



H. H. WILSON,

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

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

VOLUME XX, No. 32.

MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENN'A., NOVEMBER 14, 1866.

WHOLE NUMBER 1020.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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

The SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the paper will be TWO DOLLARS per year in advance, and \$2.50 if not paid within the first three months.

Business Cards.

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VENUE AUCTIONEER, The undersigned offers his services to the public as Vendue Crier and Auctioneer.

ALEX. SPEDDY, AUCTIONEER, RESPECTFULLY offers his services to the public of Juniata county.

MILITARY CLAIMS, THE undersigned will promptly attend to the collection of claims against either the State or National Government.

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DENTAL CARD—R M KEEVER, Surgeon Dentist, MAKES this method of informing his friends in Juniata county, that owing to his reasonable good success he has met with, during the few months he has been practicing his profession in said county.

AUCTION NOTICE—The undersigned would respectfully inform merchants and all other persons, that he has opened an Auction Room on Main Street, Mifflintown, Pa.

Select Poetry.

ANDY'S LAMENT—A PARODY. Why am I so sick and weary; come here, Cowan, smell my breath; All around me seems reeling, is this "Victory or Death?"

I have "swung around the circle," "spoke a piece" at every town; But the people laugh and jeer me—call me "Billy Seward's clown."

Let "my policy" be my pillow, and my "votes" reach the sky. I will be the Great Dictator, or will like a rebel die.

Miscellaneous Reading. LOOKING UNDER THE BED. FROM HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

It is the habit of many persons to take a look under the bed before retiring for the night. Mrs. Evergreen, my beloved wife, indulges, if indulgence it can be called, in this peculiar practice.

"La, Evergreen! what harm does it do? It's a kind of satisfaction to know that nobody's under there, and then I don't think of such a horrible thing after I'm in bed."

"I think, my dear, you might just as well pursue your investigations further and look into the bureau drawers and the clothes-basket."

"Evergreen," she will rejoin, "don't mention the idea, or I shall certainly do so. Come to think of it a man could very easily get into the clothes-basket."

"Certainly he could, my dear, quite as easily as Falstaff. You should certainly include the clothes basket; and by-the-by, there's the chimney; why not look up that as well?"

"Now, Evergreen, you're laughing at me. But I can't leave off the habit, and I never will. It's a comfort for me to know that there's nothing wrong about it, and I don't see why you should deprive me of it."

So under the bed goes the candle, and no signs of humanity being discovered, Mrs. Evergreen is able to repose in peace. But, as already observed, this precautionary act is sometimes forgotten, and I am myself obliged to rise, light the lamp, and report.

that what I have to say must under no circumstances be imparted to that lady. If for two-and-twenty years (that is the period of our wedded life, and happy years have they been)—if, I say, I have for this long period refrained from imparting the matter to the beloved sharer of my sorrows, surely the public (which, as we know, always does keep a secret) will keep mine.

All young men, I suppose, have love-affairs before they eventually fix their affections on the one who is to bless their lot in life. I know that I had, and I do not regret it. Regret it? Far from it.—Mrs. Evergreen is not present, and therefore I have no hesitation in saying that if I had my life to live over again I'd like to go through with the same sentimental experience, particularly if it was to be succeeded by again leading to the hymeneal altar the present Mrs. Evergreen.

I was not bad-looking when I was in my twenties. I think I may go farther, and confidently say that "Gus Evergreen" was a decided favorite among the girls of Oakville, and I really believed that I could have had any of them "for the asking."

Fred Evans, who had been my chum at school, came to make me a visit at Oakville for "a day or two," as he said, when he came; but he made it a week or two easily enough after I'd taken him about a little among the "young ladies."

Fred tried to put it on to the "country air and the quiet which was benefiting his health, etc.," but it was no use trying to deceive me, and I told him so. Then he owned up frankly, and I promised to help him all I could, if he required any help in the prosecution of his suit.

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"Very well, Evergreen, I'll do it myself." But this procedure is almost as bad, for she invariably lets the cold in on me both in getting out and getting in.

great In this condition of uncertainty he dared not press the question lest a hasty step might bring him to grief.

At Fred's earnest solicitation I promised to sound Belle's to her sentiments, if a favorable opportunity presented itself, or at any rate to let her know, in an indirect way, that Fred was languishing in distress on her account, and thus give her no excuse for unnecessarily prolonging his misery.

For this purpose I went to the hotel at a late hour, and proceeded at once to Fred's room, but to my surprise found no one there. I did not even notice that his trunk was gone, or suspect the fact, which afterward became apparent, that "to oblige some holy guest for this night only," as the landlord expressed it, Fred had consented to give up "No. 20" and occupy a small room in the rear of the building.

The gas being turned up I took a book to await his return, and hearing at least what appeared to be steps approaching the room, and supposing it to be Fred, in a momentary impulse to play a joke upon him I slipped under the bed, a large and high one, intending to imitate a cat (of which animal I knew he had a detestation) so soon as he entered the room.

My astonishment was so great, and the sense of mortification so intense, that I did not, as I should have done, make myself immediately known to her. Thus the opportunity for discovery and explanation was lost.

"Why what's the matter with you, old fellow! You look like the last days of an ill-spent life. And your coat, too—why, it's all over feathers and dust.—Where have you been?"

"Why, I slept—slept out last night; that's all. Our house is full, and so I had to find quarters elsewhere. I'm just going home to dress."

"I should say, so, decidedly. I see it all, old fellow! You've been on a lark, and had to put up in the watch-house; come now, own up and tell us all about it."

"No lark at all, Fred; nothing of the kind, I assure you."

"Well, if not a lark what kind of a bird was it? From the looks of the feathers I should say it was a goose."

"Ah, Fred!" said he, after dinner, when my wife and the little Evergreens had left us to ourselves—"Ah, Fred, you served me a shabby trick when you allowed me to lose my heart to the girl you were all along intending to marry yourself—a very shabby trick, one of which I never suspected you!"

she exclaimed to herself, "There I haven't looked under the bed!" A horror ran through me; all is lost; what should I do? Belle rose and I heard her feeling for the matches.

She struck one and was moving toward the gas light, when the lucifer went out, leaving all darkness again. Blessed relief; but how brief! Again I heard her feeling for the matches and try to light one after another, as they failed to ignite; then an "Oh dear; there are no more!" escaped from her lips.

As for myself, sleep was utterly out of the question. I never was so wide awake in my life. How I lay upon that hard carpet and thought the night out!

With the morning light fresh fears came upon me lest my unconscious roommate might yet peer beneath the bed for robbers before she left the room; but my fears were groundless. She rose and dressed expeditiously, for she was to join her cousins at an early breakfast, and she had overslept herself.

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So I had to tell him (in strict confidence, of course, as I tell you reader) all about the bedroom affair at the Oakville Hotel, and the love that grew out of it.

TALE OF A STOLEN COW.

A good many years ago, a man stole a cow from Morrisstown, N. J., and drove her to Philadelphia for sale. She was a common cow enough, except that she had lost all her tail but about six inches.

The thief, fearing by the shortness of her tail he might be traced, had procured in some way, probably from a slaughter house, an other cow's tail, which he fastened so ingeniously to the short tail, that it was not to be known that it had not regularly grown there.

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There has been two million dollars worth of property destroyed in the oil regions, by fire, within the past year.