



TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.—The rates of ADVERTISEMENTS are for one square, of four lines or less, one insertion, 75 cents three, \$1.50 and 50 cts for each subsequent insertion. Administration, Excise and Auditor's Notices, \$2.00. Professional and Business Cards, not exceeding 25 lines, and including copy of paper, \$3.00 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 three bills, one eighth sheet, \$1.25; one-fourth, \$1.00; one-half, \$1.50; and additional numbers, half price—and for Blanks, \$2.00 per quire.

Business Cards.

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

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

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Sept. 26, 1865.

VENUE AUCTIONEER
The undersigned offers his services to the public as Venue 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 Ferranagh township. Orders may also be left at Mr. Willis Hotel.
Jan. 25, 1864. **WILLIAM GIVEN.**

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]

NEW TOBACCO STORE.—Just received at Barnes' Cigar and Tobacco Store, a fresh supply of pure Yara Cigars and Tobaccos.
Best Navy.....\$1.00 per lb.
2nd ".....50c. "
3rd ".....50c. "
Cases Gold Bar.....1.40 "
Oranoke.....1.40 "
The best brands Fine Cut loose and in foil, and all kinds of Bright Tobacco at reduced prices. The lovers of good chewing and smoking tobacco are respectfully invited to call and examine my stock.
June 20-4f. **A. T. BARNES.**

MEDICAL CARD.
DR. S. O. KEMPFER, (late army surgeon) having located in Patterson and vicinity 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 "Exchange Office," or at his residence in the borough of Patterson, at all hours, except when professionally engaged.
July 22, 1865-4f.

DENTAL CARD.
R. M. KEEVER, DENTAL SURGEON
TAKES this method of informing his friends in Juniata county, that owing to the reasonably good success he has met with, during the few months he has been practicing his profession in said county, he feels warranted in making stated visits to Mifflintown and McAlisterville. The first Monday of each month Mr. Keever may be found at the Juniata Hotel, Mifflin, to remain two weeks. The third Monday, at McAlisterville, to remain during the week. Teeth inserted on VULCANITE, GOLD & SILVER. TEETH FILLED and extracted in the most approved manner, and with the least possible pain.
Strict attention given to diseased gums, &c. All work warranted. Terms reasonable.
January 24, 1866-4f.

JOSEPH S. DELL,
CLOTHIER,
NO. 45 NORTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA
Clothing superior to any other establishment in the City and at lower prices.—Merchants will find it to their advantage to call. All goods warranted. Preserved by J. K. Swayer. [Nov. 7-1y.]

Select Poetry.

SONG.
On the banks of a river was seated one day
An old man, and close by his side
Was a child who had paused from his laughing
and play,
To gaze at the stream as it hurried away
To the sea, with the ebb of the tide.

"What see you, my child, in the stream as it flows
To the ocean so dark and deep?
Are you watching how swift, yet how silent
it goes?
Thus hurry our lives till they sink in repose,
And are lost in a measureless sleep."

"Now listen, my boy! you are young, I am old,
And yet like to rivers are we.
Through the flood-tide of youth from Time's
ocean is rolled,
Yet it ebbs all so soon and its waters grow
cold
As it creeps back again to the sea."

"But the river returns," cried the boy, while
his eyes
Glistened bright as the water below.
"Ah! yes," said the old man, but time as it
flies
Turn the tide of our life, and it never can
rise."
"But first," said the boy, "it must flow."
Thus watching its course from the bank of
the stream,
They mused as they sat side by side,
Each read different tales in the river's bright
gleam:
One borne with the flow of a glorious dream,
And one going out with the tide.

Miscellaneous Reading.

A SOLDIER'S STORY.

We worked together in the dark blacksmith shop, Hank and I. He was a great broad-shouldered young fellow, built like a Hercules—I, despite my toil, slender and fair, and never over strong. Hank made that his boast, until I had rather have worn the skin of a blackamoore than the pink and white complexion I took from my mother, who was an English girl by birth, and gave me with her coloring, her blue eyes.

I could just remember them watching the sea for the ship that never came, that never could come, for it had gone down amongst the Bermudas with my father on its deck, one stormy night, long months before. When they broke the news to her in the coffin with a little sister, who had never lived, in her white arms.

The picture used to come back to me often in my sleep, after I was a man. Then, and when Hank mocked me, and when all the world seemed wretched and cold as the stormy winter days we had so many of, upon the Maine coast, I used to find my way to the great kitchen fire to comfort myself by taking a look at the sweet face of Hetabell, my master's daughter. There was always a touch of sunlight there, however dark the day and my soul.

When it came upon me that no one cared for me in all the world—that I had neither father, mother nor sister—and all the strange, smothered hopes I had of being learned, and great, and being something more than a mere drudge, made me hate the forge—I had but to talk a while with Hetabell, and I found that at least one had some love for me. She loved everything and was too simple to hide it. She never had a mother since her babyhood any more than I, and she did the household work with her own white hands. Whatever there was of comfort, or neatness, or prettiness in the house, was bro't about by her, and she was never on the sulks or in a temper.

Singing over a cross fire that would not burn—singing over the tub on washing-day—singing at her sewing in the afternoon—it was as sweet to hear her as a bird; though, after all, the tunes were just the simple ones that every one knew, and she had never learned the grace of a thrill or quaver.

Hank, with the great advantage of his superior strength, had another over me. Down in the village lived a rich uncle of his—a butcher—near upon seventy years of age, and a bachelor. All he had would come to Hank some day, and then he would buy as big a farm as there was to be bought, and marry whom he chose.—They thought a great deal of money in that part of the world and Hank knew it. For me who had been brought up by the blacksmith out of charity, who had no wealthy kin, or any hope of fortune,

the neighboring farmers felt a kind of disdain and my master himself, contemptuous pity. As soon should the beggar at the gate think of wooing Hetabell as I,—bound apprentice. But when he had drunk more ale than usual on Saturday night, he was in the habit of coupling Hank's name with his daughter's, and bringing the blushes to her face by talking of the great wedding they should have she and some one not far away stepped off.

It used to make my blood boil to hear him. You see I was in love with Hetabell even before I knew it. So was Hank, in his own brutal way. I was jealous of him. He was not jealous of me, because he had no fear of me, yet he hated me for loving her. At last it came to blows between us. He was twice my strength, but somehow I mastered him for once, and stretched him bleeding on the smithy floor. He never forgave that. From that moment my life was unbearable as his course insult could make it.

I was just out of my time. I was not bound by law or right to stay at the smithy. Yet I knew what questioning and wondering there would be, and I resolved to leave it quietly; to tell no one—no one but Hetabell—of my determination.

One evening I met her in the meadow where the cows were waiting to be milked—Red Sukey and White Molly—patient, mild-eyed brutes, who knew me, and came toward me with their slow, heavy steps. The butter-cups were thick in the grass, and the apple tree was rich with blossoms. Under it we stood—she and I.

"Hetabell," I said, "I am going away from here. I can't stand it any longer. I've borne it a long while now. But there is a point no man can pass. You know that's come, Hetty, as well as I can tell you."

"I know Hank is a brute," she said.
"And your father not too kind," I added. She bent her head.
"I'm sure father likes you," she said.
"He used to like me," said I, "perhaps he might still, were I not in Hank's way."

"Yes, Hetty. He is willing to give you to him, or rather to the butcher's money, and he knows I want you for myself."

I bent over her. I could not see her eyes, for the lashes shaded them; but I saw the color on her round cheek deepen, and took heart.

"Yes, Hetty," said I, "I do want you. You are the only one thing worth having in the world. I can't let Hank have it all his own way without a word. Can you like me just a little, Hetty?"

"I always have liked you, Jan," she said.
"Better than Hank?"
"Yes, Jan."

I put my arm about her waist and kissed her. She was very shy about it, but for all that, she did not hinder me. Then I said:
"I'm going far away, Hetty—I'm going to try to make a man and a gentleman of myself. It may be years before I come back, able to claim you; but you'll wait for me, darling, won't you? and make me strong enough to fight the fight out, darling?"

"I'll never forget you," she answered, "and I'll be very glad to write, Jan."—Then she began to weep. "It will be lonesome when you are gone," she said, and I took her in my arms again.

I had always worn my mother's wedding ring since I grew old enough to have it given to me. Now I took it off my finger and slipped it on her's, kissing finger and ring together.

"God bless you, Hetabell," I said, "and bring the time when I shall call you my wife."

We parted that night. She came to the gate with me and watched me in the moonlight out of sight.

I had left a respectful note for my master and had not wronged him of a penny-worth of work, for a week's wages were due.

I had my little savings in my pocket, my wardrobe in a bundle over my shoulder, and I thought, as I trudged along, of distinguished men of whom I had read, who had begun life as lambs.

There is something in this world worth having, I thought, besides flesh and muscle. There is a use of brains somewhere if there was none at the smithy.

And I kept on with a strong heart and great hopes to which only a boy's heart can give birth, until I saw the roofs and steeples of the city, and heard at last the strange sound of feet and wheels and machinery which seemed the beating of its monster heart.

Perhaps had I known what lay before me I should have turned back and sought some other country, forge and prayed to labor there; but all the weary conflict shone in the future, gilt by Hope, on that day.

Soon I began to realize how hard it is even to earn bread in such a place. My little money seemed to melt like ice beneath the sun, for city prices of food and lodging were enormous, to my fancy.—The time came when I suffered the pangs of hunger and slept in a church porch. The time would have come soon when I should have slept beneath whatever ground was allotted for the last rest of the city poor but for that white-haired old Quaker friend, Andrew Thorne. He listened to my story and said this to me:

"It is a pity any one should want for bread. It is a sin that any one should want it who is willing to work. Come with me, my friend, and I will give thee employment."

So, from that day the worst was over and I wrote to Hetabell and had a letter from her soon. It was more precious to me than any other earthly thing could have been.

I was only in an humble place in a great counting house, but I had the hope of rising and I was happy. At night I studied and every week I wrote to Hetty and received an answer. So a year rolled by and another. At the end of that time I was better off, and had no fear but that I should be able to keep a wife from knowing what hardships were. I told Hetabell so, and she was of age now and competent to choose for herself.

"And I will choose you, Jan," she wrote, "for I have never cared for any one but you, and I am not the girl to marry one I cannot love, even at my father's bidding."

By that I knew that the old man still favored Hank's suit.

I showed the letter to Thorne and told him all, and said:
"It is well for a young man to marry, and if the father doubts that thou canst keep a wife, let him speak to me."

So, at the midsummer holiday I went down to my native place, confident in my hope of success, and happy as a man could be.

It was late when I reached the village—too late to go to my old master's house—so I stopped for the night at the "Golden Bell." The usual crowd of drinkers stood about the bar, and amongst them was Hank. Not the Hank of old, though in some things, for he had come into the butcher's money, and was finely dressed, and glittering with jewelry.

"Come back again, master runaway," he cried, "what for, I'd like to know!"

I turned on my heel without answering, but he followed me.

"I reckon I can tell," said he, "but it is no use. Hetty belongs to another chap than a runaway apprentice. She's my gal now," and he uttered an oath.

I turned on him suddenly.
"Liar," I said. "How dare you use that name in such a place?"

"Reckon I've a right to use it when I choose," he said. "I'm to marry her next week. Why, look; here's the ring she gave me. It's too late for you now."

He stretched out his hand, and there I saw upon the little finger the ring I had given Hetabell, my mother's wedding ring.

I felt a shudder run through my frame. "The fellow lies, does he not?" I asked the landlord.

Over the glasses that personage shook his wise head.

"I know it is true," he said. "Her father told me yesterday in Hetty's hearing."

All of the old fiend there was within me, grew strong at that. I could not trust myself to speak.

I dashed out of the house and away into the darkness, walking straight on, and never heeding where I went, until, in the gray dawn, I heard a drum begin to beat, and saw before me a little town and on its margin a recruiting tent.

The war had just broken out, and I

wrapped in my own hopes, had thought very little of it, or anything but Hetabell. But when the soldier at the door called to me:

"Step up, sir, and see what bounty Uncle Sam is offering such fine built fellows as you."

I marched straight up to him.
"Confound the bounty," I cried, "give me a chance of being shot," and in half an hour I had enlisted.

In a month we were upon southern ground, ready to meet the foe.

Many and many a hot battle I fought, though unharmed, while men who longed to live fell about me like the leaves in autumn woods. Many and many a hard tramp I had, half starving, over frozen ground. Two hardships only made me hardy. My frame never suffered; but all the while in battle, on march, or about the camp-fire, I thought one thing, "Hetabell is false to me."

It was a tune to which my heart beat night and day. I cared for nothing else.

Years passed on, I rose from the ranks—I became an officer—I was spoken of as a brave man. I knew that I was a coward who feared life as others feared death. It was as terrible to live, with my grief, through all the quiet years that must come after the turmoil of war war over.

If I did my duty—and I strove to always—it was no merit for me, as it might have been had she watched for my return—had love made this world blessed.

One night while in camp, I went out, as was my custom, to walk in the moonlight. It was late, and I had paced up and down a long while when I saw a crouching figure stealing behind the tent.

I knew in a moment that this was a deserter. In another moment I was upon him, and he lay at my feet, a trembling wretch, subject in his terror.

"Oh, have mercy, Captain," he whined.
"I'll go back—I'll do my duty. Don't have me shot. Only let me live. It was that I was afraid of dying, and the wretched wretch shed tears.

"Do you care so much for your worthless life?" I asked.
"It's the only one I've got. It's a great deal to me, Captain."

I lifted my hand from his shoulder.
"Go back to your place," I said. "Be-ware of a second attempt of this kind—I warn you I'll have you watched. This time you are safe."

The thing sunk at my feet, then arose, cringing and as the moon swept from under a cloud I saw Hank's well-known face under the soldiers' cap.

I gave a cry. He uttered another, and shrunk from me. "Stop!" he said, "you have got reason to hate me, but I can set you right where you are wrong.—Let me go as you said you would, and I'll tell you something. You've done me a good turn; I'll do you another."

I listened.
"It was he about Hetty," he said.—"I knew your letter and ring and I got that on the sly to plague her. The old man said I should have her, and told people so in his cups; but she wouldn't; she'd have died first. You ought to have seen her go on when you didn't write to her. She's there yet at the smithy.—May I go back to camp, Captain?"

I let him go.
Even had I wished to detain him I had not the power. My limbs gave way beneath me; the moonlight night grew dark, and I dropped like a dead thing to the ground.

I arose from it to say that the truth might not have come too late, and to my Hetabell.

And so it came to pass that when the war was over, and I returned home, and peace once more, the first who met me, with her sweet, forgiving face, was Hetabell. And the stormy years of battle of grief are over now, and she has given her dear hand to me.

So when the shadows grow long and through friend Thorne's dim counting-house begins the quiet bustle of closing desks and going home, I lay my pen aside, and thinking of the happy fireside that awaits me, fancy myself most blessed of living mortals, and half believe the past a weary dream.

A Vile old bachelor says that Adam's wife was called Eve, because when she appeared, man's day of happiness was drawing to a close.

AN INDIAN AND HIS SQUAW.

When it is said, in general terms, that the men do nothing but hunt all day while the women are engaged in perpetual toil, I suppose this suggests to civilized readers, the idea of a party of gentlemen at Melton, or a turn-out of Mr. Meynell's hounds; or at most a deer-stalking excursion to the Highlands—a holiday affair; while the women, poor souls! must sit at home and sew, and spin, and cook victuals. But what is the life of an Indian hunter! one of incessant, almost killing toil, and often danger. A hunter goes out at dawn, knowing that, if he returns empty, his wife and little ones must starve—no uncommon predicament! He comes home at sunset, spent with fatigue, and unable even to speak. His wife takes off his moccasins, places before him what food she has, or, if latterly the chase has failed, probably no food at all, or only a little parched wild rice. She then examines his haunting pouch, and in it finds the claws, or bark, or tongue of the game, or other indications, by which she knows what it is, and where to find it.—She then goes for it, and drags it home. When he is refreshed, the hunter caresses his wife and children, relates the events of his chase, smokes his pipe and goes to sleep—to begin the same life on the following day. Where, then, the whole duty, and labor of providing the means of subsistence embued by danger and courage, falls upon the man, the woman naturally sinks in importance, and is a dependent drudge. But she is not, therefore, I suppose, so very miserable, nor, relatively so very abject; she is sure of protection; sure of maintenance, at least while the man has it; sure that she will never have her children taken away from her but by death, sees none better off than herself, and has no conception of a superior destiny, and it is evident that in such a state the appointed and necessary share of the woman is the household work, and all other domestic labor.—Mrs Jameson's Canada.

EXCELLENT RULES.

An Eastern paper gives the following reasonable and excellent rules for young men commencing business.

The world estimates men by their success in life, and by general consent, success is evidence of superiority.

Never, under any circumstances assume a responsibility you can avoid consistently with your duty to yourself and others.

Base all your actions on a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this never reckon on the cost.

Remember that self interest is more likely to warp your judgment than all other circumstances combined; therefore, look well to your duty when your interest is concerned.

Never make money at the expense of your reputation.

Be never lavish nor niggardly; of the two, avoid the latter. A man is universally despised, but public favor is a stepping stone to preferment; therefore generous feelings should be cultivated.

Say but little—think much and do more.

Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is a friend in need.

Keep clear of the law; for even if you gain your case, you are generally a loser.

Avoid borrowing and lending.

Never relate your misfortunes, and never grieve over what you cannot prevent.

RESIGNATION.—A lady elegantly dressed in the "habillments of woe" was met in the street a few days ago by an acquaintance who ventured to remark upon her being in mourning. "Yes," said the bereaved one, mournfully, taking a few steps to trail her dress, and looking over her shoulder at the effect thereof, "I've just lost my mother—don't you think this a sweet veil?—Such a deep hem!" Such a resignation in affliction is touching.

During a case in which the boundaries of a certain piece of land were to be ascertained, the counsel of one part said, "We lie on this side, may it please the court." The counsel of the other part said: "We lie on this." The Judge stood up and said, "If you lie on both sides, whom will you have me to believe?"