



H. H. WILSON.

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TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The JUNIATA SENTINEL is published every Wednesday morning, on Main street, by H. H. WILSON.

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ADVERTISING.—The rates of ADVERTISING are for one square, of about lines or less, one insertion, 75 cents; three, \$1.50; and five, \$2.00. Each subsequent insertion, 50 cents. Professional and Business Cards, not exceeding 25 lines, and including copy of paper, \$5.00 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 lines, one-half 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.

DR. P. C. RENDS, 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 6-17

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 Bedford's Store, (opposite.)

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 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 Pennsylvania 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. RENDS, M. D.,
Patterson, Pa.
Dec. 9, 1864.

MEDICAL CARD.
DR. S. O. KEMPER, (late army surgeon) having located in Patterson, Tenn. 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 assistance.
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.-17.

F. D. MILLER
WITH
LEWIS BRENER & SONS,
TOBACCO WAREHOUSE,
NO. 322 NORTH THIRD ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.
Sept. 12, 1866-17.

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

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—ON AND
after Sunday, May 20, 1866, Passenger Trains will leave Mifflin Station as follows:

EASTWARD.
Local Accommodations..... 6.53 P. M.
Philadelphia Express..... 12.41 P. M.
Fast Line..... 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..... 3.59 A. M.
Philadelphia Express..... 5.09 A. M.
Fast Line..... 5.59 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, Ag't.

NEW STAGE LINE

MIFFLIN, PERRYVILLE AND CONCORD.

Leaves Perryville Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6 o'clock, a. m., and arrives at Concord at 4 o'clock, p. m.
Leaves Concord Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5 o'clock, a. m., and arrives at Perryville at 5 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 6 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 for strict and personal attention to business to merit a fair share of public patronage.

LEWEL R. BEALE, Prop.

Jan. 10, '66.-17.

1866.

Philadelphia and Erie Rail Road.

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..... 8.00 A. M.
Erie Express Train..... 8.30 A. M.
Erie Express Train..... 12.15 P. M.

LEAVE WESTWARD.

Erie Mail Train..... 8.00 A. M.
Erie Express Train..... 4.30 P. M.
Erie Express Train..... 4.50 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 2.45 A. M.

Leave Erie at 4.45 P. M., arrive at New York at 12.15 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 30th and Market streets, Philadelphia.

And for freight business of the Company's agents:

S. R. Kingston, Jr., corner of 15th and Market streets, Philadelphia.

J. W. Reynolds, Erie.

Wm. Brown, Agent, N. C. R. R., Baltimore.

H. H. HOUSTON,
General Freight Agent, Philadelphia.

H. W. GWINNER,
General Ticket Agent, Philadelphia.

A. L. TYLER,
General Superintendent, Williamsport.

Feb. 14, 1864-17.

READING RAIL ROAD.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

June 11th, 1866.

GREAT TRUNK LINE FROM

the North and North-West for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Allentown, Pottsville, Lehigh, Lebanon, Easton, &c.

Trains leave Harrisburg for New York, as follows: At 3.00, 5.10 and 9.05 A. M., and 2.10 and 10.15 P. M., arriving at New York at 5.40 and 10.30 A. M., and 3.40 and 10.35 P. M.

connecting with similar Trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad; Sleeping Cars accompanying the 3.00 and 9.05 P. M. trains without charge.

Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tanawagon, Muncieville, Ashland, Pine Grove, Allentown and Philadelphia, at 8.10 A. M., and 2.10 and 4.10 P. M., stopping at Lebanon and all Way Stations; the 4.10 P. M. Train making no close connections for Pottsville nor Philadelphia.

For Pottsville, Schuylkill Haven and Auburn 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.; Pottsville at 8.30 A. M., and 2.45 P. M.; Ashland 9.00 and 11.15 A. M., and 1.00 P. M.; Tanawagon at 9.45 A. M., and 1.00 and 8.55 P. M.

Leave Pottsville for Harrisburg, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Rail Road, at 7.00 A. M.

Reading Accommodation 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 Lane, Lancaster, Columbia, &c.

On Sundays: Leave New York at 8.00 P. M., Philadelphia 8.40 and 11.15 P. M., Pottsville 9.00 A. M., Tanawagon 7.30 A. M., Harrisburg 9.05 A. M., and Reading at 1.30 A. M., for Harrisburg, and 10.52 A. M., for New York, and 4.25 P. M., for Philadelphia.

Commutation, 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, 1864-17.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE BRIDAL WINE CUP.

A THRILLING SCENE.

"Pledge with wine—pledge with wine," cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood; "pledge with wine," ran through the bridal party.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come. She passed her white hands together, and the leaves of the bridal wreath trembled on her brow; her breath came quicker, and her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the Judge, in a low tone, going towards his daughter, "the company expect it. Do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette; in your own home do as you please; but in mine, for this once, please me."

Every eye turned towards the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a connoisseur, but of late his friends noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinions so soon.

Pouring a brimming cup, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tempter, and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "O! how terrible!"

"What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while a light which seemed inspired, shone from her dark eyes, "wait and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly pointing one jeweled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid—"I see that beggars all description; and yet listen—I will paint it for you if I can. It is a lovely spot; tall mountains crowned with verdure rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick mist, that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there, a group of Indians gather; they sit to and fro, with something like sorrow upon their dark brows. And in their midst lies a manly form—but his cheek how deathly, his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him—nay, I should say kneels, for see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins—O! the high, holy looking brow! why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws back the dark curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! O! hear him call piteously his father's name—see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister, his only sister, the twin of his soul, weeping for him in his distant native land.

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the unsteady wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the Judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat, "see! his arms are lifted to heaven—he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe-stricken, the dark men move silently away, and leave the living and the dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly toward the range of her vision. She spoke again, and every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct; she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine cup.

"It is evening now, and the great white moon is coming up, and his beams lay gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death, and no soft hand,

no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described, seemed actually to have taken place, then and there. They noticed also that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice more and more broken, "and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in that damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother!—a victim to this deadly poison! Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old Judge was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head, but in a smothering voice he faltered, "No, no, my child, no!"

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed in a thousand pieces. Many a startled eye watched her movement, and instantaneously, every wine glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company saying, "Let no friend hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer are the everlasting hills, than my resolve, God help me, never to touch or taste the poison cup. And he to whom I have given my hand, who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river, in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

His glittering eyes, his sad, sweet smile, was her answer. The Judge left the room, and when, an hour after, he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read, that he too, had determined to banish the enemy at once and forever, from his princely home.

Those who were present at the wedding, can never forget the impressions so solemnly made. Many from that hour renounced forever the social glass.—*Band of Hope Recorder.*

MORAL COURAGE IN EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Have the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak your mind, when it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy coat" though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Have the courage to "cut" the most agreeable acquaintance you have, when you are convinced that he lacks principle.

"A friend should bear a friend's infirmities," but not with his vices.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety, to fashion, in all things.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you have new ones.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek credit for knowledge under false pretences.

Have the courage to provide entertainment for your friends, within your means—not beyond.

Have the courage to take a good paper, and to pay for it annually in advance.

AWFUL DEATH.—About eight o'clock on Thursday morning one of the convicts of the Penitentiary, named Holmes, indulged in the most blasphemous language, cursing everybody, cursing Christ, cursing God, and pronouncing God the author of all sin, and ridiculing the Bible.—While uttering his blasphemy he was suddenly struck down with apoplexy, and remained unconscious until he died at 12 o'clock noon, on Friday.—*Allegheny Times.*

How to make yourself miserable.—Think that everybody seeks to do you an injury.

THE FRONTIER WEDDING.

BY THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

One day in early winter my husband received a summons to Burke's settlement, to unite a couple in the bonds of wedlock. It was especially requested that his wife should accompany him, as we should be expected to remain all night and partake of the festivities.

It was twenty miles to the settlement, and we reached the log house of Mr. Burke, the father of the expected bride, about noon. A dozen tow-haired children were at the door, waiting our arrival. They telegraphed the news instantly.

"Marm! marm! here's the elder and his woman! They're nothing but folks!"

"She's got a man's hat too, and a turkey wing in the front of it; his nose is just like dad's—crooked as a cow-horn squash."

Alas for Mr. Morrison's aquiline nose, of which he was a little vain.

"Sam!" cried a shrill female voice from the interior of the cabin, "run out and grab the rooster, and I'll clap him into the pot! Sall, you quit that churn and sweep the floor. Kick that corn-dodger under the bed. Bill, you wipe the tallow out of that cheer for the minister's wife and be sry about it."

Further remarks were cut short by our entrance.

Mrs. Burke, in calico short gown, blue petticoat and bare feet, came forward, wiping her face on her apron.

"How do you do, elder? How d'ye do, marm? Must excuse my head—hain't had no chance to comb it since last week. Work must be did, you know. Powerful sharp air, hain't it? Shoo, there! Bill, drive that turkey out of the bread-trough. Sall take the lady's things. Set right up to the fire, marm. Hands cold? Well, just run 'em in Bill's hair—we keep it long a purpose."

Bill presented his shaggy head, but I declined with an involuntary shudder.

"Lauk, if she ain't actually a shiverin'!" cried Mrs. Burke. "Bring in some more wood. Here, marm, take this hot corn-dodger inter yer lap—it's as good as a soapstone."

A fearful squall announced the execution of the rooster, and shortly afterwards he was being about in a four-quart kettle, hung over the fire. Sall turned to her churn, but the extraordinary visitor must have made her careless, for she upset the concern, and buttermilk went swimming over the floor.

"Grab the ladle, Bill," cried Mrs. Burke, "and help dip it up. Take keer—don't put that snarl of hair in. Strange how folks will be so nasty! Dick, do keep your feet out of the buttermilk; it won't be fit for the pigs when the butter's gathered. Drive that hen out, quick, she's picked up a pound of butter already. There, Sall, do try and churn a little more keefal. If you are a git to be spliced to-morrow, you needn't run crazy about it."

"I advise you to dry up," remarked the bride clear, thumping away at the churn.

By the time I had got fairly warmed, dinner was ready, and you may be sure I did not injure myself by overeating.

Night came on early, and after a social chat about the event of the morrow, I signified my desire to retire.

Sall lighted a pitch knot, and began climbing a ladder in one corner of the room; I hesitated.

"Come on," said she; "don't be afraid, Sam, and Dick, and all the rest of ye, duck your heads while the elder's wife goes up. Look out for the loose boards, marm; and mind, or you'll smash your brains out against that beam. Take keer of the hole where the chimney comes through."

Her warning came to late. I caught my foot in the end of a board, stumbled, and fell headlong, through what appeared to be interminable space, but it was only to the room I had just left, where I was saved from destruction by Bill, who caught me in his arms, and set me on my feet, remarking coolly:

"What made you come that way? We generally use the ladder."

I was duly commiserated, and at last got to bed. The less said about that night the better. Bill and Dick and four others slept in the same room with us, and made the air vocal with their snoring. I fell asleep and dreamed I was just shot from the muzzle of a Columbiad, and

was awakened by Mr. Morrison, who informed me that it was morning. The marriage was to take place before breakfast, and Sally was already clad in her bridal robes when I descended the ladder.

She was magnificent in a green calico over a crinoline full four inches larger than the rest of her apparel, a white apron with red strings, blue stockings, a yellow neck ribbon, and white cotton gloves. Her reddish hair was fastened in a bag behind, and well adorned with the tail feathers of the defunct rooster before mentioned.

When it was announced that Lem Lord, the groom, was coming, Sally dived behind a coverlet which hung across one corner of the room to conceal sundry pots and kettles, and refused to come forth.—Mr. Lord lifted one corner of the curtain and peeped in, but quickly retreated with a few sharp words from Sally advising him to mind his own business.

Lemuel was dressed in blue with bright buttons. The entire suit had been made for his grandfather on a similar occasion. His hair was well greased with tallow, and his huge feet encased in skin pumps.

Very soon the company began to gather, and the room was well filled.

"Now, elder," cried the bridegroom, "drive ahead! I want it done up nice; I am able to pay for the job; do you hear? Come father Burke, trot out your gal!"

But Sally refused to be trotted. She would be married where she was or not at all. We argued and coaxied, but she was firm; and it was finally concluded to let her have her own way.

Mr. Morrison stood up; the happy couple joined hands through a rent in the coverlet, and the ceremony proceeded. Just as Mr. Morrison was asking Lemuel "Will you have this woman?" etc., down came the coverlet, enveloping both minister and bridegroom and filling the house with dust. Dick had been up in the loft and out the strings which held it. Mr. Morrison crawled out looking decidedly sheepish, and Sally was obliged to be married openly. To the momentous question Lemuel responded "To be sure; what else did I come here for?" and Sally replied, "Yas, if you must know."

"Salute your bride," said Mr. Morrison, when all was over.

"I'm ready to do anything elder," said Lemuel, "but skin me if I know about that, sir. Just show me how and I'll do it, if it kills me."

My husband drew back nervously, but Sally advanced, threw her arm around his neck, and gave him a kiss that made the very windows clatter.

"I vum, if I don't do ditto!" cried Lemuel; and hastily taking a huge bite from a piece of maple sugar which he drew from his pocket, he made a dash at me—smashed my collar, broke my watch-guard into a dozen pieces, tore my hair down, and succeeded in planting a kiss on my nose, greatly to the delight of the company.

Then he turned to my husband.

"Now, elder, what is the damage? Don't be afraid to speak."

"Whatever you please," said Mr. Morrison.

Lemuel produced a piece of fur.

"There, elder," said he, "there's a musk-rat's skin; and out in the shed is two heads of esbudge, and you're welcome to the hull of it."

My husband bowed his thanks, the young people went to dancing. Mrs. Burke went to getting breakfast, and at my earnest request Mr. Morrison got our horse, and we bade them adieu. I never could have lived through another meal in that house.

I have since heard that Mr. Lord said that if he had seen the elder's wife before she was married, Sallie might have gone to the dickens.

"Ah, it might have been!"

A LITTLE TOO COMMON.—A plain spoken Western preacher delivered the following from his desk: "I would announce to the congregation that, probably by mistake, was left at this meeting house this morning, a small cotton umbrella, much damaged by time and wear, and of exceeding pale-blue color, in place whereof was taken a very large black silk umbrella, and of great beauty. Blunders of this sort, brethren and sisters, are getting a little too common."