I did. It seemed like somebody else, the words were so ready. My little ideas came out and were listened to. I made sharp hits; I indulged in repartee; told stories, and even came to puns. I heard somebody say to Granby, "By George that man's worth knowing; I thought him dull at first. Yet I knew that it was better to be quiet. Ned Guelden, with his ten words an hour, than the wine made wit I was. I was stave of it when, three hours after, I stumbled up stairs at home to find Jo waiting for me with her babe on her breast. "You've been deceiving me," said Jo. "I've suspected it, but I wasn't sure. A scientific club couldn't smell like a bar room." "Which means I do," said I, waving in the middle of the room like a signal flag at a station, and seeing two Jo's. "And look like one," said Jo, and she went and locked herself and the baby in the spare bedroom. One club night, as I was dressed to go, Jo, stood before me. "Ned," said she, "I never had a fault to find with you before, I'll say that—you have been kind, and good, and loving always; but I should be sorry we ever met if you are going on this way. Don't ask me what I mean. You know." "Jo, you know its only club nights," said I. "It will grow," said she. Then she put her arm around my neck. "Ned," said she, "do you think a thing so much like a bottled up and strapped down demon as steam is, is fit to be put into the hands of a drunken man? And someday, mark my words, the time will come when not only Thursday nights, but all the days of the week will be the same. I have often heard you wonder what the feelings of an engineer who has about the same as murdered a train full of people must be, and you'll know if you don't stop where you are. A steady hand and a clear head have been your blessings all these years. Don't throw them away, Ned. If you don't care for my love, don't ruin yourself, Ned." My little Jo! She spoke from her heart and I bent over her and kissed her. "Don't be afraid, child, I said: "I'll never pain you again?" "And I meant it, but at twelve that night I felt that I had forgotten the promise and my resolution. I made up my mind to sleep on the club sofa, and leave the place next day, as I could not go home myself already, I felt my brain reel as I never had before. In an hour I was in a kind of stupor. It was morning. And master was ready to brush my coat. I saw a grin on his black face. My head seemed about to burst; my hand trembled. I looked at my watch; I had just five minutes to reach the depot. Jo's words came into my mind. Was I fit to take charge of the engine? I was not fit to answer. I ought to have asked some sober man. As it was, I only caught my hat and rushed away. I was just in time. The San Francisco glittered in the morning sun. The cars were filling rapidly. From my post I could hear the people talking—bidding each other good-bye, promising to write and come again. Amongst them was an old gentleman I knew by sight, one of the shareholders; he was bidding two timid girls adieu. "Good-bye, Kitty—good-bye, Lue," I heard him say; "don't be nervous. The San Francisco is the safest engine on the line, and Guelden the most careful engineer. I would not be afraid to trust every mortal I love in a catch to their keeping. Nothing could happen wrong with the two together." I said, "I'll get through it somehow, and Jo, shall never have to talk to me again." After all it was easy enough. I reeled as I spoke. I heard the signal. We were off. Five hours from L. to D; five hours back; on the last I should be myself again, I saw a red flutter, and never guessed what it was until we were passed

the flag. I heard a shriek, and we had passed the down train at a wrong piece. Two minutes more and we should have a collision. Somebody told me. I laughed. I heard him say respectfully: "Of course, Mr. Guelden, you knew what you were about." Then I was alone, and wondering whether I should go slower or faster. I did something. The cars rused on at a fearful rate. The same man who had spoken to me before was standing near me. I heard some question. How many miles an hour were we making? I did not know. Rattle, rattle, rattle! I was trying now to slacken the speed of the San Francisco I could not remember what I should do. Was it this or that? Faster—only faster I was playing with the engine like a little child. Suddenly there was a horrible roar—a crash; I was flung somewhere. It was into the water. By a miracle I was only sobered, not hurt. I gained the shore; I stood upon the ground between the track and the river's edge, and stood there gazing at my work. The engine was in fragments, the cars in splinters, dead, and dying, and wounded, were strewn around—men, women and children—old age and tender youth. There were groans, and shrieks of despair. The maimed cried out in pain; the uninjured bewailed their dead; and a voice, unheard by any other, was in my ear, whispering, "Murderer." The news had gone back to A., and people came thronging back to find their friends. The dead were stretched on the grass. I went wish some of the distracted to find their lost ones. Searching for an old man's daughter, I came to this: a place under the trees, and five bodies lying there in all their rigid horror—an old woman, a young one, a baby, and two tiny children. It was fancy—pure fancy. I was of my anguish—they looked like—oh! great Heaven—they were my old mother, my wife, my children! all cold and dead. How did they come on the train?—What chance had brought this about? No one could answer. I gazed on the good old face of her who had given me birth, on the lovely features of my wife, on my innocent children. I called them by name; there was no answer. There never could be—there never would. And as I comprehended this, onward up the track thundered another train. Its red eye glared on me; I flung myself before it; I left it crash me to atoms! "His head is so extremely hot," said somebody. I opened my eyes and saw my wife. "How do you feel?" said she, "a little better?" I was so rejoiced and so astonished by the sight of her, that I could not speak at first. She repeated her question. "I must be crushed to pieces," I said, "for the train went over me, but I feel no pain." "There he goes about the train again," said my wife. "Why, Ned?" I tried to move—there was nothing the matter with me; I sat up. I was in my own room, opposite me a crib in which two children were asleep, beside me a tiny bald baby head. My wife and all my children were safe! Was I delicious, or could it be? "Jo," cried I, "tell me what has happened." "It is nine o'clock," said Jo. "You came home in such a dreadful state from the club that I couldn't wake you. You weren't fit manage steam and risk peoples' lives. The San Francisco is half way to A. I suppose, and you've been frightening me to death with your dreadful talk." And Jo began to cry. It was a dream—only an awful dream. But I lived through it as though it were reality. "Is there a Bible in the house, Jo?" said I. "Are we heathens?" asked Jo. "Give it to me this moment, Jo." She brought it, and I put my hand on it, and took an oath, too solemn to repeat here—that what had happened should never occur again. It never has, and if the San Francisco ever comes to grief, the verdict will not be, as it ought to be so often—The Engineer was DRUNK. The Princess of Prussia owes a good quackee valued at \$100,000.

THE POWER OF INTEMPERANCE.

A sad example of the power of the appetite for intoxicating drinks, was brought to our notice, a few days since. In 1861 a young man recently married, in a fit of mania a potu, killed his father for refusing him liquor. The murderer was tried and sentenced to serve a term of twenty years in the State prison. His young wife and mother interceded with the authorities to obtain his pardon, on the ground that he was insane. The Judge, the jury, which convicted him, the Attorney-General were all by turns entreated by the wife, who rarely forsakes her husband, and by the mother who never forsakes her son. These two untiring supplicants were discouraged by no refusal or repulse; but persisted for years in their entreaties. In the meanwhile the convict awakening to a sense of his guilt in the seclusion of the Penitentiary, to which he was doomed for the flower of his life, showed signs of penitence and applied himself so faithfully and industriously to his tasks, that he was the favorite of the keeper. Finally the case was brought before Governor Brownlow. Nearly six years had already been spent in prison by him, whose pardon was asked for by the wife and mother. After careful examination the Governor released the prisoner on condition that he was to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, with the warning that if he should break his pledge he should be taken back to prison. The man kept his promise, and remained sober for six weeks, and was then taken up by the police in a state of intoxication. The Governor hearing of his release, in order to prevent the miserable man from taking the life of another member of his family, immediately retummed him to prison. What a striking example have we here of the strength of an appetite for strong drink, which neither the memory of a great crime, nor six years abstinence in prison, nor the untiring devotion of a wife and mother, nor kindness of the State authorities, nor the fear of a return to fourteen years additional imprisonment in the Penitentiary could destroy.—Nashville Times.

OVER FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR.

A gentleman on last Wednesday dispatched a message from this city to San Francisco, California, over the lines of the Western Union Telegraph Company, at about nine o'clock in the forenoon, and received an answer at about three o'clock on the afternoon of the same day. Allowing an hour and a half to elapse between the time of the receipt of the message in San Francisco at which the answer was started—the nature of the business requiring at least that long to attend to it—four and a half hours will be left as the time in which it was transmitted both ways. The distance between this city and San Francisco, on the route of the telegraph line, is from three thousand two hundred to three thousand five hundred miles. The difference of time between this city and San Francisco is about three hours, consequently a dispatch sent from here at nine o'clock in the morning, or, in other words, about two hours before it was started—Lawrence Express.

THE REBELS STILL RAMPANT.—

On Wednesday night last some half dozen rebels from Webster county, Ky., crossed the Ohio river at Owensborough to the Indiana side, and forcibly took from his bed Lieut. Hampton, late of the Union army, carried him out to the river, shot him dead and threw his body into the river. Lieut. Hampton belonged to the Thirty-third Kentucky, and was a loyal and respected citizen.

On the leg and thighs of Mr. Jones, who was killed by lightning the other day, in Piqua, Ohio, and on the back of his little son, was daguerreotypied a perfect image of the tree under which they were standing at the time of the accident.

One of the dopes of a New York advertising swindler, who sent the requisite amount of fractional currency for the purpose of learning a certain and quick mode of getting rich, received the reply—work like the devil, and don't spend a cent.

The common name for the United States, in China, is the "Kingdom of the Flowery Flag."